

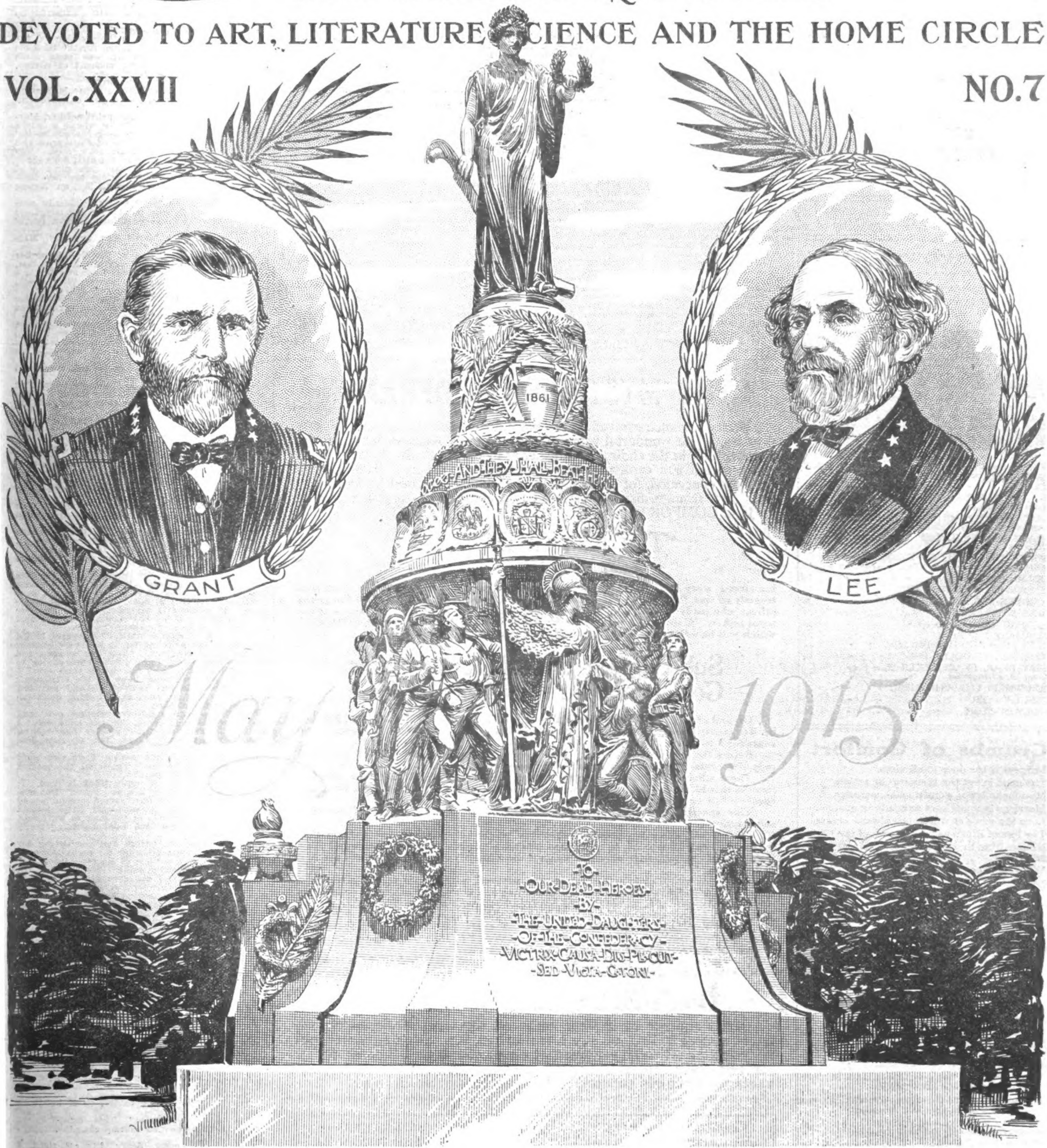
COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

VOL. XXVII

NO. 7



*Monument to Confederate Dead
Arlington National Cemetery.*

*Published at
AUGUSTA, MAINE.*

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COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes

In which is combined and consolidated
THE NATIONAL FARMER and HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

Idleness is the door to all vices.
The good is but the beautiful in action.
Men make laws; women make manners.
Marriage is sometimes only a long quarrel.
Love is a game at which one always cheats.
The loss of illusions is the death of the soul.
No one likes to be pitied on account of his errors.
Wine reddens the face to hide the blushes of shame.
If there is a fruit that can be eaten raw it is beauty.
With women, friendship ends when rivalry begins.
In jealousy there is usually more self-love than love.
A gold bit in his mouth does not make the horse any better.
There is nothing that fear or hope does not make men believe.
He who thinks himself good for everything is often good for nothing.
Beauty is the first gift nature gives to woman and the first she takes from her.
God created in our misery the kisses of children for the tears of the mothers.
What would we not give to still have in store half the time that we have wasted?
Heaven protect us from our friends; we can protect ourselves against our enemies.
The beauty of a young girl should speak to the imagination and not to the senses.
The greatest evidence of demoralization is the respect paid to wealth for money's sake.
Why should we complain when we are so little moved by the complaints of others?
The wealthiest man is he who is most economical; the poorest is he who is most miserly.
Woman is a charming creature who changes her heart as easily as she changes her gloves.
A child becomes for its parents, according to the training it receives, a blessing or a curse.
There is a greater difference between some men and others than there is between some women and the beasts.

The Littlest Lover

By Addie Frankenberg

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"MARGARET, suppose you and I cut out the acquaintance of Mr. Jack Ford," "O-h!" drawled the girl under her breath. Her chin settled itself within the hollow of her hand and her eyes shot gleams of mingled merriment and audacity. With a gesture that was in itself a caress she put out her hand toward the young man who towered above her. "Sit down, Robert," she commanded. "I can talk better when you are on a level with me." The man made no motion to obey but stood regarding her with grave eyes. "Oh, you won't come down to my level, you superior being? Then I suppose I shall have to make a strenuous effort to climb up to yours." The girl pulled herself up by his coat sleeve and stood on tiptoe her laughing face in close proximity to his. "Do you know, Robert, dear," she remarked, mischievously irrelevant. "Miss Hooper says you are by far the handsomest man at the reception. I heard her say it. Now what do you think of that?" The young man frowned. "Can't you be serious for one minute, Margaret? You know, I don't often interfere with your flirtations. Heaven knows, I have tried to be reasonable with you. I have not demanded all your time and attention. But I don't want such a fellow as Jack Ford hanging around my promised wife." "Oh, Jack Ford," said Margaret innocently, "what difference does that make?" "It makes a vast amount of difference whether his name is coupled with yours or not. I've stood a good deal of nonsense from you, little girl, but I won't stand for that." "Honestly? Poor dear boy!" She leaned toward him and brought her bewitching face so near to his that he all but fell into the trap set for him. He forced himself back in the nick of time. What an adorable little wretch she was! He took a desperate grip on his tottering determination. He must make her understand. "Margaret," he began, but got no further. "Ah, ha! here you are!" Jack Ford himself bore jauntily down upon the scene. He bowed low over Margaret's hand, and totally regardless of the blackness of Jordon's brow he slapped him familiarly on the shoulder. "How are you, old man?" he exclaimed jovially, then turned with a smile to Margaret. "Miss Alden, my sister sent me to search you out and bring you to the conservatory. May I have the honor? With your permission, sir," essaying an elaborate bow of mock deference to Robert. Margaret's eyes snapped mischievously. It was a situation altogether to her liking. As she was being borne away she cast a furtive glance over her shoulder. Robert's face was a study. Turning directly about, in the very face of the

foppish young man at her side, she threw her lover an impulsive kiss.

Returning to the reception-room a half hour later Margaret was not a little surprised and nonplussed to find her betrothed conspicuous by his absence. It was a new departure. She shrugged her shoulders with a serio-comical air and wondered whimsically if the proverbial worm had turned.

It was wholly unlike Robert Jordon to abandon the field under any sort of provocation. If he had been a quitter—well, if he had he could not have held capricious Margaret Alden as he had done. She glowered in his strength, and kept him in hot water accordingly.

To show how little she was disturbed by his absence she plunged into another reckless flirtation with Jack Ford, but the zest of the game was gone. There was no fun in it unless she could tease Robert. Presently, assuming an air of pensive innocence, she wandered over to the end of the veranda where her mother sat.

"Having a good time, little mother?" she asked. Then casually remarked as if on second thought, "You haven't seen anything of that big boy of mine around here, have you?"

"Robert?" questioned the mother. "Why, Robert left nearly half an hour ago. Did he not explain his going to you?"

"No, I didn't happen to be present just at that time." Margaret colored guiltily under her mother's searching eye, and executed a beseeching little pantomime. Mrs. Alden smiled, but preserved a discreet silence. She knew her willful girl.

Margaret always confided her worst escapades to her mother. It was the way she "appeased her troublesome conscience" she often laughingly averred. The troublesome conscience seemed to be getting in its work, for she soon sought her mother again.

"I am dead tired of this, mother," she said wearily. "Let us go home." To which the mother acquiesced.

On reaching home they found the "other lover" in possession of the porch hammock working off his impatience by kicking the paint off the side of the house in his violent efforts to touch a certain point. Margaret sat down beside the six-year-old and he immediately began his usual bombardment.

"Where were you, Margaret?"

"Oh, to a tiresome reception." Margaret grimaced at the recollection. "It was a great bore."

"Didn't Robert go there?"

"Yes, Mr. Pry, Robert did be there."

"For why then didn't he come home with you?"

"For why then didn't he need to come home with me?" mimicked Margaret. "Couldn't my mother bring me home?"

"Yes, but Robert always does. For why didn't he?"

"Because he went away before we started home," said Margaret in a tone of finality calm.

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GUY P. GANNETT, Asst. Bus. Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of March, 1915.

(NOTARIAL SEAL) FRANK E. SMITH

Notary Public.

(My commission expires Feb. 24, 1922.)

culated to settle the question. "Now, are you satisfied?"

"What for?" relentlessly pursued the embryo lawyer.

Margaret gave the hammock a little quick tilt that rolled the young inquisitor like a rubber ball out onto the soft rug. He clambered up spitting indignantly:

"For what did you do that?"

In the little tussle for the possession of the hammock that followed he forgot for the time his cross-examination. When he was once more settled in his place, after a moment of silence, he started off on a new track.

"Margaret, what's a 'narnt flirt'?"

"A what? Now what sort of a bee is buzzing in that gray matter of yours, you animated interrogation point?"

"I ain't a 'mated 'tergation point neither, Margaret Alden! I st want to know what's a 'narnt flirt, 'cause I heard Miss Hooper say you're it."

"Oh!" There was a mixture of annoyance and portentous mischief in Margaret's face. "So Miss Hooper says I am an arrant flirt, does she?"

"Yes, she did, an' she said you ain't good 'nough for Robert, an' I st told her my Margaret's whole wagon loads better'n her, an' Robert thinks so too."

Margaret's dancing eyes became suddenly serious. "I am not so sure of that, honey boy," she said soberly. "I guess he thinks I am a pretty bad girl."

"But you ain't a 'narnt flirt, are you, Margaret? What's a 'narnt flirt?"

The timely intervention of the child's mother calling him home saved Margaret's face at last.

Left alone she swung slowly back and forth, a slight frown wrinkling her brow. Why should people indulge in idle gossip about her? Was she not the arbiter of her own actions? She arose and went into the house where she encountered her mother's grave face.

"I see I'm in for it," she remarked with a characteristic grimace. "I might as well make a full and complete confession." She brought a low stool and seated herself at her mother's knee.

"Where shall I begin? Let me see, where did I leave off last time?"

The upturned face was so alluringly sweet that the mother involuntarily bent and kissed it. She found it well nigh impossible to be severe, but she earnestly strove to do her duty.

"It really is a serious matter, dear," she said stroking her daughter's soft hair. "You must realize that a girl cannot be too careful of her reputation. People can only judge of your character by your outward actions, and so you ought not by word or deed to afford the slightest grounds for misinterpretation of your conduct."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the girl, "life is such a complicated affair. It's dreadful to have to be always on your good behavior."

"Not so dreadful as you think, daughter. You would be happier tonight if you had not teased Robert, now wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps," admitted Margaret, "but it is such fun to tease him." She laughed reminiscently.

"The dear boy tries so hard to rise above all feelings of annoyance at anything I do. I like to make him come down."

"Which shows that he trusts you in the face of all your misconduct. But you will overstep yourself one of these days if you have not done it already. Robert is not going to stand everything. It would give my naughty girl no more than her deserts if her boy should throw her over and take Miss Hooper instead."

"Oh, mother! mother Alden!" Margaret buried her face in her mother's lap in order to smother the hysterical laughter. "Now you've gone and spoiled every single thing you've been saying to me and I shall go on being worse than ever! I do think we need some light on the situation."

The irrepressible girl jumped up and switched on the electric light, then stood looking quizzically down at her mother.

"Say," she said suddenly, bending over and kissing her on each cheek, "do you know what I think? I think my little mother has been a madcap in her time. Come, 'fess up now, just once."

"Perhaps that is the reason I do not want my daughter to be one," answered the mother quietly. "It doesn't pay."

"Oh, yes, it does. I really think it does. It breaks the monotony of life, you know. But now I must retire to my own sacred precincts and write some letters. Good night, little mother mine." The girl turned at the door to wait back an alluring kiss and then went humming softly up the stairway.

After writing her letters and completing her other tasks of preparation for the night Margaret sat down before a picture of Robert Jordon that stood on her dressing table. She studied the features intently and her eyes filled with tears as she gazed into his strong, handsome boyish face. "You are the dearest boy in the world," she whispered, "and I will try to be more worthy of you." Then she got into bed and proceeded to forget all about her resolve.

Margaret rose next morning with an uncomfortable feeling of depression. She had just started for the flower garden to seek some antidote for the uncomfortable sensation when the door burst open in her face and the other lover precipitated himself against her.

"Why, Morris Haley!" she cried catching him in her arms, "don't try to run over a young lady like that!" He wriggled himself loose.

"R-R-R-Robert's went away!" he stammered breathlessly, his eyes big with excitement.

"What!" Margaret turned pale, then laughed nervously. "Who said so?" she demanded a little shakily.

"My papa did! I heard him tell mamma 'at Robert went away, an' he said th' didn't anybody know when he'd come back!"

"Well, he could go away if he wanted to, couldn't he?" laughed Margaret.

"And not tell us?"

"Why, he didn't have to tell us if he didn't want to, did he?"

"But he always does!" This establishment of new precedents was incomprehensible to the small mind.

"Well, never mind, deary, it's all right. I think he just went away on business and will soon be back and tell us all about it. You come over this afternoon and I'll pick you the biggest bouquet of roses you ever saw. Now, run along to school. Good by, sweetheart." Margaret threw him the usual kiss as the little feet sped happily away to kindergarten.

Late in the afternoon Margaret was ensconced in her favorite retreat in the garden, the rose bower, when a shrill little voice preceded a flying little figure.

"Marg'ret! Marg'ret! Where's you?"

She sat perfectly still fairly buried in roses. roses in her hair, in her lap, all around her. Her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



Defenselessness of United States Is Alarming

THE frightful carnage in Europe has forced on our attention the question of how to avoid war,—whether by arming or disarming. We had hoped against hope (and millions persisted in that hope, futile though it was) that there was enough good sense in the world, no matter how great the armament of the European powers, to avert war.

We flattered ourselves with the idea that with the Hague peace palace, the intermarriage of royalties, the greater sense of national responsibility, the deeper appreciation of the value of human life, the spread of democratic ideals, the desire of the great banking houses to keep capital profitably and peacefully employed, would all tend to avert a universal clash of arms. Alas! we flattered ourselves too much. Dynastic ambitions were more powerful than democratic ideals, the spirit of nationalism instead of diminishing with time, experience has shown, has intensified, and the altruistic ideal of world-wide brotherhood, has become for the present at least an iridescent dream.

It was a rude shock to us all, for the things we had placed so much reliance upon, the things our better natures told us ought forever to still the thunder of guns and the clash of steel, turned out to be as flimsy as a spider's web in comparison with those twin Molochs, greed and ambition, which still rule in the hearts of those who control the destinies of nations.

Our peace dreams (thanks to living under democratic institutions and being nourished on democratic ideals) had carried us at least a century ahead of our time and with a sickening thud we have been brought back from the blue skies of hope and peace to the cold, cruel earth where every clod, in Europe at least, seems destined to be a soldier's sepulcher.

Let us reason together. Once our geographical position gave us immunity, but science has obliterated our isolation and at any moment, the thunder of an enemy's guns may be heard in our ports, our coast cities may crumble, our Atlantic seaboard be as desolate as war-stricken Belgium. Do we want to be overrun by the armed hordes of Europe and Asia? We certainly do not. We want to work out our salvation in our own way, and that the other American republics may do likewise; so we have issued notice of the "Munroe Doctrine" that no European or Asiatic nation shall be permitted to acquire another inch of territory upon this continent. This policy is vital to the interests of all America. Yet Europe does not take this declaration of ours seriously, for we have been only too painfully reminded of late that might and force are the only determining factors in national policies, and that no declarations or protests of ours will have any weight with the rulers of the world, unless backed up by big guns, smokeless powder, battleships, aeroplanes, submarines and men trained to handle them in war.

We may prate of disarmament in time of peace. To those who do not know the real dangers it sounds well as put forward by impractical theorists and visionaries, all of whom would, were the enemy at our gates, be screaming for soldiers, sailors and battleships to protect them the same as our missionaries in barbarous Turkey today are demanding U. S. battleships and marines to protect them.

Had Jean Jaures, the French Socialist leader, had his way in disarming France, the Paris he loved would by now in all probability be a part of the German Empire, for the German socialists are backing the Kaiser in his invasion of France. Had Britain listened to the warnings of Lord Roberts and other far-seeing men, Belgium today would not be a mass of smoking ruins, its wealthiest citizens standing in the bread line, a million of its people heart-broken refugees in foreign lands, and six millions more lying prostrate beneath the heel of the merciless conqueror.

Democracies despise war, and for that reason seldom prepare for it, or if they do prepare, prepare inadequately. Thus it was that neither England nor France could render to Belgium the timely help that might have saved her.

And right here let me expose the hollow hypocrisy of the proposition that the Belgians might have avoided all trouble by permitting the Germans to occupy Belgium and make it a base of operations against France and England. Belgium was neutral, not concerned in the war, and it is the duty of a neutral country not to permit its territory or any part of it to be occupied, traversed, or made a base of

as moral obligation and national honor, requires a neutral nation to defend its neutrality and resist with all its might any attempted violation of its territory by a belligerent.

Had the Belgians consented or even submitted, without resistance, to the Kaiser's proposal to march his army into their territory as a means of attacking France or England, it would have been an act of war on the part of Belgium against France or England. Therefore, the German invasion of Belgium forced war on the Belgians and left them only the choice of which side they would fight on.

If there is a feud between two of your neighbors and you mind your own business and keep out of it, you are neutral. But if you should let one of them come into your house to shoot out of your window at the other you would be joining the feud and there would be no doubt which side you were on; and if the shot fired from your house with your knowledge and consent should kill the other neighbor the law would hold you guilty of murder equally with the man that fired it. International law applies the same rule to feuds between nations.

The case of Belgium illustrates how a nation, however peaceably disposed, may be forced into most disastrous war by a feud of its neighbors. If the German navy predominated as largely as the British navy does, and in the present war Germany saw fit to land an army anywhere on the coast of Maine and march across the State to attack Canada, the United States, in present condition of unpreparedness, could not muster force enough to prevent such an invasion.

What would this country say to a President or an administration that allowed Maine or any other State to be "Belgiumized"?

Directly we talk of adequately protecting our shores and raising a sufficient force to repel invasion, our ears are assaulted with the preposterous cries of militarism. This is the merest piffle. This is not a militaristic nation and never will be. The term militarism is greatly misunderstood. Militarism means that the military dominates the government as it does in certain European nations. The United States armies and navies are under the control of the people instead of the people being controlled by them, and the armed forces of the state are looked upon as necessary evils, tolerated under protest, instead of patriotic machines to be encouraged and worshipped.

In all branches of our military and naval arms we are deplorably deficient. It takes six months to create even apologies for soldiers, and longer time still is necessary to properly arm and equip them.

As to just what steps should be taken to protect our shores and the lives of our citizens from a foreign foe we can well leave to military and naval experts who are versed in such matters. Whether we adopt the Swiss system, an admirable system by the way, or some other system equally good, is immaterial as long as protection is given us. Let us be so well prepared for defense—and that is all we want—that no one will care to attack us. Our readers must learn to discriminate between aggressive militarism and defensive common sense. Armaments cost money but they cost little in comparison with war. Europe is an armed camp and Japan is a menace. Vain and foolish is that man who thinks we can keep our shores inviolate, our enormously wealthy country free from invasion by peace platitudes and soft talk. That may be done a hundred years hence, but until that time arrives we must be ready to meet the enemy at the gate with more than soft words. Envious eyes are always turned upon us, and we know not when the hour of our travail may come—and it may come quickly.

Nation-Wide Prohibition of Liquor Is Coming in the U. S. as Well as in Europe

FROM the beginning of the war Earl Kitchener, head of the British War Department, has urged the suppression of the grogshops as a military necessity, and the government responded by shortening the daily period that the saloons are permitted to keep open and by otherwise restricting their business.

Even thus restricted and reduced the drink evil still remains the greatest menace that Great Britain has to contend with, and the highest officials of her government are strenuously advocating absolute

"We are fighting Germany, Austria, and drink," declares Lloyd-George, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, "and, so far as I can see, the greatest of these three deadly foes is drink. If we are to settle with German militarism we must first of all settle with drink."

The chiefs of the British Navy Department are equally strong in their demand for the abolition of the liquor traffic.

Understand that this is not because of the direct effect of drink on the soldiers, man-o-war's-men and marines, for they are under military discipline and no liquor is permitted to reach the fighting men of the army and navy. It is because of liquor's weakening and demoralizing effect on the people at home causing idleness, poverty and distress, reducing their earning and producing power in every line of industry at a time when the nation's resources are being taxed to their utmost and there is pressing need of the best efforts of the entire population. The great problem is to supply the armies with food, clothing, ammunition and other war material, and the liquor-drinking by the workers in the docks, shipyards, arsenals and factories is crippling England's military operations.

To meet the situation while the question of legal prohibition is under consideration, King George has issued a proclamation urging everybody to practise total abstinence as a patriotic duty, during the war at least, and has set the example himself not only by his personal pledge to abstain but also by ordering that no liquor shall be served in the palace. Though the King of England has been shorn of nearly all governmental powers, his moral influence is all the greater for that reason and he still reigns supreme as the social head of the nation. Everybody looks to him for guidance in matters of etiquette, ceremonial and style.

As the King has banished liquor from his household, all the nobility and gentry must do likewise unless they are willing to be excluded from good society. The King has taken the pledge, and that makes it bad form for any English gentleman to take a drink. The employers of labor have agreed to imitate the King in setting an example of total abstinence before their workmen. From this the grand significance and mighty influence of King George's personal stand on the drink question is apparent. Great Britain is making rapid strides toward nationwide prohibition.

Would to God we had a social ruler in the United States equally devoted to the cause of temperance and as powerful to make total abstinence fashionable in high life here. On the contrary it is the fashion with American society leaders to sneer at prohibition, and when a consistent temperance man like Secretary of State Bryan abolishes the custom of serving liquors at state dinners given in honor of the diplomatic corps he is shamefully caricatured in the press and his praiseworthy action is ridiculed as "grape-juice diplomacy;" and Secretary of the Navy Daniels is abused for his order forbidding our naval officers to set a bad example to the enlisted men by keeping liquor and drinking aboard ship.

All our public officers should, like Vice-President Marshall and Secretaries Bryan and Daniels, set an example of total abstinence.

Do not vote for any candidate for office who does not advocate nation-wide prohibition and exemplify temperance principles in his own conduct.

In response to my request for an expression of opinion on my April editorial, the letters and post cards are beginning to pour in urging COMFORT to lead a movement for nation-wide prohibition by act of CONGRESS. I cordially thank those who have written pledging their active support and, as it is yet early, I hope to hear from enough others to make sure that it will be worth while to launch the campaign by means of petitions to Congress. You will hear from me again in my June editorial in which I expect to lay out a definite plan for circulating the petitions which are not yet ready as great care is required for their preparation. Meanwhile I would like to receive a post card or letter from those who have not written me when this reaches them.

There is a world-wide agitation in favor of prohibition of the liquor traffic. Shall the United States lag behind Europe in doing away with the drink evil?



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Snappiest Household Line on Earth. Red Hot Sellers. Steady repeaters. Goods guaranteed. Over 100% profit. Write quick—hurry. E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 632 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Photo Plates, Pennants, Paper Mache Frames, Etc. Credits. Prompt shipment. Samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk X6, Chicago, Ill.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x58 Imported Rugs, \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 116 in 4 days, profit \$57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Guaranteed Hosiery Manufacturer wants man or woman to establish permanent distributing route. No capital or exp. needed. Liberal inducements for all or part time. G. Parker Mills, 2733 N. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

Agents—\$1,000 to \$3,000 yearly selling over eighty every day articles to farmers. Permanent business. Big Chance. Write quick. Dept. 40, Duoform Company, North Java, N. Y.

Agents—200% profit. Wonderful little article. Sells like wildfire. Can be carried in pocket. Write at once for free sample. H. Matthews, 1919 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 60 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. The Favori Company, 1019 West St., Dayton, O.

Agents—Delicious Soft Drinks in concentrated form. Always ready—just add water—economical—absolutely pure. Every housewife wants them—14 different kinds. Enormous demand—Big summer sellers—money comes easy. 250 other popular priced, fast selling, household necessities. We furnish free outlets. Write today—now—American Products Co., 2249 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Large Manufacturer wants reliable men and women to sell guaranteed hosiery, underwear, shirts, etc., to homes. Big profits. Send references. \$10 sample line free. Madison Mills, 588 Broadway, New York City.

Man Or Woman of good character in each town to distribute free goods as advertising; experience unnecessary; references required; \$15 a week to start. Address Hudson, King & Co., Dept. A, 9 South Clinton St., Chicago.

\$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Luther Manufacturing Co., Dept. 56, Cincinnati, Ohio.

We start you in business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories." Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

Men & Women to sell jewelry and household goods on our new premium plan. Cash commission paid, send for free catalogue. Allen & Co., Dept. 4, Woodboro, Md.

Billy Sunday's Message Authorized. We will pay you \$120.00 to distribute it in your neighborhood. 60 days' work. Great opportunity for man or woman. Spare time may be used. Particulars and sample free. Universal Bible House, 606 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia.

\$1000 Per Man Per County—Strange invention starts world—Agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide \$40,000. Korstad, a farmer, did \$2,200 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, \$195 first 12 hours. \$1200 cold cash, made, paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days; \$15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only \$6.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. Allen Mfg. Co., 4095 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Tribby Wants You to represent it. Uncommon quality; unique patented package. Get the sole agency. Boyd, Bloomfield, N. J.

Agents—New Mighty Money-Making marvel. World Startled. New marvelous clothes washing crystal. Clothes washing ideas revolutionized, positively abolishes rubbing, washboards, washing machines; women astounded; wild over it, absolutely harmless; \$1,000 guarantee goes with it; make \$50 to \$100 weekly easy. Marshall of Pa. amazed. Telegraphs "Rush 5,000 packages." Exclusive territory; no experience necessary; credit granted; own a business; supply customers; pocket big profits; nature's mighty elements do work. Hurry! Write today—get overwhelming proof, all free. Equitable Corporation, Dept. 280, 215 W. Superior, Chicago.

\$25 To \$50 Weekly In A Business Of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold Silver, Nickel Etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business overcrowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. Gray & Co. Plating Works, 721 Gray Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Agents are coinng money selling our Big 10c Packages of 20 Assorted Postal Cards. "5000 Varieties." "Big Profits." Sell everywhere. Sample Pkg. 10c. Particulars Free. Sullivan Card Co., 1234 Van Buren St., Chicago.

I Will start you in the Mail Order Business, furnish everything if you will handle my goods. Crest Company, D. Atlantic City, N. J.

We Want A General Representative. Excellent opportunity and big money for ambitious men. Those meaning business apply at once, giving references. Central New York Nurseries, Geneva, New York.

Agents—to take orders for new idea in up-to-date visiting cards. Sample book free. Send for territory. B. C. Forman, 10th & Arch Streets, Philadelphia.

400% Profit—Evergrip Gliders. No rollers. Samples free. Anyone can attach. Costs 3c. sells 15c. Homes buy dozens. Saves floors, carpets. S. Mfg. Co., 41 Y. Warren St., N. Y.

Sell a line of Monogram Stationery and Calling Cards. Big profit. Samples free. E. D. Leder, 109 S. Charles, Baltimore, Md.

Sells Like Hot Cakes. New Ironing wax holder and asbestos rest. Perfumes clothes. Nothing like it. Working outfit 5c. M. B. R. Mfrs., 10 Water St., N. Y.

"Aromita" cleans your silver. Just put in water with your silver pieces, wipe off—that's all. Chemical action makes them like new. Send 50c today for this wonder worker. Agents wanted. Palmer Co., 42 B'way, N. Y. City.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Soap Agents Make more money selling Linro Products. Coffee, flavorings, spices, soaps, perfumes—135 other items. Big commission. Exclusive territory. Freight allowed. Extra free premiums besides cash given. Free Sample Case. No deposit required. Particulars cost nothing. Write today. Linro Company, 14 Linro Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents \$10.00 Sample Watch Free. Write now for free sample watch and terms to Ogden Jewelry Co., Dept. 49, Chicago.

Agents: Splendid Position Open. Sell Aluminum Cooking Utensils. Low prices. Big Profits. Samples free to workers. Write us. Two Rivers Alum. Co., Box 366, Two Rivers, Wis.

MALE HELP WANTED

Government Farmers Wanted—Age 21 to 50. \$75 to \$125 monthly. Osmont, 8-F St. Louis.

I Conducted Government Examinations—can help you secure Railway Mail or other Government Positions. Trial examination free. Osmont, 8-R, St. Louis.

Be A Detective—Earn \$100 to \$300 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 287 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Free Illustrated Book tells of about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet 8-1430. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

Study "Secret Service" and become a detective. New book gives full information and complete instruction. No "correspondence school." Absolutely genuine. "Secret Service," Box 1435, Boston, Mass.

Young Men—We show you three ways to earn railroad fare and expenses to Exposition selling and demonstrating our new product; protected route assigned. Write for proposition. Aladdin, 1252, San Francisco, Cal.

A Money Proposition—Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Desk 152, Hazen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

\$75 Month. Railway Mail Clerks. Examinations everywhere. Sample questions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. T9, Rochester, N. Y.

\$80 Monthly And Expenses, to travel, distribute samples and take orders, or appoint agents, permanent. Jap American Co., Chicago.

Firemen, Brakemen, all railroads; \$120 monthly. Experience unnecessary. Railway Association, Dept. P-56 Brooklyn, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED

Easy To Earn \$10.00 Daily. Sell Our Raincoats at reasonable prices. Send postal. Free samples—full instructions. The New London Mfg. Co., New London, Ohio.

FEMALE AGENTS WANTED

Women—Have Your Own Bank Account by selling sanitary garments for Women, Children & Babies, in your home. Towns, on capital of 65c. Free catalogue tells how. Nova Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 38 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured on easy terms. Pay a little at a time. I trust you—no references required. Booklet Free. W. T. Jones, 803 G St., Wash., D. C.

Patents Secured Through Credit System. Send Sketch, Search Free. Booklet Free. John Louis Waters & Co., Wash., D. C.

Patents Secured Or Fee Returned. Send sketch for free search and report. Latest and most complete patent book ever published for free distribution. George P. Kimball, 232 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

\$50. paid for Dollar 1873 S. Mint; \$2.00 for 1904 Proof Dollars; \$7. for 1853 Quarters no arrows, etc. Many valuable coins circulating. Send 4c for Large Illus. Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Ft. Worth, Tex.

\$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1895, and send 10c at once for New Illus'd Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.

Buffalo Nickels. 25c paid for them and Lincoln pennies, certain kinds. Highest prices paid for all old coins. Send 10c for coin catalog and particulars. Means \$ to you. Jones The Coin Dealer, Dept. 30, Newton, Ill.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Chiropractic Doctors make large incomes; our graduates earn \$3,000 to \$6,000 yearly; be independent; work for yourself; this big paying profession easily learned by correspondence; special rates now; illustrated book free. American University, Dept. 350, 162 No. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Learn Drafting By Mail. Earn big salary. You can qualify quickly by my method. Chief Engineer, 455 Cass St., Chicago, Ill.

REAL ESTATE

Profitable Little Farms In Valley Of Virginia, 5 and 10 acre tracts, \$250 and up. Good fruit and farming country. Send for literature now. F. LaBaume, Agri. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 269 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Farms Wanted. Have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Assn., 77 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Wanted—To hear from owner of good farm or unimproved land for sale. H. L. Downing, 124 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

PHOTO FINISHING

Kodak Films Developed, 10c. per roll, any size. Prompt attention given mail orders. Prints 2x, 3x, 4x to 5x, 24x 3c.; 4x5 to 5x7, 4c. J. M. Manning, 1082 Third Ave., New York City. Box 8.

PRINTING—ENGRAVING

100 Envelopes Thirty cents. Samples free. Your Name and Address printed on the corner, postpaid. D. C. Brenneiss, Wheeler, Ind.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

We Pay 25c cash each for farmers' names. Any number taken. Send time for contract. T. Sun, LeRoy, Michigan.

Wanted—Names and addresses. All kinds. We pay 25c each. Send time for contract. Directory Co., 9460 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

Free—6 Months—Investing for Profit, a monthly Guide to Money-Making. Tells how \$100 grows to \$2,200—how to get rich quickly and honestly. H. L. Barber, Pub., 470, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Make Money! A way to utilize idle hours profitably. Pay your way to success now. 10 cents with two-cent stamp included will start you. The Theros Co., 300 Prospect Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cash Paid for all kinds Medicinal Roots, Barks, Herbs. Easily gathered. Write for circular. Grund Co., Logan Sta., Philadelphia, Pa.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Ladies' Pure Silk Hose, Lisle Tops—Wonderful Value. 6 pair \$2.00, 3 pair \$1.10, sample pair 39c. Matthews, Lynden, Wash.

No Eyestrain!—New Self-threading Needle threads in the dark; Ladies delighted; Assorted sizes; Send 10 cts. silver for samples. A. E. Blischer, 183 Cooper St., Trenton, N. J.

Spend Summer Gathering Insects. I pay big prices. Instruction Book. Send Stamp. Sinclair, Box 244, D. 30, Los Angeles, Cal.

Prize Winners In March Contest!

WE publish below the names of the Prize Winners in COMFORT'S Cash Prize Contest for March. These prizes have already been paid to the winners. April is the last month of the contest. Just as soon as possible after the contest closes at midnight April 30, we will award the April prizes and the 44 Grand Prizes ranging from \$5 to \$150 each. The names of those who win the April prizes and the 44 Grand Prizes will be published in June COMFORT. The 43 contestants whose names appear below have been paid the following March Monthly Cash Prizes. Many of them won a March prize DOUBLED OR THRIbbLED.

Ada Humphrey, Ky.	1st Prize Doubled	\$60.00
Macon A. Green, Tenn.	2nd " "	40.00
Henry N. McCord, Ga.	3rd " "	20.00
Sibyl Pharis, Kans.	4th " Thribbled	15.00
Mrs. Mary F. Crothers, Ill.	5th " Doubled	10.00
E. A. Buckingham, W. Va.	6th " "	10.00
Miss Elsie M. Walker, N. Y.	7th " "	3.00
Rudolph Fischer, Pa.	8th " "	3.00
Miss Florence Burtz, Ala.	9th " "	6.00
Mrs. Alice Warner, Minn.	10th " "	6.00
Mrs. Allie M. Heaton, Calif.	11th " "	2.00
Mrs. Will Reams, Ill.	12th " "	2.00
Mrs. Mary Wehner, N. Y.	13th " "	2.00
Miss Audrey Jenkins, Maryland	14th " "	2.00
Mr. Joseph Farley, Missouri	15th " "	2.00
Mrs. J. P. Smith, Kans.	16th " "	2.00
Mrs. D. W. Murray, Missouri	17th " "	2.00
Mrs. J. D. Dillon, Va.	18th " "	2.00

The Next Two Received a \$1.00 Monthly Prize Doubled!

Mrs. George Kurtz, Kansas.
Mrs. Lezin Verrier, Washington.

The Next 23 Received A \$1.00 Monthly Prize Single!

Florence Sylvester, Kans.; Mrs. Art Davis, Okla.; Louis Spachner, Ill.; Mrs. Marjette Loomis, N. Y.; Chas. Little, N. C.; A. M. Tillman, Okla.; Mr. Norman Borgen, Wis.; Bessie Wells, Iowa; Vera Goodlett, Texas; Mrs. Hadley Colfesh, Ohio; Mrs. Sadie Ross, Indiana; Mrs. H. Rowe, Ill.; Mrs. Effie Rupe, Texas; Mrs. B. F. Robinson, Va.; Mrs. W. T. Sanderson, N. C.; Mrs. J. E. Bailey, Ga.; Miss Mary O. Head, Ky.; Mrs. Lillian M. Scott, Ohio; Mrs. Arthur Johnson, Conn.; Joseph Wisniewski, Pa.; Mrs. E. M. Best, N. C.; Mrs. Hattie Ambler, Kans.; Miss Bertha Austin, Calif.

We Paid Each Of These Women A \$1.00 Consolation Prize!

Mrs. L. E. McCarver, N. C.; Miss Mary Sanders, Va.; Mrs. W. W. Gipson, Missouri; Maggie Polly, Iowa; Mrs. Rosal Kohn, Va.; Mrs. Mattie Pearson, Texas; Mrs. Norman Boyer, Mich.; Miss Lorene Mingle, Tenn.; Mrs. J. W. Gurnee, N. Y.; Mattie Prince, Ark.; Mrs. Carrie Sailor, Indiana; Miss Lida Eldridge, Ky.; Mrs. Katie F. Whetstone, Iowa; Mrs. P. E. Johnson, Fla.; Mrs. T. H. Carter, Kans.; Mrs. Mary Bartlow, Ill.; Miss Jennie Luke, Pa.; Mrs. J. E. Freeman, Colo.; Mrs. Mark Hall, Mich.; Mrs. Marie Mortensen, Minn.; Maggie M. Keeton, Ala.; Ola Kinstley, Miss.; Ethel Burr, Wis.; Mrs. M. C. Serpas, Calif.; Mrs. W. T. Kline, Ky.; Huldy Baxter, Tenn.; Lillie Moore, Calif.; Miss Helen Elliott, Pa.; Miss M. Jayne, Ala.; Eva Clair Moon, N. Y.; Mrs. J. H. Shelton, Va.; Mrs. Charles Spencer, Mich.; Mrs. Harry Hart, Missouri; Mrs. Martha Pierce, Okla.; Miss Sophronia Bigham, Miss.; Mrs. Cecil C. Hills, N. Mex.; Bertha Wheeler, Ohio; Louise Dahlstrom, Mich.; Mrs. George Jones, Okla.; Miss Mary D. Moore, Del.; Mrs. Wm. Spiller, Okla.; Mrs. M. E. Himes, Ohio; Mrs. Tom Groves, Texas; Mrs. Harry Belson, Mich.; Miss Bertha Reed, Pa.; Mrs. E. D. Goffey, N. Mex.; Mrs. Annie Lawrence, Va.; Mrs. Robert Robertson, N. C.; Jennie Burk, Neb.; Mrs. R. M. Crutcher, Tenn.; Tillie Flanders, Kans.; Mrs. A. F. Greenfield, Okla.; Mrs. R. M. Rush, Wash.; Mrs. Elijah Shanley, Ohio; Nellie Skamnis, Tenn.; Mrs. Will Abner, Texas; Mrs. Jamie Woods, Ohio; Dorothea Duncan, Neb.; Miss Louella Steadman, Miss.; Mrs. Sallie L. Walker, Ky.; Lillie Wadsack, Ark.; Mrs. Evelyn Kline, Miss.; Margaret A. Kienlen, Okla.; Miss Ruth McAllister, Mich.; Emma Fahlteich, N. J.; Mrs. Amy Stratton, Indiana; Helen Fluty, Missouri; Mrs. H. B. Williams, Missouri; Sarah Renfro, Missouri; Miss Faye Anderson, Okla.; Mrs. Josephine Place, N. Y.; Dora Andrus, Neb.; Mrs. John S. Pickett, Fla.; Mrs. G. W. Wright, Okla.; Mrs. C. A. Hood, W. Va.; Miss Sadie Brown, W. Va.; Eliza A. Pascoe, Fla.; Miss Olive Jones, Iowa; Mrs. Dan Webster, Kans.; Amelia Dahmer, Ill.; Miss Florence Mount, Conn.; Mrs. Floyd Grimes, Ky.; Mina Stevenson, Tenn.; Mrs. J. W. Peck, Ala.; Mrs. Cora Smith, Texas; Mrs. T. F. Wood, N. C.; Mrs. C. E. Work, Ill.; Edna Davis, Ark.; Miss Anna McNamara, N. Y.; Mrs. Chas. H. Williams, Minn.; Mrs. Ella P. Faust, W. Va.; Mrs. Adeline Whittaker, Ky.; Miss Ruth L. Costley, Maine; Mrs. L. P. Futral, Ga.; Belle Loving, Missouri; Mrs. W. P. Harris, Ala.; Mrs. Mabel Smith, Ga.; Mrs. Claud Leffler, Indiana; Miss Nora Spencer, W. Va.; Mrs. Virginia Chynn, Miss.

FARM LANDS

Productive lands, crop payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 22 Northern Pac. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Tell Your Boy About This! Boys, you can make big money each month selling The Boys' Magazine. Send no money. Write us today for 10 copies. All unsold copies can be returned. The Boys' Magazine, Dept. A-77 Smethport, Pa.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Developing 10c, prints 2c. Quick returns. Free Sample prints and enlargement. H. Cobb Shaw, 318 Bowdoin St., Boston.

BY PARCEL POST

Wanted—You to get ready for Decoration Day and July 4th. Beautiful Silk Lapel U. S. flags—Flag pin bows and flag handkerchief, for the handkerchief pocket. 2 silk lapel flags and 1 silk flag pin bow for only 10c. Handkerchiefs 50c. Morgan Taylor Co., P. O. Box 35, East Liverpool, O.

POST CARDS

Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted High Grade Post Cards; One Flag Bug Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

10 Beautiful Art Colored Post Cards with your full name in Gold on each, 10c; Veldens & Amlet, 6031 Ridge Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mas. Literary Bureau, 64, Hannibal, Mo.

HELP WANTED

Investigators Work Everywhere. Be one, Earn big pay, Easy work, Travel. Write, Fidelity Secret Service, Wheeling, W. Va.

\$25 Weekly collecting all kinds names and addresses. No canvassing. Send stamp. Superba Co., A., Baltimore, Md.

15,000 Government Jobs Obtainable. \$65.00 month. Write for list. Franklin Institute, Dept. T-12, Rochester, N. Y.

Are Your Silos And Farm Buildings of concrete? If not, why not? Permanent, sanitary, fireproof. We teach you. Special course for contractors. National School of Concrete Construction, 453 Carter St., Rochester, N. Y.

Lady or Gentleman, fair education, to travel for old established firm; no canvassing; salary, \$936 per year, payable weekly, pursuant to contract; expenses advanced. G. M. Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa., Pepper Bldg.

Wanted—Several honest industrious persons to distribute religious literature. \$50 per month sure. Stanton Co., Law Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Write Moving Picture Plays: \$50 each. No correspondence cost. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 326 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

Earn \$35 to \$50 Profit Nightly. Small Capital starts you. No experience needed. We teach you and furnish everything. Capital Mdee. Co., 255 Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

NOVELTIES

Secrets kept by Invisible Ink. Appears and disappears at will. 12c. Special pen Free. Novelty Co., 601-21 St. N.W. Washington, D.C.

MISCELLANEOUS

Be A Contortionist. How to make body limber and how to perform athletic stunts. Send 25c. E. C. Zinn, Carthage, Mo.

MUSIC AND SONG WRITERS

Song Poems Wanted. Splendid Offer. Particulars on receipt of poems. Brennon, Suite 777, 1433 Broadway, New York.

Song Writers "Key To Success" Free! We compose and facilitate free publication or sale. Submit poems. Knickerbocker Studios, 522 Gaity Bldg., New York.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies send stamped envelope for particulars, testimonials and prices we pay to others working for us. Many have been with us for years. Pay sent weekly. No canvassing. Address Universal Co., Dept. 5, Phila., Pa.

Wanted. Tea aprons by dozens. Will buy all you can make. Send 15 cents for pattern and prices. Kenwood, 442 E. 81st St., Chicago, Ill.

You Can Write A Short Story. Many sell their stories before completing the course. We will help you sell them. School Short Story Writing, Dept. 9, Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FARM LANDS WANTED

Wanted—To hear from owner of good farm or acreage for sale or exchange. C. O. Buckingham, Houston, Texas.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

WITH the craze for old-fashioned furniture, china, silver and articles too countless to mention, it would be well if someone would put in practice the old-fashioned Sunday. To the average city dweller, Sunday means a longer time lying to sleep and rest from the toil of the week or the extra dissipation of the Saturday night theater or dinner party and then time to read a somewhat sensational Sunday newspaper. In the country, particularly in the summer, if the time is not devoted to actual work in the fields it is spent in repairing farming implements or possibly the younger members of the family choose that as an opportune time for a fishing trip, or a game of baseball in the corner lot or the pasture. To a certain extent that is all right and I heartily approve of and endorse the need of sleep and rest, for it seems that when God has given us strong and healthy bodies the least we can do in return is to take proper and intelligent care of them. Then also I do not disapprove of Sunday papers except when read to the exclusion of everything else. The young people on the farm need pleasure and relaxation too, but with the rest of careless humanity they forget that Sunday should be a day of rest and that it is God's day and should be consecrated to Him.

To go back to the Sundays our grandmothers tell us about, aided with a moderate imagination, we can almost see the family at the breakfast table where they had gathered at a slightly later hour than usual, then, after morning prayers, go with them in the big wagon to the church; after the sermon came the ride home to the plain yet bountiful dinner, then the afternoon for study of the Bible instead of the latest best seller and the singing of hymns, rather than the present day ragtime which is a desecration of real music. If not another church service in the evening there were family prayers at home, followed by an early hour of retiring.

Compare this with the strenuous Sundays of today and then wonder if you can why our homes lack that air of peace that marked the simple Sundays of our forefathers.—Ed.

ALICE, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I have read COMFORT since I can remember and have often thought I would write but there were always so many interesting, instructive letters that I hardly felt my little mite would be needed. We live fourteen miles northwest of Alice, the county seat of Jim Wells county.

I enjoy reading the dear old COMFORT, from cover to cover, and read aloud to my husband's mother, who cannot see to read as well as I. We are left alone, she and I, with the children, and we are the best of friends. I have no mother. She is good and kind to me. And I hate to hear of mother-in-law and daughter not getting along together.

Sisters, here is a use for old stocking tops: pull them upon hand to clean out lamp glasses, then burn; also good to use when polishing stoves.

I am going to ask the dear sisters to help me. I have three requests and I sincerely hope they can help me. I will return the kindness in any way possible.

My gums are sore and seem to have receded from the teeth and left a dark ring where teeth are exposed. Have not the sisters some remedy to use? I have tried several remedies, also use dental paste, but my teeth get worse. Three teeth below and one above are affected.

What will take liver spots off my face? It is a sallow brown all over from under my chin to the roots of my hair and has been since I was twelve or fourteen years old. Should I take an internal remedy, external, or both, to remove this embarrassing defect? Cannot someone help me to cure a boy of eight years from bed wetting?

I am quite small and very plain, but I have one of the dearest Johns. We have been married over five years. He is a large, strong, fine looking man, and has a refined face. I am indeed proud of my better half. I wish all of the sisters were blessed with a dear, good husband. We have large, healthy boys. The oldest is four, the next is three in a few days, and the baby is nine months old; one of the sweetest tempered, most playful, little tots I have ever seen. He worships his grandmother and will leave me to go to her, and she loves the little children dearly.

My husband's father died last September and since then we have lived with his mother on the home place, he being her only living son. And indeed, we are all more contented now than ever before, though times are harder and all necessities are higher. God is wise beyond all human conception.

Wishing all the contentment that an honest, helpful life can bring. Sincerely a friend,

Mrs. Iva B. Rice.

Mrs. Rice. From your description I feel safe in saying that you are suffering from pyorrhea, more commonly known as Riggs' disease, and a reliable dentist is about the only hope for you, for I have never heard of any home treatment that would cure it. The exact cause of this disease is not known though it is thought that it results from some condition of the system for a great many people have it who take every care of the teeth. The pus forming germ works on the roots of the teeth, causing the gums to recede and the teeth to loosen and finally drop out if the disease is not checked. Until recent years no cure was known and many teeth were extracted which might have been saved. The first step is to remove the deposits. This is accomplished by the use of instrument designed for this purpose by which the irritant material can be removed without undue injury to the gum or tooth-structures.

The use of an antiseptic mouth wash, for which your dentist should give you a prescription, together with proper brushing of the teeth, using a paste prepared especially for your needs, will do much toward correcting this condition, though in advanced cases more than one scraping will be necessary. Splints or bands are used as a last resort to hold loosened teeth and a serum or antitoxin has been discovered which is used in cases of long standing, so do not be discouraged but act at once as the disease will spread from one tooth to another and is contagious, so it is not only to your advantage to have the matter attended to but you have the safety of your family to consider as well. One cannot be too careful in caring for their teeth and remember that the gums need brushing or massaging to keep them healthy. I think it a good practice to visit the dentist at least twice a year and have the teeth carefully examined and any cavities filled that may be present. Teach your children to care for their teeth and it will save them much in the way of dentist's bills and discomfort in years to come. If I can give you any further help, I shall be glad of the opportunity. Yours must be a happy family and I hope your faith and trust in God will be the means of helping some discouraged sister who does not seem to realize that God sees and cares for all.—Ed.

Comfort's Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps

NO BUTTER OR EGG CAKE.—Two and one half cups of unsifted flour, two cups of sugar, one heaping tablespoon of lard, one and one half teaspoon of cinnamon, nutmeg to suit taste, two tablespoons of cocoa, one teaspoon of baking powder. Mix with one and one quarter cups of sour milk in which is dissolved one teaspoon baking soda.

ICEING.—One cup granulated sugar, three quarters cup sweet milk, piece of butter the size of a walnut; do not stir. Boil until it thickens in cold water; take off, beat until cold enough to spread on cake; flavor with vanilla. Raisins or nuts are good mixed in cake. Mrs. SCHINDLER, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ELDERBERRY FLOWER WINE.—(Requested.) Four quarts boiling water, two quarts elderberry blossoms free from stems, four pints of sugar, juice of two lemons. Pour the boiling water over the blossoms, let stand ten hours, strain through cheese-cloth, add sugar and lemon juice, let ferment and as it runs out of the jug keep filling the jug up with sweetened water. Keep jug in a dark place. Fit for use in a few months after it gets through fermenting.

Mrs. GEO. L. MYERS, Smith, Nevada.

CORN CHOWDER.—One pint of corn, one quart of milk, three tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of flour, two eggs, one onion, salt and pepper; cook till done on slow fire.

Mrs. CHAS. A. RIVERS, Voorheesville, N. Y.

CORN OYSTERS.—One cup grated corn, one quarter cup cream, one well beaten egg, salt to taste; flour to make a stiff batter. Fry in deep fat. Drop by spoonfuls about the size of an oyster. Drain on paper and serve hot.—Ed.

HOG'S-HEAD CURE.—(Requested.)—Cook the meat, salting it. Five quarts lean, chopped fine, one quart fat, chopped fine, one quart water, one level tablespoon of pepper, two level tablespoons salt, three level tablespoons each of sage and celery leaves powdered. Celery gives it a fine flavor. Mix well and pack in pans. Slice and serve cold.

Mrs. LIZZIE LAWLEY, Herrin, Ill.

HOG'S-HEAD CURE.—(Requested.)—Clean the head and cook till tender, then separate the meat from the bone, as hot as can be handled and chop fine in food chopper. Season to taste with salt, pepper and sage, then put in thin cheese-cloth sack and twist top to sack till cheese is formed in shape and the fat squeezed out. Let cool and cut in thin slices.

Mrs. WILL DYER, Lenore, Idaho.

MACARONI WITH HAM.—To a quart of soaked macaroni add a medium-sized onion, fried in enough fat to keep it from sticking, and one cup of ground ham; one can of tomatoes, or a quart of tomatoes and cook a few minutes. Pour into baking dish, grate cheese on top, and sprinkle with cheese. Bake till cheese is brown.

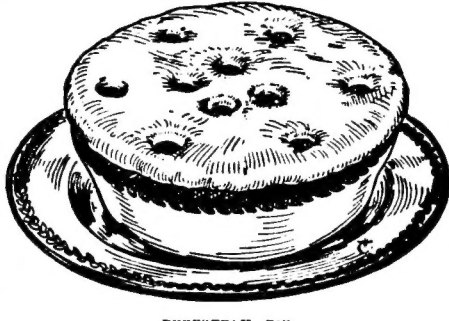
Mrs. GEORGE THOMAS, Montevideo, Minn.

PICKLED FISH.—(Requested.)—Almost any kind of fish will do if fresh. Cut off heads and wash well; cover with salt over night; in morning cover with water, let come to a boil, remove from fire and skin; place in jar, cover with spiced vinegar, boiling hot; these are fine and keep well.

Mrs. LILLIE DAVIS, St. David, Box 135, Ill.

POTATO SALAD.—Cook as many potatoes as there are people to be served (if potatoes are small). Boil them with jackets on and when done throw them into very cold water and leave until they are lukewarm; then peel and slice them very thin. Moisten with vinegar diluted with water and let stand until cold enough to serve. For a salad for six persons take two red pintones from a 10-cent can of red peppers and cut them in strips, six green olives cut in thin slices, two tablespoons ground almonds, four sour pickles and two hard-boiled eggs cut in thin slices. Season the potatoes well with pepper and salt and a good dash of red pepper and mix all the other prepared ingredients well with the potatoes. Then mix well with sufficient mayonnaise dressing to make it rich and tasty. Lay on lettuce leaves and place six teaspoons of the mayonnaise on the top. The almonds will prove a delight and surprise.

BEEFSTEAK PIE.—Cut steak and a small slice of ham into dice, simmer for fifteen minutes with two chopped onions and a little butter. Add one pint each of stock and sliced potatoes, a little flour and salt



BEEFSTEAK PIE.

and pepper to taste. Cook twenty minutes before pouring into crust-lined dish. Cover with good crust and bake.—Ed.

MEAT ROLLS.—This recipe will make enough for four persons. Take twenty-five cents' worth of round steak and put it through meat grinder. Take two slices of bacon cut in pieces, a medium-sized onion, half a green pepper, and put in a frying pan with a little butter. Brown slightly, add meat, three tablespoons tomatoes, and let steam two hours, turning often. Let cook very slowly, being careful that it does not get too dry. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Make rich pie crust, fill with meat and make individual rolls. Bake till brown and serve with tomato sauce.

Mrs. C. M. HILL, 1121 Guerrero St., San Francisco, Cal.

STUFFED BEEF STEAK.—Take a large round steak about one inch thick and spread on table. Make a dressing of one cup mashed potatoes, two onions chopped fine, one cup sweet milk, one half cup boiling water, and enough butter to make a thick dressing. Add salt, pepper and sage to taste. Lay off all add two well-beaten eggs then mix all thoroughly. Spread a thick layer of the dressing on the steak and roll up carefully. Wrap in a piece of thin muslin, tie at both ends and in the middle with twine string. Drop into boiling water and boil until tender. Lift out of water and let get cold. Slice and serve. It is delicious for lunches.

Mrs. LIZZIE LAWLEY, Herrin, Ill.

SALMON SALAD.—Remove all the bones from a can of salmon and put the fish through a meat chopper with a heaping of celery and a half cupful of stuffed olives. Mix with a salad dressing and serve on lettuce.

FRUIT SALAD.—Cut three oranges in halves and remove the pulp with a spoon. To this pulp add three bananas, one small bunch of white grapes seeded and sliced, a half cupful of chopped almonds, a few strawberries, in season. Serve the salad in the orange cups, after mixing with a tablespoonful or two of salad dressing and a cupful of whipped cream.

BELLE CHADBOURNE, Augusta, Maine.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH ONIONS.—Take as many onions as are needed, peel and cut in cubes, put butter in the frying pan with the onions and cook until soft. Then add salt and pepper. Beat as many eggs

as are required, pour over the onions and fry like scrambled eggs. A good-sized onion and two eggs make a nice meal, but it all depends on one's appetite.

Mrs. W. H. GARDINER, 1026 Orange St., Youngstown, Ohio.

CHICKEN SCRAPPLE.—Dress a chicken as for frying; boil until very tender. Take meat off the bones and cut up fine. Put meat back in broth, salt to taste. Thicken this with corn-meal, let stand in that pan until cold and then slice and fry. This is a good way to use up old or tough poultry.

Mrs. F. E. OLIVERSON, Erie, Kans.

MOCK CHICKEN SALAD.—Cut leftover fresh shoulder in dice, chop some celery quite fine and mix the two with a good salad dressing and serve on lettuce leaves, and one could hardly tell the difference. Be sure and have shoulder lean. No fat is to be used.

PICKLED PIGS' FEET.—Take twelve pigs' feet, scrape and wash clean; put into a saucepan with enough hot, not boiling, water to cover. When partly done, salt. It requires four to five hours to boil soft. Pack in a stone jar or crock, and pour over them hot spiced vinegar. They will be ready to use in a day or two. If you wish them for breakfast, split them, make a batter of two eggs, a cup of milk, salt, a teaspoon of butter, with flour enough to make a thick batter; dip each piece in this and fry in hot lard. Or dip them in beaten egg and flour and fry.

SALMON LOAF.—One can salmon, two thirds cup of cracker crumbs, three quarters cup of milk, two eggs, one tablespoon of butter, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon pepper; beat lemon into eggs, put fish and crackers in dish in layers. Steam one hour; serve with cream sauce.

Mrs. EMMA STANTON, Connorsville, Ind.

MARGUERITES.—Two eggs, one cup brown sugar, one half cup flour, one quarter teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, three quarters cup nuts, cut in small



MARGUERITES.

pieces. Fill small buttered tins with the mixture and place half of a walnut on each. Bake in moderate oven fifteen minutes.—Ed.

SILVER CAKE.—Whites six eggs, one cup milk, two cups sugar, two thirds cup butter, four cups flour, one quarter teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon extract. Cream the butter and sugar, add milk, then the flour mixed with salt and baking powder; then add the extract and the whipped whites. Beat well for ten minutes, and bake in moderate oven.

GOULD CAKE.—Yolks six eggs, one half cup butter, two cups sugar, one pint flour, one and one half teaspoon baking powder, one cup cream, one teaspoon extract. Cream butter and sugar, add yolks and cream, flour sifted with powder, and extract. Mix into firm, smooth batter and bake.

These cakes may be baked in loaf form or in layers, as desired. If in loaves or very deep mold, about forty minutes are required for baking. Use any filling or icing preferred.

Mrs. J. M. SANER, JR., Iron City, Tenn.

QUEEN CAKE.—One cup butter, one cup sugar, four eggs, one cup seeded raisins, one cup milk, three cups flour, one half teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking powder. Cream butter, sugar and yolks of eggs together, then add milk and raisins; flour, salt and baking powder together. Lastly fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth.

Mrs. G. S. HOZHANSEN, Festus, Mo.

SOFT MOLASSES COOKIES.—Scald one cup of molasses, pour it over one quarter cup of butter or lard, one half cup sugar, one half level teaspoon salt, and one tablespoon of sugar or any sweetener preferred; dissolve one half teaspoon soda in one quarter cup of cold water, add to the cooled molasses then stir in three or four cups of flour, making a soft dough to drop and spread in a pan or a stiff dough to roll and cut out.

Mrs. BLANCHE GARDY, Aspen Hill, Tenn.

CRUTTERS.—Two eggs and one half cup sugar beaten lightly together; one half cup sour cream, one half teaspoon baking soda, a little nutmeg; add two and one half cups flour, which will make a dough stiff enough to roll out on a floured board; then cut in about two and one half inch diamond-shaped pieces, cut a slot in center and double one end through the hole. Drop into hot lard and let them turn to a light brown, these are excellent.

Mrs. W. H. GARDINER, 1026 Orange Street, Youngstown, Ohio.

RAISIN PIE.—Most of the raisin pie recipes I have seen have lemon in them, and as I do not care for it, perhaps some others would like this better: One cup raisins, two cups water, two tablespoons flour, one half cup butter, one cup sugar, add water that has boiled away. Bake with two crusts.—Ed.

SOFT CREAM PIE.—One cup sour cream, yolks of two eggs, one tablespoon flour, one teaspoon cinnamon, one half of cloves, one tenap chopped raisins. Stir all together with one cup of sugar. Bake with one crust. Frost. MARGARET FISCHER, Lakeland, Minn.

CREAM PIE.—One half cup sugar, one heaping tablespoon flour, two eggs; beat thoroughly; add enough cream to fill the pie pan which has been lined with crust; flavor with vanilla; bake in moderate oven.

SQUASH OR PUMPKIN PIE.—One cup squash or pumpkin, sifted; two eggs, one pint milk; stir squash and milk until smooth; set on back of stove to keep warm; add eggs, pinch salt, one half teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg, one small cup sugar; bake with under crust. Mrs. ANDREW DABOVICH, Virginia, Nev.

DATE PUDDING.—One cup suet, chopped fine, one half cup molasses, one cup sweet milk, three and one half cups flour, one pound dates, seeded and chopped, one teaspoon soda dissolved in milk. Mix and steam three and a half hours.

Mrs. DE JOHN, Canon City, Colo.

SWEET CRACKERS.—(Requested.)—Two and one half cups sugar, one cup lard, five cents' worth of baking ammonia, five cents' worth of lemon oil, two eggs; soak the ammonia in the milk, mix flour until it gets as hard as you can work it in; cut into squares one half inch thick and bake in a hot oven.

Mrs. OLGA WENNER, Seven Persons, Alta.

DEVIL CAKE.—One half cup of grated chocolate, one half cup cold coffee, one cup of brown sugar, yolks of one egg, one teaspoon of vanilla if desired; stir together and cook to a cream, let cool and add to the following: one cup brown sugar, one half cup butter, one half cup cold coffee, two eggs, two and one half cups flour, one teaspoon cream of tartar, one teaspoon soda, dissolve the soda in the coffee and cream tartar in flour; beat well.

Mrs. IDA HEADLAND, Fairmont, W. Va.

BANANA CAKE.—(Requested.)—One half cup butter, one cup sugar, one half cup milk, two and one half cups flour, one and one half teaspoons baking powder, whites of four eggs, one half teaspoon vanilla. Mix flour and baking powder. Cream butter and sugar, add milk and flour alternately, then vanilla and beaten whites; bake in three layer-tins in a hot oven. Add one half cup mashed bananas and use as filling. Dust top with powdered sugar.

LEMON CAKE.—(Requested.)—One cup butter, two cups sugar, seven eggs, one and one half pints flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon extract lemon. Rub to a light cream the butter and sugar; add the eggs, two at a time, beating five minutes after each add the flour sifted with the powder, and the extract; mix into a medium batter, bake in paper-lined tin, in a moderate oven forty minutes.

M. H. BLACK, 74 West 44th Street, Bayonne, N. J.

FRUIT CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—One half cup brown sugar, one half cup molasses, one cup sour milk, one cup raisins, two cups flour, four tablespoons melted butter or other shortening, one teaspoon each of soda, cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven.

Mrs. FRED CARPENTER, Hermon, N. Y.

TEA CAKES.—One quart of flour, three eggs, two cups sugar, butter size of an egg, one half teaspoon lemon and enough milk to make soft dough; roll out and cut with biscuit cutter. Bake in a moderate oven.

Mrs. SMITH, Tennille, Ga.

BUTTERLESS MILKLESS EGGLESS CAKE.—Two cups of brown sugar, two thirds cup of shortening, two cups of water, three cups of seeded raisins, pinch of salt, two teaspoons cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon nutmeg, if liked, one half teaspoon nutmeg, two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon soda, four cups of flour, three tablespoons warm water. If desired, a cup of chopped nuts can be added.

Mrs. CHARLES RIVERS, Voorheesville, N. Y.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



The City Man's Baked Beans

Baked for Men Who Don't Work Outdoors

Old-style baked beans, if men like them, may do for manual laborers. They can digest what office men cannot.

But the man who rides to inside work must foster his digestion. Under-baked beans are not good for him, and he knows it.

Yet men love Baked Beans. And the super-nutrition makes them ideal food.

That's one great reason for Van Camp's. They are baked for hours, in steam ovens, at 245 degrees. They come out mellow, mealy, easy to digest. There is no after-effect to destroy one's enjoyment.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Then you never tasted old-style Beans even one-half so delicious. In Van Camp's, no Beans are crisped, none broken. No hulls are apparent. You taste only mealy morsels.

Van Camp's have a zestful sauce baked in, a sauce that was never matched.

If you think that Baked Beans don't differ much, you'll find a surprise in Van Camp's. And you will thank us silently a thousand times for creating such a ready-baked dish.

Order a few meals now.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.



Edna's Secret Marriage

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Weston, old and wealthy, knowing he has but a few days to live, sends for Richard Burdon, his lawyer. Remembering a debt he owes Charles More, he revokes a will in favor of a younger brother's child and makes a new one, disposing of the lives and hearts of two, and leaves it for Mr. Burdon to carry out his bequests. The banker is found dead the next morning. Sixteen years later Sir Cyril More with wealth squandered and no aim in life, finds himself at Lucerne, Switzerland, where he meets Edna Weston, who has only Aunt Martha. Edna inquires of Sir Cyril if he knows Richard Burdon. Her father, on his death-bed charges her to go to him the first of the following September. Edna and her aunt board at the Pension, a Swiss boarding house and Sir Cyril leaves the Grand for the Pension Petre, where he gives his name to Edna and her aunt as Harold Payne. Seated in an arbor Cyril hears voices and recognizes Mr. Howley Jones, who admits being a chum of Cyril More, who has completely gone to the dogs, squandering all his money on Glitters. Edna listens and questions if he knows Sir Cyril and is it all true? He admits he has heard of him. Later Cyril meets Miss Glitters and requests her not to tell he is there. Passing on he sees Edna who has witnessed his greeting with Glitters.

A few days later, Aunt Martha, Edna, Sir Cyril and others go by train to the top of the Rigi. Returning, Cyril and Edna decide to walk down. A mist, preventing them from following the path, envelops them, and rather than have him leave her to find the path, she would rather die. Cyril clasps her in his arms, and she admits her love and promises to marry him. Without telling their secret, they go to a little Protestant church four hours' ride from Lucerne and are made one. Returning Edna realizes that Aunt Martha must be told. Coming to the Cathedral Edna recalls she has left her crepe shawl. Leaving her upon the Cathedral steps Cyril returns for it. Miss Glitters comes along and she remembers having seen Edna at the entrance of the Grand Hotel and knows she is waiting for the gentleman with whom she has seen her before. She tells Edna of his broken promises, shows her the face in the locket she wears, begs of her never to see him again and leaves her crushed with grief.

CHAPTER IX.

IN BITTER MISERY.

MOLLY GLITTERS went on her way, having as she thought, perhaps for the first time in her life done her duty, and stretched out her hand to warn and perhaps save an innocent young girl from the snares of one of the most dangerous men of the day, with a most pleasantly approving conscience. It was quite a novel sensation for Molly, the feeling of having done the right thing, and having gone out of the way to do it, too; for Molly was not partial to young and simple girls—indeed, she had the usual antipathy of her class for them, and it had not been by any means an easy piece of good will which she had accomplished that morning. Molly went on her way, self-satisfied and complacent, and left behind her a tortured, anguished, racked woman, who was no more the Edna of an hour ago than the eagles one sees eating their hearts out in their cages at the zoo, are the monarchs of the sky, that soar above the Syrian hills.

Motionless, tearless, she sat, her head bent upon her hands, her heart burning like a red-hot coal.

What did it all mean? What was this frightful nightmare? Was it true? Could it be true that her life had finished that day—that she should never know happiness, never be able to laugh more—for it came to that with her, she felt, if this were true.

Ah, no, it could not be true! What was she sitting here for? Why did she not go home? Why did he not come? She was half stunned by the sudden, too sudden, revelation to realize it at once, immediately; but, as the slow minutes tramped round the clock overhead, the truth grew upon her and made itself felt, and, with a moan, she hid her face, and knew that the joy of life was over for her.

The idol which she had worshipped as gold of the purest and finest type was suddenly shorn of its divinity and shown to be nothing better than common clay and dross.

It is not too much to say that as she recalled the face and figure of her husband of an hour, the girl, innocent to a fault, shuddered. Had she been a whit less innocent, had she known half as much as the generality of girls of only half her age, that knowledge would have allowed her to discriminate, to see how far Cyril had sinned, to weigh his sin in the balance, and make excuses for him; but Edna knew nothing save that the man she had thought so good—as pure and good, and noble and spotless as he was handsome—was something so different that she shrank from the mere thought of his presence, blushed and writhed under the remembrance of his passionate kisses, and moaned aloud a prayer, that the good God might send death there and then to her, and have her.

Edna's love had been as pure and noble as herself. She had not loved Cyril's beauty, great as it was, proudly fond of it as she was; if he had come back to her with some great scar across his face that rendered it twice as hideous as it had been before, her love would have been no abatement—it would rather have increased by so much of sweet, wisely pity and tenderness. But now! Oh, God! it was too fearful to think of, so fearful that she, in her great innocence, could not grasp the full sense of it; but this she knew, that the man she had given her young life and virgin love to, the man who had come to her and made her love him, who had stood between her and blotted out all else as small and unworthy of consideration—did not love her, could not love her, for he had loved—oh, God, not loved, but murmured words of love to—had kissed with kisses such as he had given her another—yes, many other women!

Her state of mind—its great and awful contrast to that sweet, expectant happiness of an hour ago—is difficult to describe, well-nigh impossible, yet easy to understand; it was as if the heavens had been suddenly darkened, all good, and faith in good, destroyed, and she herself were left to stand alone and battle against unconquerable, inevitable, overwhelming misery of evil.

She shed no tear, but her face was white and drawn, her eyes strained and wild with a vast agony, and her lips parched as with fever. And so the bride waited for the bridegroom!

The great clock above her struck the hour; three monks from the monastery on the hill came slowly up the steps, with bent heads and folded hands, and approached the smaller flight at the cathedral door.

They looked at her as they passed; one—an old man, with white hair shining beneath his brown

cap—paused and bent over her as she sat, her head upon her hand, her eyes fixed with a wan hopeless, startled look upon the street beneath.

"Are you in any trouble, my daughter?" he asked, with gentle gravity.

Edna looked up at him with absent stare, and slowly shook her head; and the monk, with a muttered "Peace be with you!" passed with bent head, into the dim light beyond the open door.

Trouble! Yes, a trouble no monk that ever wore sandals could cure—a trouble she must fight and struggle with, and alas! bear alone.

The interruption, slight as it was, roused her; she could not stay there to attract notice and invite pity. With a weak, languid step, she rose, steadying her hand against the old, time-worn stonework of the porch—for she was giddy, and quivering like a wounded deer—and made her way to the quiet and seclusion of the little cemetery

at the back; he must pass through it on his way, and would see her. There—sinking down upon one of the tombstones, in a little garden of crosses, with a pictured Madonna within sight, and a sculptured crucifixion overshadowing her—she waited.

She had not to wait long, for presently there came the quick, firm tread of a happy man, and Cyril, handsome as Apollo, and as light-hearted, humming some joyous air, came up the path.

He had been longer than he expected; there had been some difficulty, caused primarily by his original French, but he had got the shawl, it was on his arm, and he was eager and impatient to exchange its light weight for the scarcely heavier one of his darling's arm.

His! All the way from the station had that little word been ringing a merry chime in his ears. His! the dearest, sweetest, purest angel that had ever walked on earth in the guise of a woman, was his! He didn't deserve it—he least of all men living—but fate, a kindly fate, had chosen to be merciful and generous and had poured out upon him the greatest gift that a man had ever received.

With such thoughts as these, handsome, happy "Wicked Sir Cyril" strode along, impatient of every yard of the road that stretched between him and his bride.

She saw him the moment he came past the cathedral into the graveyard, but she could not speak or move.

She watched him as he paused and looked round impatiently and eagerly; then, as he caught sight of her and came toward her, picking his way among the tiny graves of the children, with their poor wreath of immortelles and summer flowers, she put her hand to her face, pushed back her hair and panted.

"My darling!" he exclaimed, half stumbling over a tiny grave; "I thought I had lost you, that you had run away from me—thought little of it, you know. Here's the shawl, a spoil and trophy of war! What a pity it is that there isn't one language, and that English! Such a babel as we made of it at that station. Ah—" he has come close enough to see her face now, and there is enough in it to make him stop short and catch his words up.

"Edna! Good God! what is the matter? Are you ill, my darling?"

And with an anxious, loving face he is on his knees beside her.

With a visible shudder she shrinks from him, and draws—not snatches, that would not be so



coldly reasonable—draws her hand which he has taken.

He stares at her with unbounded astonishment at first, then an apprehensive look comes into his face, and he puts his arm round her waist.

"Edna! My darling! What is it? What has happened? Why do you look so? Edna! you must be ill!"

She shakes her head slowly, and coldly puts his hand away from her; he is so petrified that he does not resist, and his hand falls upon the tombstone that is no colder than her fingers; then he looks round, as if for help, and is about to draw her to him, when she speaks.

"Do not—do not touch me!" he repeats, each word distinct and full of horrified alarm. "Why not? Edna are you mad?"

For a moment a swift light comes into her eyes. Perhaps she is; she thinks; then she remembers, and shuddering, puts him away from her.

"No, I am not mad," she says, and her voice is so hollow, so lifeless, so changed, that he starts as if he could not believe his ears. Before he can speak she opens her lips again.

"Why did you marry me?"

"Why did I—marry you? Great Heaven! am I mad?" and for the moment he looks as if he were.

"Why did I marry you—do you ask me that now? Because I loved you—but—why do you ask, my darling? What has come to you? I left you here, all right, not a quarter of an hour ago, and come back to find you like—like a ghost, and—for God's sake tell me what is the matter with you?"

"Because you loved me!" she says, heedless of his imploring prayer. "That is not true! you did not love me! No—no—no!"

Cyril rises to his feet slowly, like one in a trance, his face as white as hers, his eyes fixed with a puzzled agony, upon hers.

"What do you say, Edna? I must be mad or dreaming," and he puts his hand to his head. "For God's sake, tell me what has happened to make you like this! or—or—" and a sudden, ghastly smile comes upon his face—"or—is it a joke?"

She sits with bent head speechless, the picture of desolation and despair. There is a moment's silence, then it is broken by the music of the grand organ and the voices of the monks chanting a vespers hymn.

Softly the sacred strains that have floated upon every evening air for a thousand years fall upon the twilight and upon the ears of the two miserable creatures under the shadow of the cathedral walls.

"Edna," says Cyril, at last, his voice broken and working, "something has happened—you have heard something—"

He stops, and she raises her eyes to his.

"I have," she says, with a shudder. His face darkens for a moment, then sets hard. "Tell me what you have heard to change you to me like this—all in one quarter of an hour, Edna." Then his composure gives way, and a burst of anguish, terrible to behold in a man,

shakes him from head to foot. "Oh, Edna, my darling! don't sit there looking so! You—you kill me! Tell me what it is! God knows if you loved me as I love you, you would be more merciful!"

"More merciful!" and now she is on her feet confronting him, her eyes ablaze with a woman's passion of sorrow and despair, her little hand clinched, her soul aflame with jealousy, tortured love, virginal indignation. "If I have loved you! Oh, how can you stand there and say such words to me? As if I had not loved you! Keep away from me! I—I could not bear you to touch me! I—I hate you!"

Cyril started, and clinched his hands hard, and set his lips tight.

"Yes—you—all my love is turned to hate! How could it be otherwise while I have sense to think and heart to feel? Ah, you do not know what you have done! You have worse than killed me! Oh, I would die a thousand times rather than bear this! Don't speak—I will not listen! I have listened too much—too much!"

Then her tears flowed fast, but she put up her hand to keep him off, and he could but stand and groan.

"You know that I have heard all about you—about your wickedness and your falseness! You know it! I can see it by your face! Oh, why—why did you come to me and make me love you? Why—why? I did not seek you, I did not think of you; I did not come across your life and take it all up and waste it? Why did you do it? Why did you pretend to be all that is good, and kind, and noble, while you were wicked, and false, and base, all the while? Did I deceive you? Why did you deceive me? Why did you make me love you even against my will, and then throw off the mask and come back to me something quite different? What had I done that you should do me such a great wrong—oh! what have I done?"

In a low, passionate voice she charges him, and he can only stand dull and white as a statue, and by silence, deep and awful, plead guilty.

He does not know how she has discovered his deceit, he does not know how much she knows—it may be all; but he understands how her pure young soul shrinks from him! And what wonder, for, as he stands confronted by her innocence, her maidenly indignation—he shrinks from himself. And she is his wife! Has she forgotten that? This is their marriage day—tonight their nuptial night; she has not forgotten, her next words show it.



"You do not answer; what can you say? Ah, it is all true what that woman said!" and she shudders.

A great light flashes upon Cyril's intelligence—that woman!

He takes a step toward her.

"Edna! for God's sake, tell me! Whom have you seen—who has been telling you?"

"Who?" she repeats, with a shudder of disgust and a vivid flush. "The woman you loved—the woman who wears your portrait—the woman who should have been your wife—one of the many you have loved!"

Slowly, bitterly, as the bitterness comes upon herself, she pants the words at him.

Cyril stands with half-bent head and twitching lips.

There is a moment's silence; then, as the anthem rises solemnly, and the voices of the monks break out, again he speaks.

"Edna—the voice hollow and trembling—"do not say any more. Come home; it is too late—after today's work—"

She hides her face with a moan.

"Too late!" she cries.

Cyril trembles in every limb, and his eyes devour her, imploringly, pitifully, hungrily.

"Great God! she hates, she loathes me," he mutters, and turns away to hide the anguish with which the conviction has stabbed him.

Then he turns to her, and, with clinched hands and dry, white lips, speaks to her.

"Edna, it is not too late! You need not shrink from me—you need not shudder; you are my wife—you are mine, to have and to hold. I could carry you away with me tonight." His voice trembles for a moment, and sounds hollow and uncertain when he goes on: "I could command you to come to me, here where I stand, and keep you until death should part us. Ah, you need not shrink!"—for instinctively she has drawn a little further away—"you do not know me, or you would not fear that I should force myself or my right on you. You are my wife—it is too late to prevent that, nothing can alter it—but you can be my wife only in name; we can part tonight. Do not fear—we will! You shall go back to your aunt, in all but the name of wife the same as when I first saw you. It is all I can do to repair the wrong I have done: I will do it. Ah!"—and his voice deepens into sternness—"I do it for my sake as well as yours, for I would rather die than hold you by any tie than love. If you do not love me, if you have learned to hate me, no power on earth shall make you wife of mine!"

Then his voice breaks.

"Poor child!" he says, almost inaudibly. "My poor, sweet, little Edna! go back and learn to forgive me—if you can, to forget; as I shall never learn to forgive myself or forget you."

She sits as motionless as if she were a figure carved upon the tomb beneath her. Still the music of the organ and the chant of the monks fills up the pause.

"You may think—fear—that I may break this resolve," says Cyril's voice, so utterly unlike his,

"You need not fear that. You will never have to complain of my crossing your path after to-night. I will never, by my presence, or by word or deed, remind you of my claim to you; from tonight you may look upon me as dead, as I shall be in all but reality, to the world in which you are likely to be. After tonight we shall never meet—we shall never meet again."

There comes a silence deep and awful. Is she deaf, or dead, that she sits so silent and signless? Cyril pulls himself together with a shiver, and goes up to her.

"Good by, Edna," he says, "good by, for the last time!"

Then he bends over her and kisses the edge of the shawl. Does she feel that last, mad kiss? She may or may not. She makes no sign, and the man who has loved her, who—be his sins what they may—loves her as truly and passionately as any man has loved yet, turns and walks quickly away.

At the corner he looks back: is it with a last wild, groundless hope that love may prevail? No, she is still motionless, unrelenting.

Then he bows his head to hide the working of his white, haggard face, and passes swiftly away.

A moment afterward the mute figure he has left behind him starts to her feet.

"What have I done? Oh! my love, come back!" But it is too late; wicked Sir Cyril is halfway down the street and out of hearing, even of the voice of his bride—the one voice he loves best in the whole wide world.

Outside the "Grand" the usual small group of idlers are congregated; it is the half hour before dinner, and the well-dressed men and women who patronize the best hotel in Lucerne, are lounging about, gossiping with the half-abstracted air which is noticeable about the man or woman waiting for dinner.

Cyril, blind to everything and everybody, filled with this, the first misery of his life, is striding past, heedless and indifferent to the little buzz and flutter of the fashionables, when a richly dressed woman, who is standing near the end of the ornamental forecourt, bargaining for some ripe figs with the dark-haired Swiss girl from the market, utters an exclamation at sight of him—or his face really—and puts out her beringed glove to stop him.

Cyril stops dead short with a startled air, then seeing who it is that has stopped him, turns an ugly red, and with something like an oath shakes his arm free from her light grasp, and goes on—but only for a few steps. A sudden resolution sends him back, and walking past her, he makes a gesture toward the little English church that stands in the hotel grounds.

"Go—somewhere out of sight—I want to speak to you."

Molly Glitters hesitates a moment and pouts, then obeys and follows him.

"So," says Cyril, standing opposite her, his hands clasped on his stick, a scornful scowl upon his face, "you broke your promise, as I might have expected."

The fiery contempt in the latter words raise Miss Molly's ire.

"Now, Mr. Daredevil, I didn't come to be insulted!" she exclaims, angrily, eying him with mingled surprise and some honest concern, for there is a look on his face which she, intimately as she thinks she knows—or has known—him has never seen before. "And what's the matter? Have you been lifting your elbow?"—she meant drinking—"already this morning? That's unlike you, Sir Cyril."

"What is that to you?" says Cyril, with haughty roughness. "Answer my question—why did you break your promise? Was it impossible for you to be truthful in small things as it is in more important ones?"

The bitter sneer touches her and takes her breath away.

"You have been drinking!" she says, under her breath, and with a passionate nod, "or else you wouldn't insult me like this—unless you're quite changed since I knew you—and—oh, my promise, eh? And who says I've broken it?"

"Don't lie!" he retorts, savagely. "I have just come away from some of your—with—"

A light breaks in upon her and she smiles—not sweetly—but the smile dies suddenly under the scorching fire of his eyes.

"Oh, that's the matter. You don't like to be interfered with. Let me tell you, Mr. Cyril, I don't care what you say, and how you look. I'm not a bit sorry, in fact, I'm very glad if I've barked you for once, and saved that poor little thing."

"Silence!" says Cyril, between his teeth; "don't take her name upon your lips."

Molly flushes.

"I don't know her name, and I don't want to! So I'm not good enough to speak it. It strikes me I should do less harm to her than you would. Oh, your black looks won't frighten me!"—but she trembles a little nevertheless—"I've spoiled your game, and there's an end of it, and it's no use your coming and wanting to knock me down, because you can't do it! If you had any proper feeling about you you'd thank me rather and get out of the way, glad that I've stopped it from being any worse."

"Hold your tongue!" says Cyril, hoarsely; "you don't understand—you talk of harm! Harm! You think I meant harm!"

She breaks in upon him with her sharp and not unmusical laugh.

"When did you mean anything else?"

The retort strikes home so sharply that he winces, and Molly, seeing her advantage, goes on quickly.

"Come, Cyril, what's the use of carrying it off high with me? I've done a good action—the first in my life, perhaps, and you ought to be glad of it! For all your black looks now you'll forget her in a week, and—taking no notice of the dark frown that greets her assertion, she continues: "And it isn't half as bad as it might be, for, as to my promise, I don't know that I've broken it after all—I didn't mention your name."

Cyril turns his eyes on her with a glare of surprise and incredulity.

"Ah!" says Molly, shrewdly; "meant no harm, eh? and didn't tell her your name! Well, perhaps it was best, and I've done no harm, for she didn't get it from me, poor little thing, and she never shall, that's more!"

Cyril stands, his hand pressing against his brow, his whole mind concentrated upon one thought.

"You didn't tell her who I was?" he says.

"I didn't," answers Molly, emphatically. "She does not know—"

"Unless you told her."

"And you will keep your promise? Oh, Molly, if I could trust you!"

Something in his voice, for the first time revealing the agony within, touches her.

She looks at him with careful scrutiny.

"Why, you are both as bad as one another! Who'd ever think that you'd be hit like this? Yes, you can trust me: I don't know why you should insult me like this—no one can say Molly Glitters can't keep her word."

"Hold to that still," says Cyril, with a little anxious sigh; "keep it from her, and I'll forgive you all else you've done. Promise me, once more!"

"I promise, and there's my hand upon it!" she answers, humbly.

Cyril touches her hand with a shudder—it is the hand that has struck down his happiness at one blow—and then turns away.

"You are off now, I suppose?" she asks. "Where to?"

He puts his hat over his forehead again, and looks down with the dark, brooding stare.

"Yes, I am off," he says; "I don't know where now. We shan't meet again, but I trust to you; whatever happens, you'll keep it from her. Good by."

"I will—good by," she says.

And then, with his head bent down, he walks hurriedly away.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 18 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League.
NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP onto my lap and lend me your ears and intellects. I suppose you have heard (or at least about one in every hundred of you have, for very little worth while news gets into the country papers) that we are going to be investigated all over again. By the way the people and the institutions of this country get investigated every three minutes, either by Uncle Sam, the state authorities, or some other nose individual or set of individuals, you would imagine that somebody was taking an interest in us and was really anxious to find out why we are all so desperately happy and prosperous, why we are also luxuriously rich and scandalously healthy, why we have to luxuriate in so many hundreds of prisons, insane asylums, poor houses, vice dens, not to mention saloons, etc. Honestly you would think somebody was intensely worried about us all, and you will feel confident they are when I tell you that our poverty-stricken old friend, John D. Rockefeller is going to spend a hundred million dollars to investigate, not only the people of the U. S. A. but every other human microbe that tenaciously clings to this bleeding, suffering planet. Now if I really thought that after John D. had spent all this vast amount of money (money which the masses have so industriously toiled for and made for him) that he and his investigators would know any more about us and conditions generally than they do now, and would unselfishly plan, with the knowledge acquired, to make the world a better place for all of us to live in, I would say: "Go ahead John, and spend your money, and good luck to you. But after this and all other similar investigations, what happens? Tons of books containing the evidence are printed and filed away, a report is made, a few slight reforms are recommended which won't harm anybody and won't do any good, and things go on in the same bad old way. These investigations to my mind are a farce. We all know or ought to know what ails society. A few have too much and the rest of us have too little. There is plenty for all. Stores and factories groan with wealth, plenty to go around and make everybody happy. But it's not allowed to go around. Wealth is forced into a few deep bottomless pockets causing congestion in one spot and economic anemia and sterility everywhere else. What the world needs is justice, and that is just what wealth and privilege are determined not to give us if they can help it. If the world had justice there would not be any John D. or Jim G. with a hundred million dollars lying around loose to investigate anybody, and what is more there would not be anybody that would need investigating. Society however is not built on a foundation of justice, but of injustice and it is to the interest of those who control society to keep things just as they are, so that the old game of plucking and plundering, which enriches the few and impoverishes the many, can go on without interruption.

Now if the old king were sincere in his desire to benefit society (and the money he controls has done many splendid things) why doesn't he spend say about ten cents, investigating himself? The masses of the people do not need any investigating. We know all about the various conditions that keep the wolf of poverty, want and worry at the door of so many millions of homes. What Mr. Rockefeller should do is to ask himself a few questions, and the first one I would suggest is this: "How did I come to have a hundred million dollars to throw away on a mere hobby, when millions of people in the country in which this money has been made, haven't even one dollar for bread let alone for folly? And again how comes it in a country that can hand hundreds of millions of dollars to me and my friends, that there are millions upon millions of people so wretchedly poverty stricken that they need putting under the microscope and prodding and investigating, questioning and examining just as a scientist examines a bunch of microbes." Mr. Rockefeller is not likely to ask himself that question. He knows without spending a cent what ails society, but he is too good a business man to admit that he does know. Most of the money that will be spent on this investigation has been made from a product which nature has been millions of years storing up in the bowels of the earth, and which if we had a government which cared one atom for the interests of the people, would never have been allowed to have passed into private hands and used as a weapon, a monopolistic weapon, to exploit the people and enrich a few men beyond the dreams of avarice.

Henry H. Klein in his work "Standard Oil, or The People" says: "This country is passing through an economic crisis which means freedom or slavery for the people. The economic life of the nation is being crushed out by the greed of those who control its industries and finance. Twenty persons own the majority of the stock in the Standard Oil. They are in control of the principal railroads, mines and public utilities; they have fully one billion dollars invested in other than Standard Oil securities; they control the newspapers through the advertising columns, and maintain an influence over education and religion through the colleges which they endow, and the churches and ministers which they support and pension. Their profits from all securities amount to a quarter of a billion dollars a year. In a few years at the present rate of profit making the Standard Oil will own practically everything of value in the United States." These figures ought to give you food for serious thought.

Now here is something you probably never have thought of, for the average individual seldom does any thinking, except as to where his next meal is coming from. You know the truth of the old saying that money makes money. After a man gets a certain amount of money, he doesn't work, his money works for him. He invests his cash and lives on the interest, and it is the tollers all over the earth that have to work and pay that interest. Suppose now I buy up all the peanuts in the country and control the peanut industry. In a year or two I find my profits are so large that I can not only control the peanut industry, but I've got a lot of superfluous capital to put into the wooden leg industry. In a year or two my profits on peanuts and wooden legs are so great, I begin investing in the false teeth industry, and so I go on, just as the Standard Oil has gone on, investing in banks, railroads, gobbling up this and gobbling up that, controlling the lives and destinies of millions of men, getting as much work from them as possible, and paying them as little as possible in return, exerting a hateful influence over legislators, defying our laws, bringing the courts and judges under suspicion, and even menacing the law making power of Congress. You see it's just like the little snowball that keeps

getting bigger and bigger with every revolution, until it becomes of enormous and menacing size, capable of sweeping the democratic institutions of the country smash, crash to destruction. Mr. Rockefeller has built a magnificent university at Chicago, and he is quite capable of covering the country with similar institutions. If he feels so disposed he can pension all the professors who teach in those universities, and they would be rank ingrates if, knowing they were to be provided for in their old age by Standard Oil profits, they said one word against monopolists or monopolies. Not even a decent dog will bite the hand that feeds it, and in these uncertain days when there is only a step between parlor and poorhouse, we cannot blame a man, especially if he has a family to provide for, if he tries first of all to protect himself and his loved ones from hunger and want, misery and pauperism. If Standard Oil money were paying my rent and Steel Trust money buying my food, how could I ever have the nerve to knock my benefactors and talk right out of my heart to you about conditions which I know only too well menace the very foundations of our liberties and ideals?

You have told me thousands of times that I am helping you, and I am helping you only because I speak freely and plainly. If wealth were to control me I would be like a muzzled dog in the presence of a burglar—helpless. If I do not talk plainly and freely, I cannot make you think, and without thinking, the world can never move or get anywhere. It is a positive fact that *no wrong can endure being thought about*, and if you would all concentrate your minds on one wrong after another, they would all crumble and disappear for thought would crystallize into action. If wealth muzzles our press and our leaders of thought we are doomed. Give us the man who will tell the truth no matter who it hurts. But if Rockefeller's money buys bread for our teachers and thinkers isn't it natural to assume that a great deal of education will bear the imprint of the oil can? A courageous manufacturer startled the board of commerce in Detroit the other day by hurling at them these words which exploded with the force of a bomb shell: "You fellows sit back smug and complacent and don't give a damn what becomes of your workmen. This board never was a factor in the community and never will be until it becomes more useful to the people at large. You are simply great on handshaking and making things pleasant. I would suggest that the board drop all fads and devote itself to helping the unemployed. If you fellows didn't pay your men such rotten wages such help wouldn't be necessary. When your plants shut down you grease up the machinery and kick the men into the streets." I quote this from one of New York's greatest and most conservative printers. We need men who dare to talk thus. Men only talk strongly when they feel deeply, and not until men's deepest emotions are stirred shall we awake and set our house in order. Bear in mind we can't reach the fount of a man's emotions if it has been plentifully sprinkled with oil. One of our greatest misfortunes is that money today is organized, while society is not. A writer in Collier's puts the matter thus: "There is no such thing as organized society no matter how often the empty phrase is used. None of us belong anywhere. We live where we please, work at something we have chosen or have happened into. What do you suppose any ancient Egyptian or Greek would think of our loosely scattered changing ways? How long would it take to convince such a one that we have a social system, pernicious or otherwise. The plain truth is that we have it. Our modern world has had thrown into it certain mighty forces of science and invention and change and the old arrangements have been broken up; the old voices of supernatural or caste society, are only petulant squeaks. We do not heed them any longer. We some day will have organizations of society based not on authority or fear, but on the co-operation of men, facing the facts of life in freedom and brotherliness. That is what we are working toward. But the events of 1914 serve to show how far we have fallen short from attainment."

Let us not be discouraged. When Thomas A. Edison speaks his countrymen are ever ready to listen. He says: "In two hundred years by the cheapening of commodities the ordinary laborer will live as well as a man does now with two hundred thousand annual income. Automatic machinery and scientific agriculture will bring this result, not individualism but social labor will dominate the future; you can't have individualism and every man working for himself, industry will constantly become more social and interdependent. There will be no manual labor in the factories in the future, the men in them will be strictly superintendents, watching the machinery to see that it works right. The work day I believe will be eight hours. Every man needs that much work to keep him out of mischief and to keep him happy, but it will be work with the brain, something men will be interested in, and done in wholesome, pleasant surroundings. Less and less men will be used as an engine or as a horse, and his brain will be employed to benefit himself and his fellows."

Two hundred years is a long way off. I do not believe we shall have to wait one fourth that time. All that is necessary to do is to get the mass of the people thinking and working along right lines. If the people would do that, the old American spirit of independence would be rekindled in the heart of the present generation, then we would have no one cringing to Carnegie for libraries or pleading to Rockefeller for universities or hookworm medicine. We have in this country the brains and the ability to abolish poverty, disease, crime, ignorance and nearly every other ailment, mental and physical. The great and necessary thing to do is to bridge that terrible gap which lies between the highly cultured, educated, able man of science and thought, and the poor, wronged, duped, exploited tollers. Let Rockefeller devote his millions to bridging that gap, and the first step in that direction would be to imitate the methods of Henry Ford of Detroit. See that every man working for the Standard Oil and associated interests is receiving a wage that will allow him to rear his children in a comfortable home and under conditions which will enable them to grow up healthy, right-thinking, peace-loving, God-fearing American citizens. The people of the United States do not need investigating. They just want to be given an opportunity to develop along right lines, and as I have said many times before, give them justice and they will need no charity, and there will be no one with enough loose change to bestow charity on anyone. God speed that day. Meanwhile let us not forget that Rockefeller has

spent two hundred and fifty million dollars for various educational and charitable purposes, while scores of men of vast wealth, equally capable of doing good have never given a single cent to help their fellow beings.

If you haven't a set of Uncle Charlie's three wonderful books your home is not complete and you are not equipped for the full enjoyment of life. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers. All can be had free as premiums; the Book of Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers for a club of only two subscriptions. See full particulars at the end of this department. These three books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues.

Now for the letters.

WHITSTONE, R. R. 1, S. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I want to see this song in print written by Bessie Millwood.

The Lightning Express

The Lightning Express at the Depot last night as it started on its way. All the passengers on Board of the train they all seemed happy and gay. Except one young man was sitting by himself was holding a letter in his hand. Was pained to be seen by the tears in his eyes that the contents made him feel sad.

chor

Please Mister conductor don't put me off your train, for the very best friend I have in this world is waiting for me in pain. Mother is expecting to die in a moment sir and May not last through the day. I want to kiss mother goodby dear sir before god takes her away.

A stan old conductor then started around to get a ticket from everyone. He came to this young man in grafted tones comanded his fair. I have no ticket the young man said I will pay you back some day. I will put you off at the next station sir, but he stopped when he heard the man say

Repet chor

A little girl was sitting close by a hearing what they did say. She picked up his hat and colesion soon made and paid the boys way on train. Oblige to you Miss for your kindness to me you are welcome said she never fear. Each time the conductor would pass through the car those words would ring in his ears.

chor

Mother was sick when I left home and needed a doctor care. I came to your town impolment to get but could not find work here. A letter rived from sister this morning mother was dying said she and that is why I want to ride on your train thoe I have no money to pay.

chor

I live on the farm and like it fine. I will be 21 next May. Have light hair, grey eyes, weigh 120 pounds, am five feet tall. I am sending you a song I want you to print, it is a beautiful song, so I will close for this time.

your friend as every.

MISS BESSIE MILLWOOD.

Bessie, I am sorry you think The Lightning Express a "beautiful" song. The song tastes of the American people are not very high I repeat to say. In every city there are of course a few cultured people who know a real song from punk and junk, but the punkier and junkier a song is the more chance it has to make a hit with the class of people who go wild over such doxy ditties as "Willie Get The Hammer, There's a Fly on Baby's Lip," "The Eggs My Mother's Chickens Laid For Me," "Take Back Your Heart I asked For Liver," "Grandma's Teeth Will Soon Fit Willie," "Did She Fall Or Was She Pushed," I have published the song as you wrote it Bessie, or nearly as you wrote it, for in its original form it is almost unprintable. The Lightning Express, I take it is your way of expressing The Lightning Express. Nothing like originality. In the first verse we see the young man sitting by "himself." I've heard an Irishman talk of a hen as a bin. What's your idea in trying to convert a human being into poultry. Make it himself next time. In the chorus you have a capital B for Before and a small g for God. It's God that needs a capital letter and not before. In your second verse you speak of a "stan" old conductor. No doubt you mean "stern" old conductor. You say he spoke in "grated tones." Conductors have done a lot of grafting in their time, but though grafting affects the pocketbook I'd no idea it affected the voice. Probably you mean "gruff tones." I think that's nearer the mark. You say the conductor comanded the boy's "fair." What was he trying to do, steal his complexion? I hope not as that would be a skin game. Most railroads run a skin game, so the conductor may possibly have been after his complexion as well as his fare. Note the difference between the spelling of the two words. Wasn't it perfectly lovely of the young man to promise the conductor he would pay him back some day and wouldn't it be perfectly lovely if we could all get aboard a train here in New York say, bound for San Francisco. With sleepers, meals, etc. that trip would only cost about \$112. Then when the train started and the "stan" old conductor came round with his "grated voice" and we found it inconvenient to hand him our complexions and still more inconvenient to whack up a hundred bones for the fare, we could pull a crumpled piece of paper out of our pockets, start our lamps leaking, and hand the conductor a bull con story that mother was dying from inflammation of the pocketbook and extreme stringency of the monetary system, and wanted to kiss us before she cashed in her checks. Then just as the "stan" old conductor decided to pull the bell rope and dump us on the prairie between New York and conkers, a little girl would pass around the car, collect three cents and a pant's button, and the conductor would put the three cents in his pocket and give the company the pant's button, and take the whole bunch of us to San Francisco, and throw in a chop suey supper and a trip to the Barbary Coast for good measure, and mother would be down to the depot to meet us, dolled up in her Sunday best looking so fascinating, that the conductor would marry her right on the jump, and the train would have to walk back east the best way it could. Oh, I just tell you if life was like the song writers paint it, we'd be having more fun than a society dog at his own funeral. But alas, things never turn out that way. Bessie informs us that the little girl took up the poor young man's hat and made a "colesion." I've heard of a colesion being made but never a colesion. A colesion I imagine must be an improvement on the old fashioned colesion, a regular Wall Street hold up game judging from the results. I think I'll get Billy the Goat to pass around the hat and take up a colesion for me, so that I can hire Dr. Care, the gentleman referred to in the last verse, for a man who comes into violent collision with the "Lightning" Express is going to get it between his breakfast and his dinner time if he doesn't get off the track. Alas! the little girls who will get up a colesion for a man are mighty few and far between. In the last verse we are told that the young man went to town to get "impolment," which if I know anything about it is a new way for spelling employment. If I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Wash Day Dont's and Wash Day Do's



Don't boil or scald clothes; don't hard-rub them. Boiling and rough rubbing wear out fabrics much faster than actual use.



Don't waste fuel, time, strength, health, by doing your washing the old-fashioned way. There is an easier, quicker, better way—the Fels-Naptha way.



Do this the next time you wash:

Get Fels-Naptha Soap, soak the clothes in cool or lukewarm water for about thirty minutes after breakfast. Rub lightly, rinse, wring and hang out.



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A Sacrifice to Love

By Hapsburg Liebe

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SHE was a little woman, bent and gray, the Widow Sarah Lee Oliver, and the patience of her lined face was both beautiful and unforgettable. She lived alone in her two-roomed log house on the brow of the hill that overshadowed the little mountain town, Morrisville. Her husband had built the cabin there, at her wish; she had told him that the view was worth carrying water a long way. And her husband, also at her wish, had sawn out a low window in the western wall, from which she had seen thousands of sunsets, and from which she could see every house in the town below. He had called it the Sunset Window—and by that name did Sarah Lee still call it.

The air of the spring morning was to her like that of some especially hallowed Sabbath. The sun was warm and bright; a fresh breeze caressed the vines and the rosebushes with a gentleness almost human; hens clucked, birds sang, mud-wasps droned. It was the greatest day of old Sarah Lee's life; the happiest, the best, the sweetest. She had succeeded in her heaviest undertaking.

For her daughter Betty, a girl of nineteen, was to be home that day from having finished her schooling in the nearest city, which lay twenty miles west of Morrisville. Sarah Lee had worked and starved, suffered, almost bled, for years, that Betty might have an opportunity to become a woman of accomplishments.

The little woman had forgotten the old wound in her heart as she looked from the Sunset Window out across the rows of hewn log houses and to the scrub-bordered wagon road that stretched out like a dirty white ribbon toward the railroad and the city. The wound was that her one son, six years older than Betty, had left home at the age of two, no word of any kind having been received from him during the whole thirteen years of his absence.

Although she knew that her daughter would not reach Morrisville until late in the afternoon, Sarah Lee began the very best dinner she could afford full two hours too early—she had two baked pheasants, vegetables, pies, jellies, a cake.

The sun sank lower and lower, and she watched breathlessly from the western window for the homecoming of Betty. She would go to the wavy mirror and touch again and again her gray tresses to see that not a single hair was out of its place; she would carefully smooth down the folds in her fresh, dark percale dress, and see that her coarse shoes had not the slightest fleck of dust on them.

Then a black object appeared on the dirty white ribbon of a road, in the distance. As it came nearer, she saw that it was a light vehicle drawn by a pair of mettlesome horses—and it was coming at what seemed to Sarah Lee a terrific pace! In front of the court house she saw a well-dressed young man alight, tie the reins to the hitching rack, and help a girl to the ground in a manner that was both courteous and masterful. She watched them closely, her eyes too dim to recognize her daughter—but she had no doubt that it was Betty.

The pair came hastily up the winding path. There was a rush of white, lacy garments, a vision of loveliness—and a pair of soft, warm arms went about Sarah Lee's old neck. The young man, strong looking and masterful as he appeared to be, turned his head to admire the little panorama spread out before him.

Sarah Lee Oliver, however, could not forget her inborn spirit of hospitality, even in her heaven of gladness. She cordially invited her daughter's escort into her humble home.

"Why, I didn't even tell you his name, mother!" Betty cried, her blue eyes shining with happiness. "That's Arnold Stewart—my mother, wasn't it kind of him to bring me home?"

Arnold Stewart had addressed a thousand men during his short career as an attorney with much more confidence in himself than he had when he spoke his first words to Sarah Lee Oliver. For the light on the little widow's countenance was greater by far than the expression of any of the thousand masculine faces.

"It was a pleasure to bring your daughter home, I assure you," he managed to say, after the introduction. "So let's forget it."

"It was kind in you," declared Sarah Lee. "And you must have dinner with us, Mr. Stewart. I know you're hungry, after such a long drive. And I want you to eat like a horse!"

They laughed. Stewart entered the cabin, and accepted a creaking chair as graciously as though it were some magic throne. Then they had dinner, and the guest ate with a gusto he had rarely shown for food.

When it was over, he took little, bent Sarah Lee by the shoulders, looked smilingly down into her good face, and told her that he wished to marry her daughter.

"I admit it pleases me to hear you say that," said Sarah Lee, after a moment of silence, returning his sincere gaze with equal sincerity; "but I think you'd better not marry Betty."

"Why?"

"Must I go over it?" murmured the old woman. "She is too young to marry, for one reason. Besides, you are the son of a wealthy man, and naturally your people expect you to marry a wealthy woman. You see, Betty has written me about you."

Stewart smiled and shook his fine head slowly. "Money!" he exclaimed, a little bitterly. "Money! What is any money, compared to Betty Oliver?"

"The color of romance sometimes fails to last forever," said Sarah Lee. "And then—think of me, Mr. Stewart. What would I do without her?—not that—!" she interrupted him with a hand raised to his broad forehead. "I know you would say that I could live with you. There are things here that I could not leave, Mr. Stewart."

There followed a moment of awkward silence. Betty, however, stepped into the breach.

"I told you all this, Arnold," she said softly. "I could never leave her, even for you, Arnold. It was her education, work and self denial that made my education possible, that made it possible for you to care for me. No, I owe her too much. I cannot go with you to your world, much as I—as I—"

She covered her face with her hands and ran, sobbing aloud, into the other room. She had defeated her purpose by breaking down. It caused old Sarah Lee to see matters in a different light. Betty loved him! Must Betty throw aside her happiness for her? Could she hold Betty from her heart's desire? For Betty would not have sobbed, had she not loved Arnold Stewart.

No, Sarah Lee decided, she couldn't. And as she looked Arnold Stewart over again she began to have a great faith in him.

"Arnold," she breathed, addressing him thus almost affectionately, "Betty is yours, if she wants to be—and it seems that she does. She's told me a great deal about you; and I believe you're a man all through. That's the highest compliment I know, Arnold. I ask only that you both come back here very often."

Sarah Lee's judgment was correct; Arnold Stewart was a man, all of a man; there was no skeleton in the closet of his life. It came to him dazedly that he must throw out of the weighing his own happiness; that he must think of the patient woman to whom Betty owed all. He paled, and his gaze, filled with pain, sought the floor.

But the little widow read his thoughts of sacrifice.

"I know what you're thinking," she said, her voice thick. "It's good of you. Don't you see that if you don't take her we'll all be unhappy?"

And I believe Betty would be missing a great deal by losing you. If you still want her, Arnold, she is yours."

Arnold Stewart's face jerked strangely as he caught the little old woman up in a hug that almost frightened her.

"I still want her!" he assured Sarah Lee.

Two months later they were married. Stewart's set immediately fell in love with Betty, as much so as the people of Morrisville had loved her mother before her. And the young couple did not forget, for all their happiness, the old woman living alone in the cabin on the hill that frowned down upon Morrisville. They visited her at every opportunity; gifts and money came regularly, while no week passed without a pressing letter concerning Sarah Lee's making her home with them.

The last of these missives was especially urgent. It was in the form of a petition, and signed to it were the names of young Stewart's father and mother, as well as his own and Betty's. Sarah Lee kissed it, and went to the window that looked out across the little town and over miles of mountainous country stretching to the westward. The sun was going down, and rays of golden glory, interspersed with shafts of crimson and violet and purple, shot from the distant horizon like a heavenly aurora borealis. Sarah Lee read the letter again, and this time she bowed her gray head to the sill log and whispered brokenly to the silence:

"If I didn't have a boy out in the world, I'd go. But if he came home, he'd expect to find me here, so I must stay and wait."

She had always thought he had gone West, and he was therefore inseparably linked to the sunsets, linked by a bond that neither heaven nor earth could have forged anywhere except in the furnace of a mother's heart. And Sarah Lee prayed to the God that had made all the beautiful sunsets to send her wanderer home, just as she had prayed thousands of times before.

Insufferable sacrifice! But of such, surely, is the bleach that whitens souls.

The next morning, Mrs. Spurden, the town gossip, a fat, round, elderly woman, came tolling up the winding pathway, her flushed face telling Sarah Lee Oliver that she had big news before she had recovered her breath sufficiently to speak.

"Such an awful—climb!" she spouted disconnectedly. "Sary Lee—did you hear—about the desperado?"

Sarah Lee's heart almost stopped with a strange, smothering apprehension.

"What desperado?" she shot back.

"The desperado—the desperado that killed Mort Hendricks last night," panted the garrulous one.

"Didn't you hear about it, Sary Lee?"

"I didn't hear of it," answered the little widow, holding herself calm despite her fears.

"What was his name—well, just tell me all about it, Jane."

Mrs. Spurden had begun to breathe normally again. With the consciously proud air all gossips have when dispensing, she told her story.

"Last night, about an hour after dark, there stepped into Job Parrel's store a big, tall man dressed in regular Western clothes—peak-ed, dove-colored hat, soft blue shirt, horsehair watch-chain, and so on. He was sunburned and reckless-looking, my husband said."

"Well, Mort Hendricks was drinkin', and he stumbled against this man, steppin' on his foot. The desperado told him to please be careful, and said that his breath would wilt ragweds, and he didn't want it in his face. Then Mort hauled off and slapped the desperado. You know how stout Mort was, Sary Lee. Well, he grabbed the desperado, and they begun to wrastle around. Finally they got outside the door, in the dark, and there the desperado stuck a big knife into Mort's side, killin' him right off. Sheriff Raines happened along, and caught the murderer red-handed. He's in the jail now, Sary Lee."

"What do you think they will do with him?" asked the widow, having told herself that no son of hers would kill a man for such a trifle, and thus setting her mind at rest.

"Humph," grunted Mrs. Spurden, smilingly. "My husband heard old Judge Elwood—he's in town, you know, Sary Lee. It bein' court week here—heard the judge say that Morrisville would have its first hangin', or he'd miss his guess."

"But you didn't tell me his name," the widow reminded.

"He laughed a little, my husband said," replied the gossip. "and said that his name was John Doe for the present. Of course he denied that he done the killin'."

"Poor man!" murmured Sarah Lee, with the ready sympathy of one who has suffered much

himself. "Is there any chance that he is innocent, Jane?"

"Why, of course not, Sary Lee!" Mrs. Spurden clipped. "Who on earth would have done it—stickin' the knife thataway—but the strange man? They almost seen him do it. Besides, who's got anything against Mort Hendricks, enough to do such a terrible thing as that?"

"The Hendrickses and the Raineses have a lot against each other," said Sarah Lee, speaking more to herself, perhaps, than to her visitor. "They have been at riflepoints as long as I've known them."

"But none of the Raineses would be guilty of such a sneaking trick as knifing an enemy," Mrs. Spurden retorted with spirit—for the Raineses were relatives of her husband's. "Why, Sary Lee, the Raineses are among the best people of the county; there's George Raines is the sheriff, and Bolton Raines is a magistrate. I know Mort and George Raines had a fight last week, but George Raines wouldn't kill a man unless it was to save himself, Sary Lee. Sary Lee," she went on triumphantly, her eyes narrowing, "didn't you have a boy to run off from home a long time ago?"

"Yes," the little woman admitted, with studied calmness.

"My husband whispered to me—but I won't tell it at all—whispered to me that this desperado looks a lot like your husband used to look," Mrs. Spurden said, no doubt feeling that she had already retallated for the suggestion that any of the Raineses could have done the terrible deed.

Sarah Lee Oliver forced a smile. "There is not the slightest chance that he is my son," she declared. "My blood and my husband's blood has no murder in it, Jane."

And there was that in her tones that caused the gossip to change the topic of conversation immediately. Sarah Lee Oliver was—figuratively—a fighter.

But the little widow's mind was not quite at rest now, despite the fact that there was no murder in the blood of her son. For he had resembled his father, had the boy Newton.

Justice in Morrisville was strict in its adherence to the law and quick. The young man accused of the killing of Morton Hendricks was brought to trial with little delay. He called himself John Doe with a peculiar twinkle in his deep, gray eyes and refused to say anything about his past. He talked only when it was absolutely necessary, and the burden of his speech was in the main stout declarations of his innocence. His attorney fought hard for him, but to no effect. The idea that the killing was connected in any way with the old feud between the Raineses and the Hendrickses was met by hoots and jeers.

There was a breathless silence in the courtroom. The rustling of the leaves on the gnarled maples without could be plainly heard. The far-away tinkle of cowbells became a roar. The neigh of a horse was almost startling. They were waiting for the return of the jury.

And they did not have long to wait. The twelve good men and true filed slowly to their places, their countenances heavy with the weight of the judgment they were to set upon the shoulders of a fellow man. Sara Lee Oliver, unable to entirely throw off the haunting fear that had fought continuously to sink its wolfish fangs into her soul, stood at one of the windows, on the outside, waiting to get a glimpse of the accused to see for herself that it was not her son.

Voices came to her dully. Then she caught a few words that jammed in her heart like leaden balls:

"Hanged by the neck until dead—Friday in October—jailyard—Morrisville!"

Her wrinkled face growing white with apprehension, she shifted her position; then she hastened to another window. She saw the prisoner now, standing erect, manful, his head up, his eyes deep and earnest. It seemed that he was mentally pitying those who had condemned him to death. She knew him, for all his grown-up air. It was indeed her son, this man who was to be hanged by the neck until dead—Friday in October—jailyard—Morrisville!

She reeled at the blow, and saved herself from falling only by her grasp on the windowsill. Her husband's blood, her own blood, the first life she had held to her young breast, the child of her heart, the boy of the beautiful sunset land and of her thousands of prayers to God—a murderer!

Then he saw her and knew her. He saw her old eyes wide, staring, accusing, searching him through and through for the murder-blood. His lips moved, shaping soundlessly a single word, a word meant for her eyes alone—and which was caught by her eyes alone, because those in the courtroom had been too intent on watching the outcome of the trial to see the little woman at the window. The one word was—"Betty!"

Betty! So that was the reason he had refused to give his name! He would not have it said against Betty that her brother was hanged. If a murderer, then in one respect a noble murderer. It did not occur to this woman of sacri-

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nces that he had also been trying to shield her from disgrace by calling himself John Doe.

Her mind in a chaotic state, Sarah Lee Oliver hastened up the winding pathway to the cabin on the hill and to the Sunset Window. The hazy autumn sun was going down in a bank of smoke from mountain fires; it was setting in a sea of death, cold, distant. Her eyes were dry. There were no more tears to shed. All was ended of her watching and praying and waiting; all was gone out into the great uselessness of earthly things. So this was the answer to her prayers! This was the reward of her beautiful faith! This was the wages of her eternal sacrifices!

Now more than ever before she felt that she had indeed made sacrifices, and that she had indeed had faith. It seemed so unkind of heaven. She wondered if God cared, watching the last rays of the dim sun's cold aurora as she wondered. Perhaps she was too little to come beneath His notice. There were so many, many people in the world; she was so small, so unimportant. And then the first rebellion of her life stirred within her. She turned her eyes again to the darkening west, and into the twilight's hush her quivering lips sent the words that, so long ago, had shaken the brow of Calvary's hill: "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani!"

The quiet that followed sank into her brain with a feeling of guilt, a feeling of shame. A belated brown sparrow flew to its nest in a knothole in the log first above the Sunset Window—a sparrow.

Her lips moved again: "Not a sparrow falleth"—and they continued to move: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death."

When night had come the little woman, seeming more bent, older, grayer, stole down through the darkness to the high fence that ran around the jail. She was going to see her son. She had not thought of the guard that paced on the outside of the fence. It was too late to think of that now. She would be on duty until midnight; and he recognized the familiar figure that crept along in the shadows.

"Sarah Lee!"

"Yes, it's Sarah Lee, George," she said lowly. She knew now that she would have need of a confidante, and decided to trust him with the secret. "George," she continued, "I must have a friend. I want you to swear that you won't betray us."

Wondering, Raines raised his hand and swore. "George, for heaven's sake never tell it," Sarah Lee whispered tremulously. "The prisoner in there is my boy, who ran away from home thirteen years ago. I want to see him."

"Why, Sarah Lee Oliver!" There was genuine surprise and pain in the officer's words.

"Not so loud, George," cautioned the little widow, putting a hand on his arm. "Nobody must know it until we decide fully about it. You see, my son wouldn't tell his name, to save Betty from disgrace. I'm not ashamed to own my son, George, but I've got to see him first, and talk it over."

Sheriff Raines turned and unlocked the gate to the stockade, and Sarah Lee followed him through the dark night to the door of the strong, primitive prison. Another lock clicked, and they were inside the stuffy room.

"Newton!"

"Mother!" came from the pitchy gloom in a low cry of mingled joy and despair. He had known her voice, despite the years that had passed since he had seen her. "I'm so glad you came. Does anybody know of it except the sheriff?"

"Nobody," sobbed Sarah Lee, from her place on his broad breast. "George Raines was your father's friend, and he has sworn never to tell. But—Newton, I cannot be ashamed to own you! Oh, I cannot! Newton Oliver, tell me the truth, before Almighty God—did you kill Morton Hendricks?"

He lifted her higher and kissed her in a manner that of itself was assurance of his innocence. "Before Almighty God, I did not," he swore.

"But there was no show for me. I could do nothing. The sentence cannot be undone now. I must be a martyr to justice, mother; and we must keep the secret for

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

Mr. Gannett Offers Prizes for Pictures of COMFORT Homes

My Dear Friends:

The descriptions of homes of our subscribers in their letters to our "Sisters' Corner" constitute one of the most interesting features of that department.

The Sisters say so, and so do others.

These glimpses of the homes and introductions to the family circle make them feel actually acquainted with each other as friends and almost as neighbors, besides gratifying a general desire to know how the manner of living is varied to meet conditions that differ so widely in different sections of our great country.

I want to supplement these word pictures by reproducing in COMFORT a series of photographs of homes of our subscribers in all the States.

Therefore, for satisfactory photographs of the most attractive homes of COMFORT subscribers I offer the following

List of Prizes

1st Prize	-\$15.00	4th, 5th and 6th Prizes, Each	\$3.00
2nd Prize	-\$10.00	7th, 8th and 9th Prizes, Each	\$2.00
3rd Prize	-\$5.00	Next 5 Prizes, Each	\$1.00

CONDITIONS. The only requirements for entering this contest are that you must be a COMFORT subscriber and send me a photograph of the home you live in, with a brief description of yourself and other members of your family, and state your occupation, how long you have been a subscriber, and whether the home is owned or rented by you or by which member of your family. The photo and description must be mailed, postage prepaid, not later than the fifteenth day of June, when the contest will close and the prizes will be awarded and paid as soon as possible thereafter.

The photos may be of any size or in any style, even picture post cards will do, provided they are clear enough to make good pictures to print in COMFORT. It makes no difference how you got the picture, whether taken by yourself or by a friend or by a paid photographer, it is all the same for this contest.

The prizes will be awarded and paid for the pictures of the fourteen most attractive homes according to my judgment of the photos. The largest and most pretentious houses may not win for neatness and coziness with an air of thrift and comfort, and good sense, displayed in the buildings and their surroundings will be considered as important factors of attractiveness.

I will also pay one dollar each for any photos that I may wish to keep, other than the fourteen prize-winners. The others I will return if the owners so request and enclose postage for return.

Now this is an interesting prize contest, and to enter it costs you nothing, except a few cents for postage, if you have a picture of your home or a camera to take one with or can get a friend who has a camera to take the picture for you.

I hope that many more than the fourteen prize-winners will be such pictures as I shall wish to keep and pay for at one dollar each for my COMFORT home album.

REMEMBER: You must be a COMFORT subscriber to enter this contest but you don't have to be the owner of the home. Whichever member of the family, whether father, mother, husband, wife, son or daughter, is a COMFORT subscriber may send in the photo of the home and compete for the prizes.

Address Home Prize Contest, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Don't forget to enclose the written description, also the postage for return, if you care to have the picture returned in case it is not accepted for my album.

On a farm there are other things besides the buildings, such as domestic animals, farm machinery, or possibly an automobile that, if taken in the picture of the home, would make it more interesting, and if some of the family are included it will be no objection.

I hope your responses will be such as to enable me to make this an interesting feature of COMFORT.

Sincerely your friend,
W. H. GANNETT.

TOUGHIEY

Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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SYNOPSIS OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

"Toughiey" is a true story in which the author narrates the actual exploits and adventures of her three children and her own experiences during a summer, some dozen years ago, happily spent in rusticating on her ranch in a remote and somewhat wild part of Texas, far from their city home. This large domain, known as Steiner Valley, was inherited by Mrs. Burleson from her father, Dr. Steiner, who as surgeon in the U. S. army served with distinction through the war with Mexico which added Texas and an empire besides to the territory of the United States.

In mentioning herself and her husband (now Postmaster General, but then member of Congress) in the story she has modestly assumed the name of "Deering," which our readers are at liberty to change to Burleson.

The ranch, which is several miles in extent, is in part cultivated as a cotton plantation and the rest is used as a range for Mr. Burleson's great herd of Hereford cattle. The plantation is worked entirely by convict labor supplied by the state in return for a certain per cent of the crop, and besides the manager's house and the owner's summer cottage there is a cluster of buildings called "the camp" occupied by the convicts and guards.

All this is new and of somewhat startling interest to the children who are accustomed to city life.

According to the habit of the family, the two younger girls, with only a year's difference in their ages and being fast friends and playmates, are classed together under the generic designation of "the children." The eldest daughter, who, though only twelve years old, is several years their senior and bears herself toward them with a patronizing air of elderly dignity and wisdom that at times is somewhat galling to the little girls, is nicknamed "Toughiey." This pet name had been conferred on her in babyhood by a college girl aunt in admiration of the child's coolness, grit and self-reliance manifest even at that tender age.

Len, the manager's son, is a bright boy and proves a faithful and efficient guide and assistant on excursions and outdoor sports.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COON HUNT.

LONG before the appointed hour, the next night, Toughiey and the children clad in overalls and their Washington snow boots which their mother insisted upon as a protection against prickly pear thorns and the green briar, were ready for the projected hunt.

"Tisn't ever going to be dark," declared the children, watching, with mutinous eyes, the lagging sunset and the slowly darkening skies.



THE COON DOGS.

But the darkness came at last and the start was made with old Isum, carrying a lighted lantern, in the lead, Mr. Deering, Len and the little girls following in an irregular group and the dogs ranging in the brush on either side of the road.

The old negro had contributed to the chase his own dog, a celebrated coon-buster and known as Gramp. In his stiff yellow hair, uncouth proportions and morose temper one seemed to read his low origin. But his skill in trailing game and his perseverance in keeping it treed till such time as old Isum could appear on the scene with his gun and bring it down for his own and Gramp's dinner, pointed with equal clearness to some ancestor, along his obscure line, to whom he owed a heritage of good blood and cultivated instincts.

"Yo' aint gwinta git nuffin," remarked old Isum pessimistically. "Fain't no time fur coons an' possums."

"Oh, we'll get a few cats," said papa cheerfully. "Cats!" exclaimed the children in astonished dismay.

"Skunks, honey," explained the old negro, "but dey ain't nuffin," he went on to say, "Dey des spoils de dogs."

"A dead skunk don't eat chickens," observed papa sententiously.

But Isum continued to grumble. He had lived in the woods for many years and was too good a sportsman to consider polecats true game. His complaints were interrupted by the savage barking of the dogs a short distance ahead. They were circling about some object, evidently unwilling to go close to it.

"I doan know what dat ken be," he murmured. As he spoke, a high sharp rattle broke through the clamor of the dogs.

"By Jinks!" exclaimed Len, "it's a rattler!" "Stand back," commanded papa in a low tone, raising his rifle and taking careful aim.

The children cowered behind him and Toughiey stepping to one side gazed with breathless interest at the motionless snake, focused in the light, tense and motionless save for the vibrant tail and the dead tongue. But its hour had come and in a moment more the dogs were veering away from its limp, shattered body, seeming to know by instinct that with their foe, though fallen, still dwelt the power of death.

Excited by the incident, the children discovered a rattlesnake in every katydid and fallen leaf, while even their elders were betrayed into occasional nervous starts.

Shortly afterwards old Tom gave tongue, and the party was again brought to a halt. After listening for a minute or two Isum walked on composedly.

"Dat dog done fool me all he's gwinta," he remarked.

"He seems to have struck a good trail," said Mr. Deering doubtfully, listening to the deep bell-tones of the hound.

"Lessen Jerry and Gramp takes up de trail," said the old negro, "yo sho gwinta git lef'."

"All right," said papa, giving in.

"We're depending on you Isum; I'm betting on your judgment."

The old negro chuckled.

"Yo aint mek no mistake ef yo does," he said. "Yo and de chilluns 'll be traillin' all over dem mountains tell daybrek ef yo 'pends on dat dog."

The matter being settled they moved on and presently old Tom, tiring of his cold trail, padded softly across the road and disappeared in the brush to take up the hunt again.

They now entered a short thick bottom, ending at its mouth where it joined the river, in a canyon of considerable proportions. Its big trees and thick undergrowth were supposed to afford cover for unnumbered coons, possums and skunks, and it was not long before Jerry's clear note was heard, causing old Isum to start forward in pursuit with some show of excitement.

"Not too fas'," he cautioned, "de trail mought run back, an' we don' wanta crowd de dogs."

But as the cries receded rapidly they pushed ahead with some speed and shortly found themselves on a narrow tongue of land with the river on one side and the canyon on the other. Here they waited hoping that the game would be treed where they could follow. But luck was against them, for Isum soon reported that the dogs were crossing the river.

"Hit's a coon," said the old negro, "dey sho am smat."

"It may recross the river," said papa, listening attentively to the cry of the dogs. But it did not, and Isum's long familiarity with the surrounding country presently enabled him to locate the dogs in an inaccessible canyon to which they had driven their quarry and where they were now awaiting the arrival of the hunters.

"Call them off and let's get away from the river," said Mr. Deering.

Isum sounded several loud blasts on his horn, and then several more, and then blew himself into a state of wrath and exhaustion in a vain effort to recover the dogs. They were too hot after their enemy to heed the command.

"Dey sho is hod to pull off," he said, exasperated by their obstinacy. Then added apologetically:

"But hit's better toe hav em stick, dan kerless like some dogs."

Mr. Deering agreed with him but it was decided that they should start back without the dogs.

The children were now discovered on a grassy spot, sound asleep. Their father laughed and shouldered one, while Len took the other.

"You see what happens when you take babies hunting," remarked Toughiey severely.

"They shall go on their ponies next time," promised papa, to which the children gave sleepy acquiescence, while Toughiey received it with an incredulous grunt.

They were overtaken by the dogs about half way home, but Mr. Deering's animated proposal that they go up the mountain and try their luck further was voted against by all save Toughiey.

It was late when the party reached Pecan Hollow; later than they had expected it to be, as they realized when they turned over the limp little girls to a reproachful mamma, to whom no mention was made until the next day of the projected hunt on horseback.

Dreamless sleep prevailed throughout the little house that night.

A week later found the little party, mounted on horses, proceeding across the mountains to again try its luck in the field of sport. This time, by common consent, they avoided the thick river bottom with its entangling canyons, and headed for the open prairie.

The night was moonless and the stars were obscured by a light rack of clouds. Low on the southeastern horizon lay a storm cloud made visible now and then by a glare of lightning, like a smoldering fire fanned into fitful life by some passing breeze.

The children watched it with a creepy feeling, wondering what would happen if a storm should overtake them.

"It will go around us, I think," said papa in answer to their fearful questioning.

This was somewhat reassuring, but they regarded the slowly spreading cloud very much as Jack did the sleeping giant and they listened with strained anxiety to its low mutter of thunder, until old Tom, with blatant voice, awoke the echoes of the surrounding hollows and aroused their interest in the hunt.

This time, Jerry and Gramp were old Tom's confederates in leading them a wild chase over several miles of scrubby brush, until, brought up before an impossible line of wire fencing, they called off the dogs and made their way to a gate through which they now went into the hay pasture.

"That ran like a wolf," said Mr. Deering thoughtfully.

"It sho did," said Isum with some excitement. "I done say dat dem goats o' yours what yo sent up in de spring gwinta fetch many a coyote into dese hollows."

This conversation was interrupted by an outburst from the dogs who had now, for the first time, encountered the long-looked-for "cat" or skunk. Caught outside its hole on the open prairie, the slow moving animal had little chance for its life and was shown no quarter by the dogs. It was swiftly dispatched amidst wild cheering by the children.

Following almost immediately came Jerry's certain call. This time a mother cat with several young ones was brought to bay, and as they made their stand a little inside the remnant of an old fence, the hunting party, in order not to miss the fight, found it necessary to dismount and crawl through or under the loose strands of wire to the battle-field.

A skunk's only weapon is its scent glands, but it uses them with such powerful effect that dogs are frequently repulsed and dart away to give nose and jaws a vigorous rubbing on the grass.

In the dim light it was hard to tell one animal from the other and when a dark object separated itself from the struggling mass of creatures and rushed in the direction of the children they fled shrieking into the outer darkness. Finding themselves unattacked by the enemy, however, they returned, but soon discovered that the dogs were as objectionable as the cats.

Their efforts to keep out of the way of both friends and foes and at the same time encourage the dogs to do the skunks to death, led them into such extravagant capers, such frantic yelling, presenting a spectacle of such primitive savagery that Toughiey, herself, hoarse from over much screaming, paused to watch them. She was uncertain whether to complain of them or sympathize with their strenuous enjoyment. She decided to speak to her father about it and when the last of the family of skunks had been shaken into a disfigured pelt, and the hunters again in the saddle, Toughiey said:

"Papa, have you noticed the children?"

"Yes," he replied. "They appear to be having some fun."

"Don't you think, papa," she went on gravely, "that they're getting downright bloodthirsty?"

"Regular cannibals," he agreed cheerfully.

But when he heard Toughiey's reproachful, "Oh, papa!" he became serious and explained that he was making war on the skunks in the interest of the quail and the Mongolian pheasants which he proposed to introduce on the Plantation that fall. His words relieved her scruples and she responded eagerly to the next cry of the dogs.

This time the bounds were out-generated by their foe who took refuge in a large prickly-pear bush, from which strategic position it was easy to defy them. The cat knew well that she was safe from assault, for not since puppy days had any of these experienced old hunters attempted to storm a prickly-pear bush. Torture lay in the thousands of tiny needles with which nature had provided it.

So the dogs yelped for aid and old Isum settled the matter with a big stick.

As Isum had predicted, the dogs were now unfitted to follow a less pungent trail than that of the polecat, but of these they killed several in the course of the next hour or two.

While a fight was on, the children whistled and screamed themselves into a frenzy of delight, but during the quiet moments when the dogs were searching for prey, they drooped more and more until they were finally discovered by Toughiey leaning forward on their ponies' necks, their little cheeks pressing the manes, dozing if not fast asleep. So the horn was sounded and the hunt was declared at an end. And it was well that it had ended, for the storm cloud was slowly spreading, the light clouds overhead were growing thicker and darker, and the increasing wind was becoming cold with the breath of unshed raindrops.

By riding rapidly, they reached home and the last pony was turned out, the last saddle hung

on a nail under the protected corner of the gallery, and the sleepy children tucked into bed before the threatened flood descended. This time it brought no terrors to the little girls, for they neither heard nor saw it; by the next day it was done, leaving only a beautiful, fresh morning to tell the tale of its passage.

CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

FAIRBANKS, BOX 825, ALASKA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have just called for a few minutes' chat to gratify a longing I have had for many years, but like a good many other sisters I have been too timid but if I see this in print I may have courage to come again. I have been a Comfort reader for the past five years and would miss its comfort very much should I be deprived of this dear paper, but hope I never shall be.

Now I am not cold, do not draw my chair too close to the fire as it is only two or three degrees below zero and we Northerners think that pleasant weather.

I am not going to describe myself, but something more interesting. I wish to tell you some real facts about this far-away land of Alaska. It is not a land of ice and snow the year round as so many people are inclined to believe, we have long, dark, cold winters, it is true, the thermometer registering sixty degrees below zero for two or three days at a time and several times through a winter, but we have warm log cabins and frame houses with plenty of wood so we keep warm and comfortable. The days are short, the sun shines only two hours and forty-five minutes on the shortest day and often we do not see it at all if it happens to be a cold, foggy day, but we have electric lights so do not mind the darkness so much as you would think. The heavy frosts set in about the middle of September or first of October and we do not plant much outdoors before the middle or latter part of May. Do I hear the sisters saying, "My, what a short season!" Well, I am not at all surprised to hear it, but wait a moment, and I will tell you why such things as potatoes, carrots, parsnips, beets and turnips can mature in so short a time; it is because we have sunshine night and day. On the 21st of June the sun just seems to set and rise again. We have a baseball game at midnight on that day so you see it is truly the land of the "Midnight Sun." Last summer we had so much rain that the gardens were not the success we hoped they would be, but this winter has been very warm; the coldest weather so far being twenty-five degrees below zero and that was only for a short time.

I realize Alaska has been given a great deal of publicity since the Alaska Railroad Bill passed and I fear the means of telling some poor man to leave his family with very little means and rush here before there is work enough to do to supply the hundreds of men that will flock here in the spring, so I want to sound a warning note to the Comfort sisters; tell your husband not to be too hasty, but watch, for I know there will be some good advantages here in the near future for the right men, but it is like most countries, it takes men and women of strong will and muscle and active brain to make a success.

I have lived in the West all my life; Utah being my home state and was born in Salt Lake City. I would like to hear from some of the sisters there. I also lived in Alberta, Canada, for seven years and I have been in Alaska five years.

I have three children, Mary, aged nine, Frank, seven and Stella five years old, so far two are in school; our schools could be better but they are very good at that; still we hope to better them as years go on.

My lack of education has been one long regret but I study with my children so will not give up and say "lost" for we are never too old to learn.

With best wishes to all of Comfort's staff and sisters.

From your loving sister, MRS. ROY SHAFER.

Mrs. Shafer. There seems to be a sort of magic connected with the lands of the far North, which makes letters from there doubly interesting and I feel sure you will receive a hearty welcome in your corner. I admire the spirit manifested in your desire for an education and most assuredly it is not too late. Your children will make more progress in their schoolwork if you keep abreast of them and are ready to help them. Good books are the best teachers and you will find that time spent in reading is not lost.—Ed.

MATTITUCK, L. I., N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

This is the first time I have ever written for this column, although I have been reading and loving Comfort for a number of years, and have sold quite a number of Uncle Charlie's Poem books for him, and through that work I became personally acquainted with him. And let me tell you right here that he thoroughly appreciates any effort you make for him and he certainly has proven it to me. I have never sent a name in for a book that he did not write me a nice long letter and his letters are fine and sound exactly like him. I know you see, for I have visited him twice and my daughter has visited a week with him and Maria. I visited him the second week in January, and stayed a day and a night, and only regretted that I could not stay longer; as I enjoyed every moment I spent there.

His rooms show good taste and everything harmonizes. Everything at present is a warm red color. His pictures show the artist's taste. He has a piano and a Victrola and when I was there he had two canaries belonging to Eva Tanguay hanging in his room, and they sang beautifully, but, what sounded best to me was Uncle Charlie's rich bass voice, singing every now and then a line or two of some of his favorite songs. He has a magnificent voice, and lovely, dreamy brown eyes, but I had better have a care how I tell you of any more of his charms or you will all be falling in love with him and I can assure you he is well cared for by Maria.

I think you will all agree with me when I say Uncle Charlie is a man with a big heart, full of sympathy and charity. He's full of fun too and can keep you laughing all day. I wonder how many of us could be as patient and jolly under like circumstances.

I have often heard it said of one after they had departed from this life, "None knew him but to love him, nor named him but to praise." I think it better to say kind things about our friends while they are here, don't you? I feel sure if you knew Uncle Charlie, you would feel as I do about him and the lines above seem fitting to him.

I cannot speak too highly of Maria. Twice she has visited me and my family, which consist of my husband and two daughters, we all love her, she is one of those people who wear well.

At present "Billy the Goat" is a pretty little German girl, and I think her all to the good.

My oldest daughter is eighteen years old, and has been a bookkeeper in a store for more than a year. I think every girl should know how to support herself, as it might become necessary. The younger daughter is thirteen years old; she was born on the day McKinley was shot, Sept. 6, 1901.

Wishing the sisters and all interested in COMFORT, the best of luck. Sincerely, MRS. GRACE E. DUTTEE.

Mrs. Duryee. Perhaps your letter will convince many a Doubting Thomas that Uncle Charlie is not the mythical person they imagine him to be but all that your letter has pictured him—a patient, noble man, endeavoring to make the world a better place by his presence in it; I think he is succeeding. I agree with you that we should not save our kind words till too late and in that connection am printing the following poem which appeals to me strongly. I know Uncle Charlie appreciates the kind words and thoughts from the readers, and most assuredly he is grateful for the substantial aid you have rendered him through the sale of so many of his books.—Ed.

If I Should Die Tonight

"If I should die tonight, My friends would look upon my quiet face Before they laid it in its resting place, And dearest death had left it almost fair; And laying snow-white flowers against my hair, Would smooth it down with tender tenderness, And fold my hands with lingering caress.

Poor hands, so empty and so cold tonight! "If I should die tonight, My friends would call to mind with loving thought, Some kindly deeds the icy hands had wrought. Some gentle word the frozen lips had said; Errands on which the willing feet had sped; The memory of my selfishness and pride, My hasty words would all be put aside, And so I should be loved and mourned tonight.

What a Million Mothers Avoid

More than a million careful mothers have intuitively known the dangers of poisonous fly destroyers. They have known that such preparations contain arsenic in deadly quantities. They have realized the peril to little children that accompanies the use of fly poisons.

But for those who have not learned of these dangers, we quote from a recent issue of the Child Betterment Magazine, which comments upon 35 cases of children being poisoned last year:

"The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable."

In the December issue of the Michigan State Medical Journal, an editorial on the same subject cites 47 cases and goes on to state:

"Arsenical fly poisons are as dangerous as the phosphorus match. They should be abolished. There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies. And fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

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The new metal Tanglefoot Holder removes the last objection to the use of Tanglefoot. 10c at dealers or sent postpaid—two for 25c anywhere in the United States.

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"If I should die tonight, E'en hearts estranged would turn once more to me, Recalling other days remorsefully. The eyes that chill me with averted glance Would look upon me as of yore, perchance And soften in the old familiar way. For who could war with dumb unconscious clay? So I might rest forgiven of all tonight."

VIEMAN, MO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please allow me a place in your cozy corner? I have been a member of the C. L. O. C. for quite a while but desire to make the acquaintance of the many sisters.

I have been a reader and admirer of our grand paper, COMFORT, since I was quite small and a subscriber for some time.

COMFORT has my favorite motto, "Onward and Upward." There is something inspiring in those words; if we only stop to analyze them. What a mirror is our corner; reflecting different characters and homes.

The letters are very interesting; some are pathetic, some inspire to nobler aims and purposes through lessons of self-sacrifice; and others cause a desire to know the writer personally; that we might count them a link in the great chain of friendship. So many of the sisters' letters portray such a true Christian spirit.

Not long ago I was waiting for my train in the station of one of our large cities in this state. Presently a woman entered the waiting-room with three small children, the two youngest mere babies. She

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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"I know what father likes best"

EVEN the children know that Arbuckles' Coffee gets the biggest welcome at the breakfast table.

It is the popular favorite everywhere. More of it is used than any other packaged coffee.

Think what this means.

In America we drink more coffee than does any other nation. Last year 900,000,000 lbs. of coffee were brought here. Think of all the different kinds of coffee—the different varieties of flavor this represents.

For their favorite coffee, the people of this country have chosen Arbuckles'. For nearly fifty years they have shown their preference for this coffee. In one state last year four times as many pounds of Arbuckles' were used during the year as there were men, women

and children in the state. And the demand is continually increasing.

Now packaged ground as well as whole bean

So that every woman can have her favorite coffee in the form she prefers, Arbuckles' is packed already ground (in a triple wrapped moisture-proof package) as well as in the whole bean.

Have you tried it lately?

Before you serve another breakfast, go to your grocer's and get a package of Arbuckles' Coffee. Notice its aroma. Taste its rich, satisfying flavor and know why more of it is used than any other packaged coffee.

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Save the signature on every Arbuckle wrapper. Get beautiful, useful gifts—articles you have always wanted. Arbuckles' premiums are almost as famous as Arbuckles' Coffee. In one year we gave away over a million of one premium alone! Send for our big Premium Catalog showing 150 of our most popular premiums. Write today to Arbuckle Brothers, 71-B2 Water St., N. Y.

This is the signature you save



Better than ever

A Thorn Among Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EVENTS.

Alice and May Weston receive an invitation to a farewell reception, given to William Curtis Marchmont, the adopted son of Roland Fletcher, who is engaged to Alice, and is to enter Yale College. Alice is to study law with Judge Ashburton, whose daughter was the wife of Roland Fletcher. Her health failing their daughter Olive is sent, when a baby, to her grandfather, Judge Ashburton, living then in Philadelphia. Imogen Ingraham's mother, Mrs. Farquhar, marries Judge Ashburton. She dies, and Imogen, as the widow of Robert Ingraham and homeless, is invited by Judge Ashburton to accept a home with him and care for Olive. She conceals the birth of her child.

Roland Fletcher, assisted by Olive and Imogen on his left, Judge Ashburton and Will on his right, receive their guests. Imogen and Olive, jealous of the attentions given to Alice, ignore her half-extended hand. Mr. Fletcher mortified and displeased receives her most cordially and welcomes her to Castleview. Later he leads her in a quadrille, after which they go into a long corridor. Stopping before a painting Alice learns it is the portrait of Mr. Fletcher's wife. He wishes nothing better for her than she may be as happy with his boy, as he was with his wife. Will joins them and Olive passes without a word of greeting. Mr. Fletcher follows Olive and requests that she be more courteous to her guests. Will goes to Yale. Judge Ashburton opens his office in town with Alice as his clerk. May is busy. Olive and Imogen out driving. Olive proposes they call for her grandfather. Imogen orders Buxton to drive to the office. Olive takes the lines. Judge Ashburton insists that Alice, who is suffering from a headache, shall ride home. A newspaper caught in the wind, frightens one of the horses and both spring forward. Olive drops the lines and Alice, with rare presence of mind secures them and controls the horses. Judge Ashburton and the driver take Alice home. He reproaches Imogen and Olive for their indifference and failure to thank Alice and realizes a phase in Imogen's character, hitherto concealed.

Will's last vacation comes. Judge Ashburton arranges a little excursion which includes Alice and May Weston. Arriving at their destination, they meet Sir Arthur Stamford. In love with Alice Weston, his father Sir Arthur Stamford, Mr. Tom Radcliffe and his sister, Miss Grace. Tom Radcliffe proposes a visit to the caves. Alice Weston and Grace Radcliffe become separated from the party. Alice stopping to tie her shoe Grace goes on. Alice's candle goes out. She feels a grip on her arm and a gruff voice inquires if she knows a woman by the name of Ingraham who lives at Castleview and requests her to send a letter, which he thrusts into her hands. Arthur Stamford returns to find Alice and asks her to be his wife. She admits her love for and engagement to another. In the meanwhile Sir Arthur evinces unusual interest in Will Marchmont and learns to his astonishment that his middle name is Curtis. His mother, Mabel Randall Curtis, was Sir Arthur's second wife, whose first husband was the second son of Lady Marchmont—the Marquise of Leith. A visit to Lady Marchmont confirms Will's parentage and his right to Marchmont Court. He visits Alice, assuring her that nothing can part them and in one year she will be his wife, the future Marquise of Leith. Lady Marchmont exacts much from the future Marquise of Leith, and at her grandson's suggestion she writes a note to Alice, inviting her to come to Leith for a week preceding a reception she is to give in honor of Will and before his departure for Yale College. In the meanwhile Olive is invited to visit at Marchmont Court. She resolves to win Will at any cost, and to his astonishment and regret admits her love for him. Imogen, receiving the letter, given to Alice, by the mysterious stranger, determines to accomplish the union of Will and Olive, and plots to place Alice in a false position before her hostess, Nellie. Mrs. Marchmont's maid, discovers the loss of sixty pounds. Alice, in packing her trunk notices an unusual disorder. Lifting some clothing she finds the missing money and valuable jewelry. Speaking to May, she requests her to call Lady Marchmont and Will, and admits to them

where and how she finds it. Lady Marchmont looks amazed. Her attention is drawn to a piece of braid, convincing her that Alice is innocent. Taking the money and jewels to her chamber she discovers strands of silk caught in her jewel box and picks up a tiny bangle. Left alone with Imogen, Mrs. Marchmont produces evidence of her guilt and her determination to ruin Alice. The guests return home, Alice and May riding in the Marchmont carriage. As it turns toward Beechcroft a shabby-looking man recognizes a piece of luggage and believes that one of the two girls is the missing baby. Will returns to Yale and Alice to her work. A prize is offered by a woman of New York, prominent in society who claims that sex makes no difference in mental capacity and solicits applications from both sexes to take part in a law debate. Judge Ashburton, anxious for Alice to compete, invites her and her sister to accompany him to New York. A few days is spent in studying up the questions involved and they sail for New York. Alice is chosen as one of the contestants and wins the thousand dollar prize. Judge Ashburton is called home by a cablegram from Mr. Fletcher, who has important documents stolen from his safe. He reports the loss to the proper officials. Failing to find them Mr. Fletcher is arrested upon the charge of treason. Imogen visits Roland Fletcher in the jail. If she can give him back his freedom, restore his good name and the respect of his fellowmen will he make her his wife. Declaring it impossible to call another woman wife Imogen realizes she has lost all and refuses to help Mr. Fletcher. The court opens; the third day Judge Ashburton is taken violently ill; he insists that Alice shall continue the case. Thoroughly posted on every point she takes up the argument of her opponent and reduces it to insignificance. Will arrives and conducts Alice to Castleview. The next morning Alice detects a man climbing over the railing of Imogen's window, preparing to let himself to the ground. Meeting the butler, she gets the gardener and they secure the man, binding his arms behind him. Alice searches his pockets and secures the stolen papers unopened. Driving to the courthouse with their prisoner and delivering him to an officer, Alice buries inside where the judge is addressing the jury. Failing to attract the judge's attention, he proceeds with the case and the jury not finding evidence recommends that Mr. Fletcher be discharged. Alice produces the missing papers. The judge demands an explanation and Mr. Fletcher goes out a free man. To make the story clear we go back to the night the papers were stolen. Imogen left alone, wonders if she fastened a window in the library. Returning she recognizes the detective who has bounded her life, crouching before Roland Fletcher's safe. He admits the combination is easy and that he has taken all the money from the safe. He warns her not to make an outcry and reminds her that he knows where the missing child is, also that he can secure the perforated extension top case. He leaves her stricken dumb. The night of Judge Ashburton's sudden illness Imogen, exhausted and nervous lies down. She is awakened by an unusual sound. Going to the window and pushing the drapery aside she sees the face of Reardon, the detective. He demands admittance. If she gives one thousand pounds he will produce the stolen papers and give a statement that he stole them and will never reveal the other affair. Hearing voices and anxious to see him Imogen opens a door and he passes into what he supposes to be a closet and she locks the door.

CHAPTER XIX.

FOILED IN HIS ATTEMPTED ESCAPE.

EVEN when he found himself locked into the place where Imogen had pretended to conceal him, Reardon, the detective, did not, at first, feel in the least disturbed, although the click of the key as it turned the lock grated harshly on his nerves. He reasoned that a sense of guilt on Imogen's part had impelled her to take this precaution which, under the circumstances, appeared but natural.

He stood quietly by the door and listened. Presently he heard the door of the room he had just left open and close, then the sound as of voices in subdued conversation which lasted only a moment or two, after which the door opened and closed again and all was still once more. Now, he thought, he should be released, but no, there was not a sound in the room outside his prison.

Possibly, he reasoned, the woman had gone to the judge to try to get the money he had demanded, and deemed it safer to keep him there until her return, but he did not like the situation at all, for the sense of confinement and intense darkness was exceedingly unpleasant.

He put out his hands, but could feel no wall, and thought the closet must be a very large one. He had matches and, striking one, he found himself in what might be more properly termed a trunkroom, for it was quite a sizable place, there being several trunks in it and garments of various descriptions hanging on the walls; but there was not a window or door in it, save the one by which he had entered.

"Hum!" he grunted, as his match went out and he struck another, "this is a device of a fix, and I'm blamed if I know just what to make of it." He seated himself upon a trunk near the door and waited, with what patience he could command, until he should hear Imogen return.

He sat there in utter silence for at least half an hour, and then, unable to endure the suspense any longer, he tapped upon the door.

"Mrs. Ingraham," he said, with his lips close to the keyhole.

But there was no answer. He waited another half hour, then he spoke again.

Still there came no reply, although he was sure he caught the sound of someone moving outside. Imogen really had not left the room, nor had anyone entered.

The moment the trunkroom door was closed and locked upon her enemy, she sped to the one leading into the hall, opened and closed it and pretended to be talking with someone.

Then she made as if she was letting someone out, after which she sat down and tried to decide what move to make next—it had only been a ruse to gain time and keep her prisoner quiet until she could arrive at some decision regarding him.

All the antagonism of her nature was aroused to arms, and she had arrived at a point where she felt that she must break the terrible yoke of bondage which, for so many years, had held her and, by some means, free herself forever from this bad man's power.

But how? This was the perplexing problem, and she could seem to think of no way to solve it.

Each time the detective spoke her lips curled in a cruel smile and her eyes flashed with mingled hatred and triumph. For more than an hour she sat there and never moved, thinking—thinking; but coming to no definite decision.

Then her prisoner, becoming desperate, rattled the knob impatiently and demanded to be released in tones that were dangerously loud.

Imogen arose, resolution and defiance dominant in every look and motion.

"Stop that!" she said, going close to the closet and speaking low, but authoritatively; "the judge is sleeping, and his man says he must not be disturbed tonight, so I can do nothing about the money until tomorrow morning."

Reardon swore roundly at this, for he now felt sure that she had not left the room, but was lying to him.

"Then let me out," he said.

"No," replied Imogen, firmly, "I am going to keep you here tonight, for I shall want those papers the first thing in the morning."

"Well, I can bring them to you then, — you! unlock this door and let me out," the man commanded, roughly.

"No; something might happen that you would

not come—some accident, or you might change your mind; they might be stolen—a hundred things might occur. You'll have to get along in there the best you can—"

"By — I'll raise the roof if you don't unlock the door this instant," he interposed, in a towering rage.

"Very well, you can do so if you choose," coolly responded Imogen, whose courage arose as she found herself so thoroughly mistress of the situation, "but just so sure as you do, you will go from here into a cell in the jail; now you can meditate over that for I mean what I say."

He saw that she was resolute, and he cursed himself for a fool for having fallen so easily into her trap.

"I shall suffocate in here; come, be reasonable and let me out," he said, in a conciliatory tone, after a moment of thought.

"No, you will not suffocate, although I know the air hasn't a very good circulation in there, but there is quite a crack under the door, and so you will easily stand it until morning," Imogen returned. "However," she added, "I will release you on one condition."

"Well?" he questioned, sullenly.

"Give me the papers and swear that you will leave the country at once," the woman continued. "You have been a parasite on me for years—I have been a slave to your demands for money—to the fear that you would ruin me in the estimation of my friends, until I have become desperate. I am going to end it all at once and forever. I may as well, for I have no faith in you," she went on, her face and her voice hardening.

"If I should yield to your demand and get the thousand pounds, I could not be sure that you would not return, when it was gone, and hold the same old threats over me. No, sir; I'm going to confess the whole story to Judge Ashburton, the first thing tomorrow; throw myself upon his mercy, save the good man who is suffering for your crime and let you suffer the penalty of your own sins, and for the misery that you have caused me for half a lifetime. There, now," she said, in conclusion, "you can take your choice—give me that package at once and go free—clear the country immediately, or remain where you are and meet the consequences tomorrow morning."

The detective was appalled by this unexpected denouement. He realized that she was desperate and determined—that he had driven her into a corner where she could not turn and, in so doing, had got himself into a bad scrape also.

He knew, but too well, what the consequence would be if he was arrested in that place and those important papers found upon his person, while whatever revenge he might take upon Imogen Ingraham would not change the fact that he would have to suffer to the extent of the law for his crime.

He fumed, and swore, and threatened, but all to no purpose; his captor was firm, and he knew by the relentless tones of her voice—by a certain ring of triumph which he detected in them, that she had turned at last, like the proverbial worm, and would do her worst—that she would not spare him, and, if he did not come to her terms, transportation for a term of years, with a ball and chain for companions, would be the fate to which she would doom him, and glory in it.

"It is useless to parley," she said, when he paused. "I have had my say. You can push that envelope through the crack at the bottom of the door to me—fortunately it is wide enough—and the moment it is in a safe place beyond your reach, I will unlock this door and you may go free."

"How do I know that I may trust you? You may get it in your possession and then play me false," the detective opposed.

Imogen gave vent to a bitter laugh. "Do not fear—do not be so suspicious," she said, with stinging sarcasm, "such a course would put me in an uncomfortable position; it would not be so easy then to prove you the thief that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Pigeons for Profit

PROBABLY pigeons are the most neglected—or rather the most mismanaged—of all poultry on the general farm, yet they are most profitable if well cared for, and especially appropriate for the man who has to be away at work most of the day, or the woman with heavy household duties to occupy most of her time, because they won't overeat; food can be left before them all the time, and the parent birds take all the care of the young ones, so that an hour in the morning is about all that anyone need devote to pigeons every day in the week, with a few extra hours on Saturday to clean up.

There is really money in the business, if you are prepared to earn it. The people must understand that raising pigeons is a business requiring industry and management to make it a success. Unfortunately, a lot of nonsense has been written about pigeons and squab-raising. Lots of people have run away with the idea that all they have to do is to buy a few birds, throw in a little corn night and morning, and make a fortune. True, there is no heavy work to be done, and a good income can be made on a fair-sized flock of homers which are given intelligent care. A comfortable house is essential, and the best plan for a small flock is to build a regular chicken house and cover it all over with tar paper or anyone of the good roofing papers. The yard must be enclosed, of course, and should extend over the roof, and five or six feet above it, so the birds can alight on it when flying from end to end, and sun themselves (which they love to do) on a high, dry place. Put up two or three long perches at the end of the yard; a stand about three feet high in the center for a bath-rub. Let the stand be a foot larger all round than the bath, so that the birds can light on it. The size of the house must depend, of course, on the quantity of birds you intend to keep. Just remember that each pair of old pigeons must have two nest boxes eleven inches square, with an earthenware pan in each. Nest boxes can cover the wall from floor to ceiling, so after it is fitted, it is easy to tell just how many birds a house can accommodate. The earthenware pans are called nappies, and are manufactured on purpose for pigeons. They can be bought at any supply store for five or ten cents each. There is a brown crockery dish about seven inches across, and two deep, which is to be found in most five and ten cent stores, that answers very well if you can't get the real things in your immediate vicinity.

Now about feeding. Just throwing down cracked corn won't do. Variety in diet is necessary for birds' health as well as for man and beasts. It is wise to give the food question a little thought. Kafir corn, red wheat, cracked corn, Canadian field peas, German millet, and hemp are all staple grains. Use whichever can be had cheapest in your vicinity, and alternate them whenever you can. We follow the rule recommended by W. E. Rice, a very successful pigeon-raiser:

Morning: Equal parts of cracked corn and wheat. Afternoon feed: cracked corn and Kafir corn. During the winter the proportions: Two parts cracked corn to one of wheat or Kafir corn. Regular feeds are always placed in a self-feeder, so that the birds can help themselves. Peas, millet, hemp and rice are good only as treats once or twice a week. They are fed in small quantities, and alone, because we found out that if mixed with other grains, the birds would pick out the dainties and throw out the grain or wheat.

Unless starved to it, pigeons will not eat grain that has been defiled by lying on the floor, so to prevent waste it is best to have a self-feeder, or at least some contrivance which prevents birds getting their head or feet into the supply and scattering it. The treats we feed by hand, and scatter on the floor, but if the birds are naturally eager for a novelty, it is picked up at once. Remember that white wheat is very likely to produce diarrhea, so always order red, and don't be tempted to use new grain of any sort, or corn exclusively, for if you do, your birds will surely be troubled with canker. During the year, and especially in the early winter, I always receive

two or three dishes, so they can all get a chance to eat at once. Remove any that is left at the end of ten minutes. If it is not possible to get fresh liver, use one teaspoonful of beef meal, or any of the commercial meat preparations which are ground fine. Continue to scatter the dry grains three or four times a day. When they are four weeks old, give mash twice a day about 9 A. M. and 2 P. M., increasing the allowance of milk slightly; and if you have plenty of skim-milk, make cottage cheese and give it them as an extra once or twice a week.

From the fourth week, keep a pan containing grit and charcoal always before them. After they are six weeks old, increase the quantity of corn-meal in the mash, and correspondingly decrease the ground oats, until all corn-meal and no oats are being used. Also, stop steaming the clover, and mix it dry with the other ingredients; then moisten the mash with scalded milk in which suet has been boiled (one pound of chopped suet to four quarts of milk, boil for fifteen minutes). Feed it three times a day—9 A. M., 12 M., and 3 P. M. The last two weeks before killing, omit all the dry grain; feed nothing but mash, made as before, only as soft as possible without being sloppy. Feed four times a day all they will eat up in ten minutes, but on no account leave food before them longer than that, or they will become satiated, and your object not be gained. Birds so pushed along should be plump and in really fine condition for market when from ten to twelve weeks old.

Should it be necessary to hold any of the birds over for a week or two, continue the rations given for the period between the fourth and sixth weeks, as it would not be safe to feed such heavy rations as are given for the last two weeks of the fattening process, for an indefinite period. As you will notice, our broilers are never given water to drink but always scalded milk. It is done for a double reason; scalded milk checks any tendency to bowel trouble, the great scourge of chickenhood and is also a strong factor in making the flesh tender and juicy; but of course if you don't have milk you must substitute water.

Correspondence

C. H.—In your Nov. number, 1914, you give a subscriber advice for limberneck in fowls. The treatment you advise is a dose of one teaspoonful turpentine, two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, and three of Castor oil. Did you mean to administer this dose to one fowl as one dose? As you say limberneck is caused by ptomaine poisoning, I suppose mine got the trouble by eating some bottled peas that had gone bad. I threw them out, never thinking that they would hurt the fowls. The very next morning nearly one dozen had the limberneck, and I lost nearly two dozen (all hens and pullets) within a few days.

A.—I think there must have been some mistake. The proper dose for limberneck is one teaspoonful of oil of turpentine and one tablespoonful of sweet oil or Castor oil.

A. K.—You say that you only gave thirty birds one quart of scratch feed night and morning, but that they are very fat and don't lay. This is because they are not getting a well-balanced ration. Scatter half a pint of scratch feed in deep litter in the early morning, and about ten or eleven o'clock give a quart of mash composed of wheat bran, ground oats, ground corn and wheat middlings; equal parts of each. Add one tablespoonful of any of the commercial animal meals, beef or bone. Mix thoroughly, and moisten just enough to make crumbly mash. After a week, gradually increase the amount of animal food, until they are getting four tablespoonfuls to each quart of mash. At noon, give them green stuff and another half pint of scratch feed. At night, whole corn; as much as they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes. There is no necessity to use permanganate of potassium in the drinking water, except when you have an infectious disease to fight. Torn paper would not be at all practical as scratching material. Use dry leaves if you think that straw or hay is too expensive. It would not do to bury grain in dirt or sand, because it would be apt to get damp and sour.

P. E. R.—As I want to start raising chickens, and try and make a success, I shall ask you about my chicken coop. Size, seven by fourteen by seven feet high, gable ends, and I want to know what ventilation I should have in it. I shall have the chicken roosts two feet from floor, and on a level. How many hens will this coop hold?

A.—You could keep from twenty to twenty-five hens in the house, because you never have to keep poultry in during long periods of snow being on the ground, as we do in the East. I advise you to cover the window and door with muslin or wire netting, and provide muslin curtains to cover the netting in wet weather. This will provide plenty of fresh air without any ventilating system.

L. I.—I have been taking COMFORT for about a year and think it a grand paper. I have looked through its columns for a remedy for my chickens, but failed to find any, so am coming to you for advice. I have about fifty head of chickens, and mostly all Plymouth Rocks. They have something the matter with their necks and feet. Their knees and feet swell and crack open, and they can scarcely get about. We feed on cold scraps from the table and chopped corn. They also have a rattling noise in their throats. Their droppings are whitish-colored. They will stand and sleep, but eat heartily. Have lost three head lately.

A.—The whole flock must be in a very bad condition, and one which, I fear, you will have great difficulty in curing. Don't use any of their eggs for hatching this season. The birds must have hereditary rheumatism and roopy tendencies, which have developed in a



OUTDOOR BROODER HEATED BY A LAMP. SUCH BROODERS ARE STORM PROOF AND WILL HOUSE FROM 75 TO 100 CHICKS.

letters asking why pigeons are afflicted with a strange disease in the throat and mouth, which looks like a cheesy growth; and it is for that reason that I caution you against the exclusive corn diet, for that is what caused the trouble, and often spoils the whole breeding season.

Early Chickens

Several readers wish to know how to care for incubator chicks in brooders, and how to fatten for market, so I will tell you our method of preparing broilers. Up to the tenth day they are fed like all other baby chicks, then as follows:

Steam some chopped coarse hay—about a quart—and add one pint of coarse corn-meal, or pint of ground oats, and half a small cupful of chopped liver which has been boiled for five minutes (raw liver is too strong for such young birds), but it should not be boiled more than the five minutes. Feed once a day at noon. Put the mash into

malignant form. I fear that doctoring will be of little benefit. Personally, I should kill them all, thoroughly disinfect the house, plow up the yard, and start with a fresh lot of birds. But if you want to try what can be done, spray their throats with permanganate of potassium, made by diluting half a teaspoonful of the crystals in a pint of water. For use, dilute one tablespoonful of the lotion with three of water. Or you can use one teaspoonful of peroxide of hydrogen in half a tumbler of water. For the shanks and feet, bathe them in warm, soapy water; dry on a soft clean rag, and while moist, rub with carbolic ointment or lard and sulphur in equal parts.

Higher Subscription and Renewal Rates Will Take Effect June First

You still have a chance to renew or extend your subscription at the present low rates before the first day of June.

Read full particulars in notice on page two of this magazine and act at once.

Here You Are!

Coca-Cola

Here's a new voice for the thirsty rooster—here's refreshment for the excited hen—here's deliciousness for all—Coca-Cola. The beverage that athletes endorse—that wins business—even among those who welcome for its simple, wholesome qualities.

Carbolic acid, caffeine, and in brand stands and at soda fountains, drug stores, and the Genuine Coca-Cola Bottling Plant, GA.

L. W. M.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my turkeys? They have about three black sores on their heads, and one yellow spot just inside the mouth. I have lost one turkey from this disease and have two others with it. The one I lost was in bad shape before I knew there was anything the matter with them. Since last issue of COMFORT I have been using permanganate of potassium for affected birds. The turkeys are healthy and active. They have a free range and plenty of green food, sand, gravel and fresh water. The two birds that are affected now are no better and no worse. I have been using the above remedy about twelve days. What must I do to prevent the spread of this disease? Have used sheep dip and copperas in their drinking water.

A.—Quarantine the sick birds or kill them, and take every means to keep the disease from spreading. Give each bird in the flock a spoonful of Castor oil. Read the poultry department in the March issue of COMFORT. It will give much of the information you want.

C. D.—Will you please tell me how long after being separated from the male bird eggs are fertilized or good for hatching? If it is the same period for ducks, geese or hens? A goose was given me on Dec. 24; now she is laying. Would like to know if her eggs are good to be hatched.

A.—I should not care to risk using eggs for hatching from birds which have been separated from the rooster for more than two weeks—or ducks; either, and most certainly goose eggs could not be fertile.

M. B.—I would like to know what was the matter with my little ducks. They got so they could not stand on their feet; just sat around all the time and ate all the time, but could not walk. I feed wheat and ground corn. They have all the water and grit they want.

A.—Young ducks can't stand heavy ground feed. They should have mash made of equal parts of wheat bran, cut clover and ground oats, and all the green vegetables or grass they will eat. When overfed, and especially on corn, they invariably get leg weakness.

G. A. A.—Can you tell me what to do for my roosters' feet? They get so sore. Sometimes they can hardly walk. I think it is caused by jumping from their roost, and they are so heavy too. (2) What kind of food is best to feed poultry to produce eggs? (3) What ought poultry to have to make their shells? Please describe plainly. (4) What part of grit is best for poultry, to digest their food? Is beat-up china good for poultry, if so, what, etc.? (5) Can you tell me what to feed little chicks on, and how to manage them? (6) What is best to feed little ducks on and how to manage them? (7) And what is best to feed little guineas on and how to manage them? (8) Is charcoal good for poultry, if so, for what, and how ought it to be fed and fed? Please describe plainly. What ought setting hens to have to eat? How often to feed? (9) Can you tell me how to get rid of chicken lice?

A.—Keep plenty of clean, soft hay on the floor of the chicken-house to prevent the roosters striking the hard floor when they jump off the perches. (2) Read answer to A. E. (3) Hens need lime both to make egg shells and to create bone in the chicks when the eggs are used for hatching. Wheat bran, clover and oats all contain lime, which goes to make bone and muscle in the embryo of the chick. But, for the shell, they should have a supply of land plaster or oyster shell always before them. (4) China or crockery that has been broken fine, or hard, sharp gravel of any sort. (5) Little chicks must have nothing to eat for thirty-six hours, and then hard-boiled egg chopped fine, shell and all, mixed with an equal quantity of stale bread-crumbs. Feed five times a day, but give very little each time. After the fourth day, give chick food three times a day. (This is a mixture of finely cracked grains and small seeds, especially prepared and sold under the name of chickfeed), and two feeds of egg and bread-crumbs. Keep that up for three or four days, then give chopped egg, dry cottage cheese, crumbled, or liver slightly boiled and chopped fine, once a day, and chickfeed three times a day. Read about fattening young chickens in the first part of the department. (6) Read answer to M. B. (7) Feed the young guinea fowl just the same as young chickens. (8) Charcoal is very good for all poultry, and should be kept before

them all the time. For young chickens, it must be broken almost to a powder. For older birds it must be like cracked corn. It aids digestion, and keeps the crop and intestines sweet. (9) Setting hens should have whole corn, grit and water, left where they can get it whenever they get off of the nest. (10) All poultry should be dusted with a good insect powder every other night for a week in the early spring; again in the fall; and all hens should be thoroughly dusted when they are given eggs to hatch, and again about three days before the chickens are expected. Clean out the henhouse, brood coops, etc., and give everything a coat of good fresh lime-wash. Add one ounce of crude carbolic acid to every pail of whitewash while it is still boiling. Paint the roosts and nest boxes, especially up in the cracks and joints, with sheep dip or any strong solution, every week all through the year; being careful, of course, that the hens don't get on to the perches whilst they are wet, as they might blister their feet.

A. U. E.—I have been reading your paper for three years, and have been watching for a remedy for my White Plymouth Rock chickens. They have free range, living on a farm with about ten acres of timber and grass; plenty of grit and oyster shell and pure water. They take sick about the first of May or June. They stretch their heads out on the ground and won't move, unless you make them, and then they flap their wings and crawl. Their feathers are loose, and in two or three days they take white and green diarrhea, and then don't live more than two or three days after that. We try and burn all of them that die and kill some of them as soon as taken sick. I gave them copperas in their drinking water. That don't seem to help, so I don't know what to do. Some say it is limberneck. Mostly hens and pullets—not many roosters—take it. I have about thirty hens left, so would like to know a cure. Am afraid they will die this spring. They have a good clean henhouse, and I feed little corn and give them all the milk they will drink.

A.—Could say this was a case of poison of some sort. Do you use strong fertilizer on the land where the hens are liable to find it, or is there any foul water in the woods and pastures that they are likely to drink? Or it may be that you or your neighbors poison rats in the spring of the year, and the birds find dead carcasses. In any such cases as these, the safest plan is to administer a tablespoonful of Castor oil as soon as you notice any symptoms of illness. I should advise you to keep the fowls shut up during May and the early part of June.

J. L.—I have been taking COMFORT for a number of years, and have been trying your poultry talks. My sister and I have been trying the poultry business on a small scale. We have one half dozen Black Minorca hens and a rooster. These are pure stock. Also three dozen Buff Orpingtons with two cockerels. These are almost pure. We had thought of selling the baby chicks of the Buff and raising the Minorcas until grown, then sell them as pure stock. How old is the best age to sell the baby chicks, and what is the price usually paid? How could one find customers for them? I know lots of people would rather buy them at that age, and then raise them to maturity. Which way do you think is the most profitable? To sell them when baby chicks or raise them until they weigh a couple of pounds? Also how would one find customers for the Black Minorcas? Would like to sell them for fancy prices, you know. They are extremely nice. Are such a showy, pretty chicken. Am sending you a stamped envelope for answer. Or do you never answer letters personally? I did not know.

A.—Baby chicks should be shipped as soon as hatched, because they need no food for thirty-six or forty-eight hours, and close confinement does not injure them during that period. The usual price for ordinary stock is from eight to ten cents each, and from fifteen to twenty cents for high bred stock. An advertisement in your local paper will be the best means for getting customers, and it should be inserted at least a month before you expect a hatch. It is usually difficult to get fancy prices for mature birds, unless the stock has gained a reputation at shows. Whether it is better to sell baby chicks or two-pound birds depends so entirely upon local conditions that I can't say which you will find the most profitable. It is against our rules to answer letters personally, though we do so occasionally when the case is urgent.

M. E.—Please read answer to G. A. A.

J. J.—I have two canaries, one male and one female. The male is five years old and the female is one year old. Please tell me if they will breed, as I heard that the male will not breed after he is three years old. Also please tell me what to feed young birds.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by two; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Venetian Crochet Coat Set

MATERIALS required: Ecru crochet cotton about as heavy as a small cord. A steel crochet hook which will carry it easily and yet small enough to make the work snug and firm.

Each of the motifs, leaves and grapes are made separately and then joined together, these being arranged on a perfectly fitting cotton collar of any desired shape.

Large Square Motifs

For these motifs which form the sides of the collar and finish the under part of the cuffs begin by making a chain 21 sts., turn.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 9th st., * ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c. in 3rd st., repeat from * 3 times, making a row of 5 spaces. Ch. 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 d. c. on d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on next d. c., repeat to end of row. Ch. 5, turn. Repeat 2nd row three times, forming a square of 5 holes or spaces each way.

3rd row.—Ch. 1, 3 s. c., under first and second chains 2, 2 s. c. in third sp., ch. 6, turn. 1 s. c. in last s. c. made, forming a loop seen on side of square. Ch. 1, turn and work 3 s. c., under ch. 6, ch. 4, sl. st. to last s. c., this forms 1 p., ch. 4, 1 p., ch. 4, 1 p., ch. 4, all under ch. 6, 1 s. c. in same sp., 3 s. c. in next sp., 7 s. c. in corner sp. Repeat on 3 sides, finishing with 3 s. c. in last sp., join with sl. st.

4th row.—Ch. 7, 1 sl. st. in first p. Ch. 8, 1 sl. st., in third p., ch. 7, 1 sl. st., in corner of square. Repeat around the three other corners.

5th row.—Under ch. 7, work 3 s. c., ch. 4 for p., 3 s. c., 1 p., 3 s. c. Under ch. 8 make an extra p. Under ch. 7, same as first ch. 7. Repeat around the three corners.

For the small square motif, of which only two are required, ch. 15, and proceed as for the large square, but making only 3 rows of 3 spaces each. Finished with 3 s. c. in each sp., and 1 p., on each side and 1 p. in each corner.

For the round motif, 2 of which will be seen on each side of the collar, begin in the center, make a loop around your finger with end of thread toward you, and on this loop work 7 s. c., joining last to 1st with sl. st. Draw up the end of thread very firmly so there is no hole left in the center.

2nd row.—Ch. 1, 2 s. c., in each s. c., of last row, closing with a sl. st. The work should be done snugly, taking into both loops of stitch to avoid a rib.

3rd row.—Ch. 1, * a s. c. in 1st stitch, 2 in next and repeat around, joining to 1st stitch.

4th row.—Ch. 6, sk. 2 s. c., fasten with a sl. st., in next; repeat around the circle, making 8 loops.

5th row.—In each loop work 3 s. c., 1 picot, 3 s. c., and fasten off.

The grapes, of which there are 7 clusters or bunches of 8 grapes each, are made like center of wheel until you have completed the 3rd row. Proceed as follows:

4th row of grapes.—Ch. 1, 1 s. c. in each s. c. 5th row.—1 s. c. in every other s. c. of previous row.

6th row.—Same as 5th row.

Cut thread 2 inches long and pull through last stitch; now draw up both threads very firmly and tie securely, stuffing ends into grape. To form the bunches sew 6 grapes around a center grape, and the 8th between any 2 of the circles.

For the leaves, proceed as follows:

Ch. 16, sk. 1 st., 14 s. c. in 14 sts., 3 in last st., 14 s. c. on other side. * ch. 2, turn 15, taking up the back loop only to form ridge, 3 s. c. in 2nd of 3 widening sts., 14 s. c., down other side. This leaves a little point for center of leaf. Repeat until you have 4 points or ribs on each side of the center, and end the leaflet at the bottom. Make 2 leaves more in the same way, crocheting the others to this one to within 5 stitches from the last point. For the stem fasten your thread into the end of one of the side petals, chain 32, and fasten in the same place. On this double chain make 30 s. c., pushing your stitches very close together, and having the last one in the loop of the chain to hold them on; ch. 1, turn, and work with singles back to the beginning, fastening into the ends of the other 2 leaflets or petals. By pushing the fullness to end of stem it will curve nicely; sew to curve in stem to keep in position.

The piece at the neck is 18 inches long, and is made as follows:

1st row.—Ch. 172 stitches, make a picot of last 4 stitches, and on the remaining 168 make 6 s. c., picot of ch. 4, repeat all along the line, ending with a picot, which will be the 29th of the row, turn.

2nd row.—Ch. 2, a single on other side of ch.

ch. 4, a treble in same place, ch. 6, sk. 2, * 2 tr. c. in next 2 stitches, ch. 6, sk. 4, repeat from * all along, making 2 trebles at end. The trebles will come exactly between the picots on opposite side; turn.

3rd row.—Ch. 1, * a s. c. on each treble, 3 s. c., picot, 3 s. c. under ch. 6, 2 d. c. in 2 trebles, 3 s. c. under next ch., then a triple picot (consisting of 3 picots of ch. 4, fastened in same place, one after the other), 3 s. c. under same ch. 6, and repeat from *, alternating the single with triple picots, and ending with a single picot. This gives 15 single and 14 triple picots.

Baste this neckpiece and motifs on your pattern, placing them face down, and fasten neatly with thread and needle. They may be joined as the work proceeds, but if one is a beginner it will be found much easier to get the collar to lie smoothly and fit perfectly if put together as suggested. The spaces between the center bunch of grapes and the wheel motifs each side, also between these and the wheels toward points of collar, are filled in by small sections of picoted chains similar to those described in 3rd row of neckpiece.

Fasten in top of center bunch of grapes ch. 1, 2 tr. c. in single 1 of neckpiece ch. 6, 1 s. c. in stem of leaf, ch. 6, 1 s. c. in point of leaf, ch. 3, 1 sl. st., 1 p. of round motif, ch. 3, 1 sl. st. in 3rd single p. of neckpiece, turn, work singles under ch. to center ch. 6, make 1 triple p., joining center p. to center p. of triple p. of neckpiece, singles, 1 triple p. joined to neck triple p. under neck ch. 6, fasten. Fill other spaces in like manner. The stems of the grapes may be either a chain of requisite length, or put in with needle and thread, carrying the thread across and back to make 3 strands, then twist or wind these closely and evenly, and fasten off.

The Cuffs

The cuffs are composed of one leaf, 1 bunch of grapes and 2 large square motifs. Join the squares as in the collar, by the 6 picots, and sew the grapes between the 2 petals of the leaf. Fill in between the upper picots of the square and the top of the leaf with a "spider-web" arrangement of chains: Fasten in at the upper picot of square, ch. 32, fasten to 1st point of upper petal of leaf, turn, (ch. 8, sk. 7, fasten in next stitch) 4 times, forming 4 loops, each of which is filled with (4 s. c., picot) repeat twice, 4 s. c. for the finish at the top of cuff. From the picot where the ch. 32 started ch. 10, thread over 5 times, catch in next picot below and work off the stitches 2 at a time as in making a treble; repeat this long stitch (quintuple treble) in each of next 2 picots below, over 3 times and work in corner of leaflet, over twice, and work in side of stem, where it curves, over 5 times and catch in 24th of ch. 32, where 3rd loop is fastened; catch all these together, forming a close center, then ch. 8, fasten in 16th stitch of ch. 32, make a double treble in top of leafstem, ch. 10, catch in side of other leaf-petal, and fasten off. The number of times the thread is put over should be graduated according to the space, to make the bars of the spiderweb of proper length. Make the other cuff in same way, but for the opposite side.

This is a very rich-looking and handsome set, elaborate in appearance but not at all difficult to make. The motifs may be used in making handbags, pillow-covers, and many other articles.

Wild Rose Yoke

By Mrs. Wertman

The directions as given are for the yoke of a corset cover, for a woman of 48 inches bust measure, or even larger. But the same design can easily be made in any size yoke, for either woman or child by turning a corner in the insertion sooner, according to the directions and as illustrated.

This yoke was crocheted of medium coarse

mercerized cotton, but if a rather fine crochet cotton is used the directions as given will result in a yoke of about 40 inches.

Begin at opening in front of yoke, by making a chain of 80 stitches.

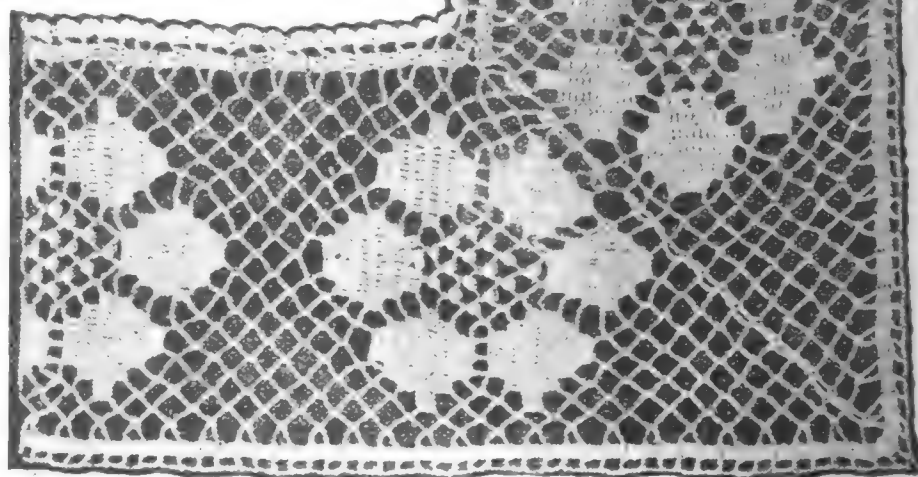
1st row.—1 d. c. in 8th st. from needle, 1 d. c., in each next 2 sts. * Ch. 7, 1 s. c., in next 6th st., repeat from * 9 times making 10 chains of 7 sts. Ch. 7, 1 d. c., in next 6th sts., 1 d. c., in each next 2 sts. Ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

2nd row.—3 d. c. on d. c. Ch. 3, 1 s. c., under ch. 7, ch. 7, 1 s. c. under next ch. repeat making 4 ch. 7, ch. 5, 8 d. c. under next ch., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under next * ch. 7, 1 s. c., repeat from * 3 times making 4 ch. 7, ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. under end ch. Ch. 5, turn.

3rd row.—3 d. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c. under ch. 7, make 4 more chs. 7, ch. 5, 2 d. c. under ch. 5 in last row. 1 d. c. on each of the 8 d. c., 2 d. c. under ch. 5, making 12 d. c. in all. Ch. 5, 1 s. c., finishing row with chs. 7, 1 d. c. on each d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. under end ch. Ch. 5, turn.

4th row.—3 d. c. on d. c., ch. 5, as usual and make ch. 5, then 2 d. c. under ch. 5, 12 d. c. on 12 d. c., 2 d. c. under next ch. or 16 d. c. in all. Finish row as usual. Ch. 5, turn.

5th row.—3 d. c., ch. to last ch. 7, before double, here the second is started by making ch. 5, 1 d. c. Ch. 5, sk. over 1 ch., make 1 d. c., on the second d. c., 13 more d. c., ch. 5, sk. 1 ch. Ch. 5, 6 d. c., ch. 5, usual chs., 3 d. c. on d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.



WILD ROSE DESIGN.

6th row.—3 d. c., chs. 10 d. c. over 6 d. c., making 2 extra on either side. Ch. 5, 12 d. c., over 14 d. c. Ch. 5, 10 d. c. over 6 d. c. Finish row as usual.

7th row.—3 d. c., chs. 14 d. c., over 10 d. c., ch. 5, 8 d. c., over 12 d. c., ch. 5, 14 d. c., over 10 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. Ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. Ch. 5, turn.

8th row.—3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 4 d. c., before the doubles. 1 d. c. on each d. c., ch. 5, skip 1 ch. and make 1 s. c. on second d. c., now a clones knot made as follows: Ch. 3 (thread over the needle, bring up a loop around the chain close to the needle), repeat four times, thread over needle and draw through all the loops on the needle. This makes a knot, now. Ch. 2, 1 s. c., on second last d. c. of petal. This detail of Clones Knot will not be given again. Ch. 5, 1 d. c., on each d. c. of petal, and 4 under next ch. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. Ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., on end. Ch. 5, turn.

9th row.—3 d. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., under ch. before petal. Ch. 5, sk. 4 d. c., 12 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. A Clones knot made with ch. 3, the knot then ch. 2, 1 sl. st., under knot in previous row., (make it in the thread that holds the knot together.) A Clones knot, fastens on next ch. 5, ch. 5, from the 3rd d. c., make 12 d. c., on the petal; ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

10th row.—3 d. c., 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 3 d. c., over 12 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., 3 clones knots, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

11th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) twice Ch. 5, 1 d. c., on second d. c. of petal, ch. 2, 1 d. c. on next 3rd d. c.; ch. 2, 1 d. c., on last d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c.; 4 clones knots, ch. 5, 1 d. c. in first d. c., of petal, ch. 2, d. c. in third d. c., ch. 2, 1

d. c. in next third d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end. Ch. 5, turn.

12th row.—3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, sk. 1 ch., 8 d. c., beginning on first double. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. under first clones knot; 3 clones knots. Ch. 5, 8 d. c., beginning 1 in front of doubles; ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

13th row.—3 d. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 12 d. c.,

over 8 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under knot, 2 clones

knots. Ch. 5, 12 d. c. over 8 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 3 d. c., * ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

14th row.—3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c. * Ch. 5, 4 d. c. before the petal, 12 d. c. and 2 d. c. on the other side, ch. 5, 1 s. c. under knot, 1 knot, ch. 5, 2 d. c. before petal, 12 d. c., 4 d. c. on other side, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

15th row.—3 d. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, sk. 4 doubles, 12 d. c., ch. 5, start last petal by making 8 d. c. in a row. Thus 2 under ch. 5, 2 before knot, 2 after knot, under ch. 5, ch. 5. Begin on third double next petal and make 12 d. c. in a row. ch. 5, 1 s. c., * ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

16th row.—3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., * ch. 5, 8 d. c. over 12 d. c., ch. 5, 12 d. c. over 8 d. c., ch. 5, 8 d. c., over 12 d. c. Finish row as usual.

17th row.—3 d. c., 2 chs. 7, ch. 5, 6 d. c. over 8 d. c., ch. 5, 14 over 12 d. c., ch. 5, 6 d. c. over 8 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. * Finish row as usual.

18th row.—3 d. c., made chs. 8, sk. over petal with last * ch. 7, 1 s. c. in next space, ch. 5, 16 d. c., over 14 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, sk. over petal. Finish as usual.

19th row.—3 d. c., chs. 7, then ch. 5, 12 d. c. over 16 d. c., ch. 5. * Finish with chs. 7 as usual.

20th row.—3 d. c., chs. as usual, * ch. 5, then 8 d. c., over 12. Finish as usual.

21st row.—3 d. c., 11 chs. 7, 3 d. c. ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

22nd row.—3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., 10 chs. 7, 3 d. c. ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn. Repeat 21 and 22 rows twice for network between the roses. Begin next rose at second or even row.

Detail of miter corner on the decrease.

1st row.—Work the 13th row to the * and then turn.

2nd row.—Three s. c. on 3 doubles; ch. 3 and 1 s. c. Begin at * on 14th row and work to end.

3rd row.—Work 15th row to * then turn.

4th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 5. Begin at * on 16th row and work to end.

5th row.—Work the 17th row to the * then turn.

6th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 5. Begin at * on the 18th row and work to end.

7th row.—Work the 19th row to the * then turn.

8th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 5. Begin at * on the 20th row and work to end.

9th row.—The rose is finished now, so the pattern will be worked to a point with a network of chs. of 7. Begin with ch. 5, 3 d. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) 6 times. The last ch. 7 passes over the petal. Turn.

10th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. in center of space; (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) 5 times; ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

11th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) 5 times. Turn.

12th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c., in first space., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) 4 times; ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

13th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) 4 times. Turn.

14th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. in first space, (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) 3 times; ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

15th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) 3 times. Turn.

16th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. in first space, (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) twice; ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

17th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) twice. Turn.

18th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c., in first space, ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

19th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c. Turn.

20th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c., under ch. 7, ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, d. c. on end.

21st row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c. Turn.

22nd row.—3 s. c. on 3 d. c., ch. 2, and in place of a double make a treble on the end. This is the corner and wants to be a trifle larger. As this was worked on the decrease it must now be worked to increase, until the work is even again.

1st row.—On the increase of miter: Ch. 5, 3 d. c. * 3 s. c., ch. 3, fasten on the bias edge on the first s. c. you come to. Ch. 3, fasten on next sp. on bias edge.

2nd row.—Ch. 7, 3 d. c. on 3 d. c., ch. 2, d. c. on end.

3rd row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 7,

GRAPE VENETIAN CROCHET COAT SET.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

A New Memorial Day

Dedication of Confederate Monument in National Cemetery

By Edna Mary Colman

The impressive ceremonies which attended the dedication of the monument erected to the memory of the Confederate dead in the National Soldiers' Cemetery at Arlington, near Washington, typify the new national spirit that animates our people throughout the land. The event is of mighty significance and marks an epoch in the history of our country.

That the South has wished, and Congress willingly granted permission, to place this monument where it stands shows that the sectional misunderstanding, distrust and animosity which caused the war are buried by both sides forever in the graves that hallow this consecrated ground.

Among the orators was General Gardner, Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., delegated to assist in these memorial exercises, which were made national in character by President Wilson's participation. The former foes in war vied here in eloquent expressions of mutual respect, friendship and esteem.

Impartially the nation mourns the dead heroes of the Civil War and accords their memory the honors due to brave men regardless of the cause for which they sacrificed their lives.

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THE thirtieth day of May, this year, will witness a scene unparalleled in the history of any nation, for in the great National Soldiers' Cemetery at Arlington, bordering the Potomac opposite Washington, there will be a united decoration of all graves and impartial honor paid to the memory of all soldiers buried there without discrimination as to whether it was the stars and stripes or the stars and bars that they fought under.

The massive monument to the memory of the twenty-one hundred and eleven unknown Union soldiers whose bodies gleaned from the field of battle rest in nameless, but not forgotten graves, will share its measure of loving attention with the new Confederate monument dedicated on the fourth day of last June. Laurel wreaths and flags will be placed alike on both, and all services conducted in honor of the dead of the great silent city will include impartially all who have found a last resting place under the majestic trees on the green slopes of Arlington, once the historic estate of the famous Custis and Lee families.

With the unveiling of this superb bronze monument in honor of the Confederate dead in the hallowed precincts of the National Cemetery, the last link was forged in the chain of fraternity that binds together the North and the South. And the participation in the ceremonies of the veterans of both the Blue and the Gray but add to the strength of the tie. This monument is the most unique in the world's history, erected in a government cemetery to the memory of the Southern soldiers who fought the government in the war between the states.

Not only is this a monument to the gray-clad followers of the lost cause, but it is the visual expression of the grandeur of American

greet each other in fun, and many a battle was fought over and many a camp-fire story told, but with a sort of detachment as though the narrators had not been participants but only onlookers. A few rows back, two old men were in earnest conversation and a sentence that was wafted over the confusion of the moment gave the solution to the whole occasion to any who may still have been in doubt.

"Yes, I'm here. My boy lies over there, killed in the Philippines and I buried my bitterness in his grave."

One vigorous gray veteran leaped up when General Bennett Young, of Louisville, Kentucky, came upon the platform, and gave the famous rebel yell once, then he looked around with scorn upon his nearby comrades and said: "Get up there, you fellows, salute your old commander!" When the "yell" had been given with a will and the last echo died away in the muttering thunder of the approaching storm, a deliberate voice called out: "Say, Johnny, there was plenty times you all were too busy running to do much yelling." Once more the Grays rose to the occasion with a lightning retort. "Yep, and there was plenty times when you all did the tail-end running of your lives when you heard that yell, and that's why you happen to be here now." Like boys, in their delight in chaffing and joking these battle-scarred heroes, many of them tense with the emotion of the inspiring scene, seemed imbued with the desire to let the whole throng share the joy of their reunion. Reminiscences of hardships, hair-raising experiences, and tales of great exploits were exchanged in a serio-comic fashion for the benefit of surrounding listeners.

Here were assembled, the highest officials in the land, the President, Cabinet Officers, Senators, Supreme Court Justices, foreign diplomats widely-eyed with astonishment over the sentiment of such a ceremonial and distinguished personages from all over the United States. Fluttering in

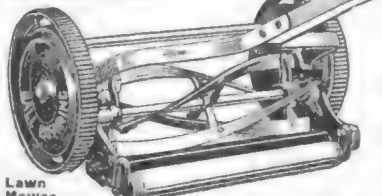
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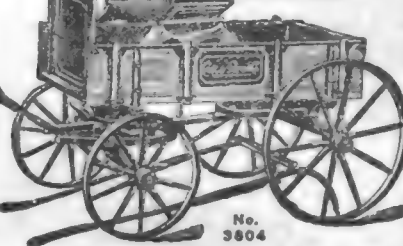
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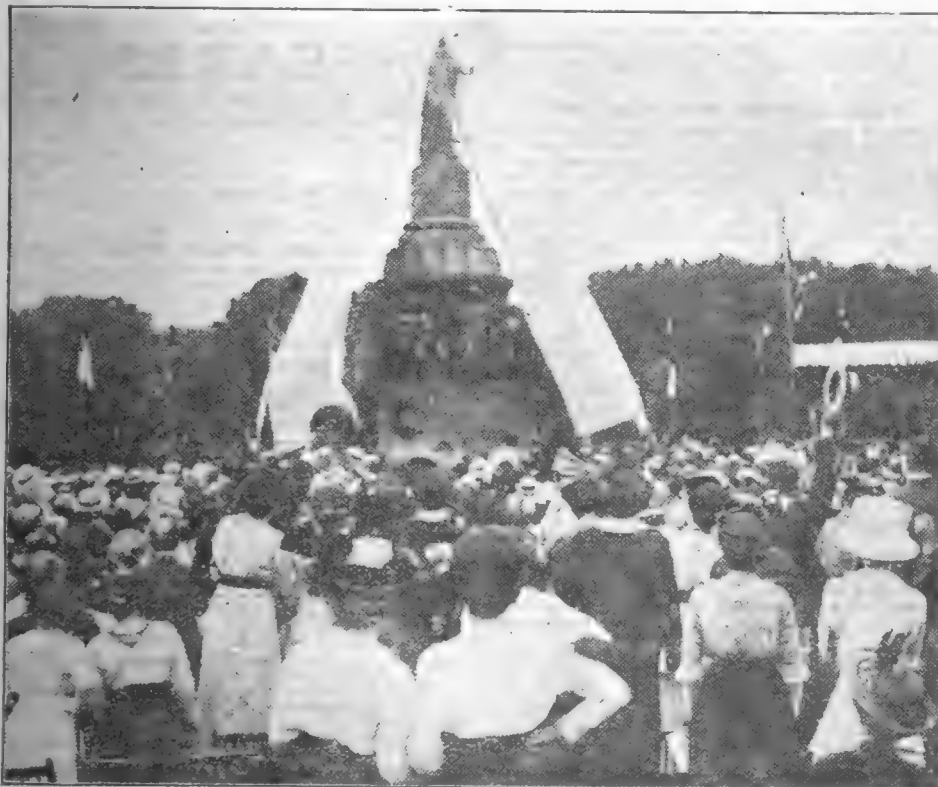


Photo by G. V. Buck, Washington, D. C.

AT THE MOMENT OF UNVEILING WHEN THE WHITE DRAPERIES OPENED AT THE BUGLE CALL. See Title Page Illustration.

character, for nowhere else on the face of the earth lives there a nation with so wonderful a conception of magnanimity nor so true a sense of honor and justice. That within the space of the passing of a generation, the enemies in the gigantic conflict that laid a million of its choice manhood in untimely graves, should meet in unity and harmony, and clasp hands in friendship over the graves of their fallen comrades, is only possible because both sides were Americans.

On that memorable day of last June which none who were privileged to be present will ever forget, in the warm sunlight of the glorious summer afternoon, the expectant crowds gathered in the big city of the dead, and stepped lightly and reverently between the little stones that mark the twenty thousand graves.

In the section where the confederate soldiers are buried, rows upon rows of chairs were placed, many of them resting against the time-stained stones that, in few brief words, told of the soldier's answer to the last roll call. Not a desecration but a benediction was this, for the feet that thus trod over the green turf above the sacred dust, came in honor such as no flags nor flowers had ever brought in their wake.

"Johnny Reb," in faded gray sat side by side with the white-haired, stoop-shouldered "Yanks," and each held the starchy banner of the other side. Once, amidst a lull in the musical selections of the band, a thin, tired old voice sang out with eager spirit. "Hi there, Johnny Reb, you are taking mighty good care of that old flag today." The grizzled veteran in blue had spied a gray-clad soldier supporting the Union flag so carefully that despite its size and the best efforts of the willful afternoon breeze, not a fold touched the ground. "Quick as a flash came his answer with equal spirit. 'You bet I am, Yank, she's my flag now, though I've seen the day I'd have dragged her in the dirt.' Such was the spirit that hovered over the people and the place, as a most propitious prelude to the exercises that were soon to follow.

"Johnny Rebs" and "Yanks" took delight in calling over the intervening rows of spectators to

the breezes, their folds entwining were the flags of the states, the flag of the confederacy and the Stars and Stripes. Dixie and Yankee Doodle broke forth on the summer air and saluted each other and then gave place to the Star Spangled banner while khaki clad soldiers, of a younger generation, sons of both sections ushered the wearers of the Blue and the Gray to advantageous seats.

Above the tramp of many feet and the confusion of the great throng the old melodies of the Southland and the Northland, from the Fort Myer band, stirred old memories and brought the flush of pride and the straightening up shoulders bent with the weight of the years that have passed, while unconsciously canes and crutches beat a subdued accompaniment.

A scene without parallel and set apart in the life history not only of a nation but of the world. No poet ever had sublimer theme for song or story, no artist greater inspiration for his brush, and posterity can have no grander example of Christian ideals, than unfolded in the incidents of that eventful afternoon. Pathos heavy with tragedies and sorrows brought fresh to mind, human interest running the whole gamut of the emotions, honor and devotion burying forever the strings of sectional differences into a superb mantle of fraternal unity, consecrated by sacrifice, made invulnerable to the world by its baptism of mingled tears, to stand forever a star jeweled armor and shield behind which forty-eight states stand as one.

While the 5th Cavalry Band played its beautiful and appropriate selections, thousands of people, men and women who lived through the anguish of that war, their children and grandchildren, with scores of veterans and their friends, gathered around the white swathed statue contributed by the women of the South, the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Most fitting, it was, that this gift, consecrated to the devotion and sacrifice of the Southern women who sent their loved ones into battle for what they be-

lieved was right, that the President General of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, should have the honor of presenting it to the Nation. Also a happy coincidence that the President of the United States who accepted it in the name of a reunited nation as a pledge both of civil peace and a guarantee of inseparable union, should claim the South as his birthplace and the North as his residence and place of adoption.

Every step in the impressive program emphasized the spirit of the occasion, the union of the North and the South in honoring together the soldiers of both Federal and Confederate armies, who, even while fighting, shared their food and drink and in death sleep side by side in the nation's cemetery. Hence, both General Washington Gardner of Albion, Michigan, Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and General Bennett Young of Louisville, Kentucky, Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, sat side by side on the platform, and they in turn, as spokesmen for the great armies participants in the most desperate and tragic war the world has ever seen, told of the depth of reunion that has bound them together to stand shoulder to shoulder against all the world for country's sake.

While these, the leaders of the Blue and the Gray, gave voice to their prayers of peace from the same platform, the veterans of both armies mingled together and gave the stamp of truth to the words of their commanders.

The splendid orations are too long to be printed here in full and the brief extracts which follow convey but a slight idea of the thrilling eloquence of the speakers.

After the exercises were opened by prayer by the Reverend Randolph McKim, pastor of Epiphany church, General Young, the first speaker, gave a beautiful expression of the real meaning of the ceremony. He said: "This monument is a history, a pledge and a prophecy. As a history it memorializes the devotion of a people to a cause that was lost; as a pledge it gives assurance that North and South have clasped across a fratricidal grave; as a prophecy it promises a blessed future in which sectional hate shall be fully transmuted into fraternity and good will."

General Gardner left nothing to be desired in the manner in which he grasped the hand of fellowship extended across the battlefields of the war and responded to the sentiments expressed. He emphasized the idea of the memorial thus: "There is room in the hearts of the people of all of the land for cherished recollections of the valorous dead, and, at the same time, for the most unflinching love and loyalty and devotion to the Union of all of the states. Without the existence of the former we should be disposed to doubt the sincerity or steadfastness of the latter. 'The Holy City' was then rendered as a cor-net solo.

Colonel Robert E. Lee, Jr., son of the Confederate General, followed in a masterly oration, which delivered in splendid vibrating tones, reached and captured every eager listener. Colonel Lee's personality would keep any audience in rapt attention, but upon this occasion, his very presence upon this spot, adding his plea for devotion to the one flag and his eulogies to the dead of both sides, within sight of his ancestral home, made an appeal to the sensibilities of his hearers, such as few orators are ever able to accomplish and, from the first word he uttered to his inspiring rendition of the flag poem, he had the closest attention and the most rousing applause. Colonel Lee's whole address seemed inspired and the message that he gave must surely go down in history in company with other deathless oratorical appeals for the inspiration of posterity.

Colonel Lee termed the Civil War, "the Great American Paradox, a quarrel in which both sides were right. The North had no doubt about her position and the South knew she was right. Strange spectacle this, that even the sledge hammer of time could have wielded such diametrically opposed positions and yet not strange when we consider the justice, patriotism and greatness of the whole American people."

Colonel Hilary A. Herbert, president of the Arlington Confederate Memorial Association, who was Secretary of the Navy in Cleveland's administration, summed up the history of the Monument in his speech. It is to Colonel Herbert's energy and unfailing persistence, that this project was carried through to such a magnificent consummation. But it is to the soldier president, William McKinley, that honor should primarily be given, since he gave expression to the following sentiments at Atlanta, in 1898, just after the Spanish War, in which the South had shouldered her full share of fighting.

President McKinley then said: "And the time has now come, in the evolution of public sentiment, under the providence of God, when in the spirit of fraternity, we should share with you in the care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers."

task and for years the joint committees labored untiringly to accumulate the funds necessary. In 1913 the corner stone was laid, President Taft participating, and then the question of a sculptor had to be settled. Among the world famous artists there happened to be one, a Virginian and a Confederate soldier, who in 1864 was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute and rendered distinguished service at the battle of New Market. This was Sir Moses Ezekiel, who in the years following the close of the Civil War had found fame, fortune, and even title, abroad, through his art, as Queen Margherita of Italy knighted him. To him the committee turned with the hope that the traditions of the land of his birth would draw from his art that which they desired the statue to express, and he succeeded far beyond their hopes for his statue is superb in conception and inspiring in effect.

"There it stands," Colonel Herbert exclaimed. "Pedestal and all in bronze. Its leading idea is honor to the dead, and peace everlasting, among the living. The heroic-sized figure with her right hand holding a laurel wreath to crown the dead, her left resting on a plowshare, on which is a sickle, is the South. In the figures around the pedestal, every phase of life in the Confederacy is typified. The young wife bucking on her husband's sword, the blacksmith forging his own weapon, the father parting from his child in the arms of his old mammy—and prominently may be noted a stricken figure leaning on the Constitution for support."

Colonel Herbert paid a glowing tribute to the old Federal Constitution and instructed Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens to hand the monument over to the head of the government to be cared for by it forever.

Then came the dramatic moment of the day, when at a word from Colonel Herbert, his eleven-year-old grandson, Paul Herbert Micou, who had been selected for the unveiling ceremony, twined a cord that opened the white draperies around the peerless statue. As they fell away, to the notes of the bugle call, and the magnificent work of bronze stood revealed in all of the warm rich beauty that brilliant sunlight can bring forth from gleaming metal, the assemblage for an instant held its breath in sheer rapture of appreciation of the artist's skill and then came the applause which nearly deafened the salute of twenty-one guns. What a memory for Sir Moses Ezekiel, the sculptor to carry away with him.

Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy then made a most graceful speech of presentation at the conclusion of which, Col. Herbert presented her with a great bunch of roses, which she in turn presented to President Wilson.

Despite the rumbling thunder and the vivid flashes of lightning that by this time had grown so threatening, President Wilson made a most fitting speech of acceptance of the statue on the behalf of the government and summed up the reunion of the two sections. Although his talk was originally intended to be brief, he was obliged to cut it shorter still as the storm suddenly broke over the unprotected heads of the gathering with the wild fury of a small cyclone. There was no time to conclude the program which included the placing of magnificent floral tributes upon both the new memorial and the Monument to the unknown Federal dead and the benediction.

Sir Moses Ezekiel, who was present at the unveiling exercises told the meaning of the statue very briefly:

"The intention is that it is a peace monument. Without forgetting the sacrifices and the heroism of the South and emphasizing the fact that we were fighting for a constitutional right and not to uphold slavery, I have attempted to have the dominant idea, the future and not the past, that the intention of the South is to rest the future on her industry and her agriculture and let the past go, but not be forgotten."

"With this idea, the large figure at the top represents the South, one hand, holding a wreath for the past, but with the right hand resting on the handles of a plow. The smaller figures below represent the sacrifices, the devotion, the heroism of all classes of the South in upholding and fighting for what they passionately believed to be the right. On the base of the monument are the words:

"They shall turn their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks!"

The completed monument including the base or plinth and the thirty-two life-size figures, all in full relief, surrounding it, are all of bronze. It stands upon a foundation of beautiful dark gray, highly polished, Woodstock granite. The figures illustrate in striking manner the enthusiasm that animated the South when the tocsin of war was sounded, and in detail these illustrate every phase of the heroism and sacrifices of the period. The inscriptions are:

"To Our Dead Heroes
By
The United Daughters of the Confederacy
They have beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks.
Victrix causa. Dñs placuit, sed victra Catoni.
"Not for fame; not for place, or for rank; not lured by ambition or goaded by necessity; but in simple obedience to duty as they understood it, these men suffered, sacrificed all, dared all—and died."

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

How About Your Waist?

I HAVE discovered a secret, members of the Pretty Girls' Club!—that most of us would put up with pudgy ankles, and corns, and chilblains, and even hair that was not all we desired to have it, and perhaps a freckle or two on the bridge of our noses. If we could only have a pretty and supple waist, and shoulders and bust that complied with all the laws of beauty.

Tell the truth, now!—Is there one of you who doesn't long for a pretty waist and graceful shoulders? Of course not! So what we are going to do, this month, is to get to work and make our waists and shoulders over a little nearer to our heart's desire.

A pretty waist is one which is neither shaped like an hour-glass nor overlaid with fat. It should be supple, so that the body bends gracefully, and gives the suggestion and buoyancy of lightness with every movement.



DEVELOPING A PRETTY WAIST. FIG. 1.

If this effect is to be achieved, the waist must be given daily and systematic exercise, so the muscles may lose all stiffness, and any surplus fat be disposed of. Strange as it may seem, the same waist exercise will reduce a fat waist and build up a too thin one. This is because exercise sets the blood circulating healthfully, and healthy circulation means normal conditions.

Therefore, whether you be thick-waisted or as thin as a reed, practise the following exercise conscientiously for five minutes, night and morning:

To Reduce or Build up Waist

Take a deep breath, then, standing with heels together, chin up, shoulders slightly back, place hands on hips, thumbs toward the back, fingers forward. Now, without bending the knees, bend forward from the waist as far as you can without undue strain, expelling the breath slowly as you do so. Return to upright position, rest a moment, then bend backward at the waist (Fig. 1), inhaling as you do so. The knees will have to bend for this movement. Bend as far as possible; then return to position, exhaling.

With each day's practise of this exercise, you will find the waist grow in suppleness and will be able to bend farther and farther in either direction. The carriage of the body will be immensely improved in a short time as well as the symmetry and suppleness of the waist.

Another excellent exercise which will not only help you to acquire a pretty waist, but beautifully molded hips, should be included in your morning and evening practise hour, but allow a few minutes' rest between the different exercises:

For Graceful Hips and Waist

Standing as before, advance the right foot twice its length, or a little more. It should be a good long step in front of the other foot. Now, lift the arms above the head, palms out, the sides of thumbs touching, and with a quick movement throw the arms out and down to touch the floor at the side of the left foot. Do not bend the left knee, although the right may be slightly bent. Now, resume the upright position, breathing in as you do so. Repeat, expelling the breath as you throw the arms out and down, drawing it in as you rise. After a couple of minutes, change the position of the feet, putting the left foot forward, and throwing the arms to the side of the right foot.

I can confidently assure my girls that if they will give this stately little ten minutes daily morning and evening to the work of remodeling the waist which isn't just as they would like, that they will both look and feel like new persons inside of a month.

Let me whisper a secret!—this will work almost as much of a miracle in your complexion as your figure, as it will set the eliminative and assimilative organs working away like good industrious servants.

Of course, we won't be satisfied to just stop at waists and hips, will we, girls? We have those shoulders to think of, for I am quite sure we are of one mind on this subject, and that everyone of us would like gracefully rounded shoulders, with no hollows and no thick little cushions of fat. Very well, then, we must get to work and add another five minutes to our morning beauty exercises!

For Symmetry of Shoulders

Standing as before, stretch the arms out in front on a line with the shoulders and parallel to each other. Now, close the fingers in a half fist, bend the elbows quickly, and jerk the shoulders back (Fig. 2), being careful not to let the elbows drop below the level of the shoulders. As you bring the arms out in front of you again, draw in a deep breath, and expel this gradually as you jerk back the shoulders.

This exercise is excellent for the girl who is flat-chested or has weak lungs—and she will be delighted to know, that in building up her lungs she will be enlarging her chest walls and this in time will add an inch or two to her bust measurement.

After a week of this exercise, substitute another one whose object is to teach the shoulders to carry the head lightly and gracefully, and to strengthen the muscles of neck and shoulders which have this work to do. This might be called a lazy girl's exercise, since it can be taken lying on the floor.

Exercise for Graceful Carriage of Head

Lie flat on the stomach, with elbows bent and at right angles to the shoulders, arms folded under the chest. Now, press hard against the floor with the folded arms, and lift head and neck. Do not throw head back, but keep chin drawn down toward the neck and merely lift neck, head and all without tilting head at all. Do not lift the body from the floor—only the neck and head. Now, relax all muscles and rest, then repeat; relax, repeat, from eight to ten times.

Does fifteen minutes, night and morning, girls, seem like an awful lot of time to spend? Well, let me tell you something! When you get to be thirty, those fifteen minutes will have kept you young and fresh; if you have not had them, you will begin to wish woefully that you had been wise enough to take Time by the forelock and make him behave himself while it was still possible.

Isn't it possible at thirty? Well, yes—it is! And at forty and at fifty, even! For we can do lots of remodeling at any age. But if we are wise enough to begin it at eighteen, we need never have creaky joints, or ungainly shoulders, or pudgy waists, or fat double chins. "A stitch in time saves nine"—and a few minutes' daily exercise keeps away many bugaboos of beauty, while lending grace and suppleness to every movement of the body and building up the figure into one attractive whole.

Just let that thought sink into your minds, won't you, little maids of mine? And let's be as pretty as we can, as long as we can—and that's almost to the very end of all the years which make up a happy life.

I'm counting on you to practise every exercise faithfully and joyously every day of the coming month—and the months that are to follow.

And I'm not going to be disappointed, am I?

Answers to Questions

Country Lassie.—Do you brush your hair sufficiently? If it is only near the scalp but brittle elsewhere, probably you do not brush it enough to get the oil distributed. Give the hair one hundred strokes every night, the way our grandmothers used to do. The soap jelly shampoo is the best for you, but be very careful about rinsing. If you leave any soap in the hair, it causes dandruff and makes the hair harsh and dry. The best thing for your scalp is massage. Every night, before going to bed, let down the hair, then, slipping the fingers in next to the scalp, press them firmly and move the skin back and forth on the skull. Do not move the fingers back and forth on the skin, but instead let them move the skin. Do this all over the head, every night. It makes the scalp healthy. Then follow by brushing the hair. Are you using curling irons? Stop it at once, if you are, as they dry up the hair. And how is your general health? Your hair cannot be healthy if your body is underweight or if you are at all rundown. Feed and care for the body well, and be sure the eliminative functions are working properly, if you want healthy hair.

Brown Eyes.—Yes, the soap you mention will be all right for the Epson Salts paste; and you should take a morning bath as usual, after having used the paste the night before.

E. M. B., Lonesome Girl, Waits Walla, F. B.—The Portugal Bust tonic is made by boiling two oranges for four hours in ten ounces of olive oil in a double boiler. Thereafter a piece of orange should be rubbed lightly over the breast at night, using a circular motion, and continuing for several minutes.

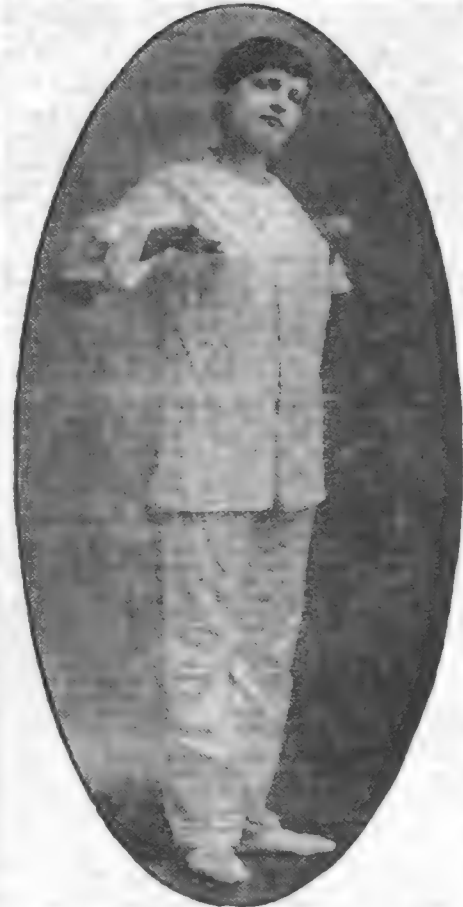
Inez.—Yes, peroxide and ammonia will remove superfluous hair. If the skin feels a little irritated from it at any time, rub in some cold cream, and stop the treatment for a couple of days, resuming again. If the skin is very sensitive you can dilute the ammonia. If your mole is fat you may try salicylic acid and moisten with alcohol or glycerine and apply to the mole for half an hour. These applications, with some days between, sometimes removes a small fat mole. For a fleshy protuberant mole, tie a thread tight around the base. It will blacken and finally, after some days, fall off.

N. W.—I am sorry I cannot answer your letter by mail. Scrub the face with hot soapy water and a camel's-hair complexion brush every night before retiring, using Castile or any other pure toilet soap. Be careful to rinse the face thoroughly, as soap left on injures the skin. Any good cold cream is satisfactory for massage. Here is a formula for the Orange-Flower Skin Food:

Orange-Flower Skin Food

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle.



AN EFFECTIVE SHOULDER EXERCISE. FIG. 2.

take from fire, add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, stirring it with an egg beater until cold. Probably you have been using too strong soap and not rinsing the face thoroughly. Rub cold cream in every night before retiring. You do not need any very com-

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Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

Should they be together when the female is setting? I have read COMFORT for ten years.

A.—I have used a male canary for breeding when seven years old. The birds should be kept together, because the male bird assists in caring for the young ones. From the time your old birds pair, feed a little mash every day, made of hard-boiled egg, chopped fine, stale bread-crumbs, and hulled oats ground fine. Just moisten this with milk which has been scalded, or with beaten egg. After the little ones are hatched, give mash twice a day, and add a little rape seed to it. Boll the rape for a few minutes, then strain through cold water and allow to dry. The corner of the cage where the nest is situated should be partly covered with a piece of burlap cloth, as a nesting bird dislikes the full light. If you are using a large brooding cage, it is well to have two nest boxes, as the hen often starts to build a second nest when the first hatch is about fifteen days old. Canary eggs take fourteen days to incubate. The youngsters can be removed to a separate cage when four weeks old.

H. M. B.—At what temperature will a fowl's comb and wattles freeze, and what causes the fluff to disappear and leave that part of the pullet bare? Mine are the American Dominique, and I have several of them that are that way, but all appear healthy and are first-class.

A.—Fowls' combs and wattles may freeze at any temperature below the freezing point. Large combs fowls which are shut up in close houses at night are especially susceptible to frosty winds in the early morning. If you notice a bird with a frozen comb, put it in a room which will warm up slowly, and where the direct rays of the sun cannot strike it, and if there is snow on the ground, build a little of it on the comb and wattles, so that renewal of circulation is very slow. If you don't happen to notice the birds until the swelling has set in, confine it in a coop or room, and then rub with the following ointment: Three tablespoonfuls of vaseline, one tablespoonful of glycerine, and half a teaspoonful of turpentine. If used at once and persistently, it will usually prevent the birds losing the frozen parts.

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Pearls of your desire (not imitations) are here placed in your reach. Order ring or scarfpin shown. Money refunded. No. 504—\$10.00. No. 505—\$15.00. No. 506—\$20.00. No. 507—\$25.00. No. 508—\$30.00. No. 509—\$35.00. No. 510—\$40.00. No. 511—\$45.00. No. 512—\$50.00. No. 513—\$55.00. No. 514—\$60.00. No. 515—\$65.00. No. 516—\$70.00. No. 517—\$75.00. No. 518—\$80.00. No. 519—\$85.00. No. 520—\$90.00. No. 521—\$95.00. No. 522—\$100.00. No. 523—\$105.00. No. 524—\$110.00. No. 525—\$115.00. No. 526—\$120.00. No. 527—\$125.00. No. 528—\$130.00. No. 529—\$135.00. No. 530—\$140.00. No. 531—\$145.00. No. 532—\$150.00. No. 533—\$155.00. No. 534—\$160.00. No. 535—\$165.00. No. 536—\$170.00. No. 537—\$175.00. No. 538—\$180.00. No. 539—\$185.00. No. 540—\$190.00. No. 541—\$195.00. No. 542—\$200.00. No. 543—\$205.00. No. 544—\$210.00. No. 545—\$215.00. No. 546—\$220.00. No. 547—\$225.00. No. 548—\$230.00. No. 549—\$235.00. No. 550—\$240.00. No. 551—\$245.00. No. 552—\$250.00. No. 553—\$255.00. 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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

the lesson is not learned until he gets out in the world and harsher hands than mother's are the teachers. But oppression breeds anarchy just as truly in the home as in the government. You cannot let a child run his own course for the first few years and then whip him for it. No matter how much you set your jaw. When the baby cries for something not advisable for him to have then is the time to teach him that crying does no good and if he lies on the floor and screams, a spanking then will save him of hard knocks from the world, later.

Do to others as you would have them do to you, with your children remember when you are trying to break their strong wills by whipping, that quite frequently a child has more real sense than his mother and no amount of beating will make him respect a red-faced woman who screams at him, mother or no mother. Sisters, this is not a sermonette it is a real full-blown sermon, but I promise not to do it again.

I enjoy every bit of COMFORT, and there is nothing in it that makes us blush for our children to read which is more than can be said about some of the higher-priced magazines.

We all have our troubles, great or small and ours is that our oldest daughter, fourteen, is deaf. Not entirely, but so as to be unable to attend school with good results, as she doesn't speak plainly. Can you tell me of something to help her?

Mrs. FLORA HINDMAN.

RITTA, FLORIDA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have been reading the many interesting letters in COMFORT and enjoy them so much, that I thought perhaps others would be interested in a description of my home and surroundings.

I live on the south shore of Lake Okeechobee, in the Everglades of Florida. This lake is forty miles wide and sixty miles long, abounding in fish and wild ducks. The Everglades of Florida are a vast prairie extending from the south shore of Lake Okeechobee to Biscayne Bay; this prairie is covered with a clean growth of saw grass reaching a height of six feet. Before the canals were opened, during the rainy season it was overflooded about three months each year from the water of Lake Okeechobee, as this large lake had no outlet.

Since the state has undertaken the draining of the Glades they have cut four canals. The Ft. Lauderdale Canal, on the east, is sixty-four miles long, fifty feet wide, and ten feet deep. The Miami Canal, on the south is ninety miles long, fifty feet wide, and ten feet deep. There are also the Hillsborough and The Three Miles Canal, so now they have the waters of the lake under control.

The soil of the Everglades is a rich muck; according to the government report the richest in the world. This soil varies from two to fourteen feet deep.

We are in the winter garden district, below frost line. In midwinter we grow all kinds of vegetables. We are growing now, Feb. 2nd, on our place potatoes, beans, cabbage, corn, peppers, lettuce, radishes, peas, onions, etc. Of course this time of year we can get the highest prices for them. For fruits we have ripe strawberries, bananas, oranges and grapefruit. In this climate we plant and grow vegetables every month in the year. The average temperature is 80. The sea breezes from the Atlantic on the East and Gulf on the West keep it about the same all of the time. I have lived in the midst of the paradise of God. Florida is almost perfect, what I would call a paradise on earth, as nearly as one can make it.

This country is full of birds that winter here from the North; each morning they awake me with their songs. With this beautiful lake of sixty miles of water spread out in front of you, you can imagine what it is to get a glimpse of the sea of glass which is before the throne of the Father in the paradise of God. South of the house is a thick growth of custard apple trees, covered with moon vines and air plants; underneath these trees are a natural fernery. The ostrich fern grows six feet tall, besides other beautiful ferns; as for flowers, Florida you know is noted for her sunshine and flowers. We have the daily rose which is a continual bloomer and others too numerous to mention.

This part of Florida is a new country just opened to settlers. Three years ago this was under water. A year ago we had only about twenty people in the Everglades; now we have about five hundred settlers and more coming all of the time.

Wishing all the sisters success and happiness, I remain a COMFORT sister, Mrs. W. S. DOWELL.

MUNCIE, IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: May I return again after many years' absence? I'm glad to get COMFORT again and hear from old friends. I am married now, but am not going to tell my maiden name as I want to make friends again under my new name.

I have been traveling around for nearly three years, all over the United States and Canada and I have seen many beautiful places, and I wish some of the lonely shut-ins could have accompanied me. I am glad to have been able to travel but I'm happier now at home with COMFORT to cheer me.

For constipation try eating one or two figs mornings before breakfast, or a few more figs if chronic, this is good for children, as all love figs; also a spoonful of wheat bran, beat well in glass of water is a simple and quite effective remedy.

For caked breasts try baking two or more large potatoes, put in a woolen stocking or cloth, crush soft, and apply to breast hot as can be borne; change frequently until relieved.

As spring and house-cleaning nears, try making your own furniture polish of equal parts of linseed oil, turpentine, spirits of wine, and cedar or any good vinegar. Apply with soft cloth and dust with dry duster.

To make plain white calcimine use one pound white glue, twenty pounds English whiting; dissolve glue by boiling in three pints of water; dissolve whiting in water to make a thick batter; add glue and one cup soft soap, or bar laundry soap melted in as little water as possible; mix the alum size of hair's size mix all thoroughly; let cool before using. If too thick to spread nicely, add more water. For blue tints, add five cents' worth Prussian blue, and a little Venetian red for lavender color and same amount of blue with the red. For a peach bloom color, add the red without the blue. This makes enough to give four ceilings, sixteen feet square, two coats. This will not rub off like whitewash made of lime.

Hoping I'm forgiven for a long letter, I am, Sincerely yours for COMFORT, Mrs. K. TAKAYAMA.

SHELBY, MISS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: If you dear sisters will please move over just a bit and make room for an old, but silent reader of our paper I will try to tell you a few things about this part of the Delta.

We raise almost anything in the vegetable line for our own use, cotton and corn are the main field crops. The soil is very black and heavy with but very little sand. It has been raining almost all the time for the past two weeks and if any of the sisters live in the Delta you know what kind of a time I am having with mud.

This is our third year here, but we haven't learned to love the place yet. My husband is manager of a plantation and his work keeps him away from the house a great deal of the time and I spend a number of lonesome hours.

As so many are writing on the subject of stepmothers I will say a few words. There has been a stepmother in my father's home for five years. Of course no one can ever fill our dear mother's place, but it is not much better to meet our stepmother with a smile and words of encouragement than so often to remind her that she is unwelcome. I know there are some stepmothers who are very harsh and exacting, who never give the children a kind word and expect them to act like grown ups in every respect, while there are other stepmothers who consider the happiness of their stepchildren as they do their own and I am sure they never fail to be appreciated. In many cases the children are often to blame for their bad treatment by not showing due respect to their stepmothers. Stepmothers, let me beg you to be as kind to the motherless child who is in your care as you would have some other stepmother be to your child.

How many of the sisters like to crochet? I am only a beginner but spend a number of spare moments thus employed.

I also am a great lover of flowers and am planning to have a pretty garden soon.

I can surely sympathize with the sisters who do not live near enough their parents to visit often. We live two hundred and fourteen miles from my husband's people and about two hundred and fifty miles from my people. We have very few neighbors and I know some of you city sisters are going to open your eyes with wonder when I say that in the past two years only four different women have been to see me.

Mrs. J. H. Anders of Centerville, Miss., I feel almost as if I were acquainted with you as my childhood home was near that place.

Miss Marie P. Kearney, I agree with you that a man or boy who drinks should not be scorned and hated, but talked to and tried to be made to see the error of his way, but it does make me tired to hear a person say, "I have tried but just can't quit drinking or smoking." Don't you believe that where there is enough will power any bad habit can be overcome?

I, too, am interested in the training of children as we have one little boy, nearly three years old. I have begun to teach him his letters and to spell short words and do you think we can begin to teach our little ones good manners too soon? It sounds so sweet to hear my boy say, "No thank you," and "If you please," while at the table and "Excuse me," when he is through.

I am twenty-four years old; five feet six inches tall; have brown hair and eyes; dark complexion and weigh one hundred and sixty pounds. Have been married eight years.

A happy and successful year to all.

Mrs. Z. C. WILKINSON.

TOMPKINVILLE, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Here I come again and for the third time. This dear old paper is home to me. "Home is where the heart is," for my heart has been wrapped up in the interests of COMFORT since October, 1917, when I first subscribed for it and joined the League; since that time I have never missed reading a single number through and through. I read all and everything, I never miss a number of COMFORT for there I gather many golden grains of thought such as "God may delay, but He never forgets." At times we think our prayers are not answered, as soon as we'd like, but they are, in His own good time, if we can say with a spirit and understanding.

"Father, I know that all of my life is portioned out for me, and the changes that are sure to come I do not fear to see; But I ask thee for a present mind intent on pleasing thee."

I cannot tell which department I like best, the Sisters' Corner or Uncle Charlie's they are both indispensable; there is so much good being done in the world as a result of both departments. Time and eternity will tell. Poor Uncle Charlie in his afflictions laughs and makes the world laugh with him. A monument of prayers has been erected unto the throne of Heaven in his behalf. If I had the expression of Webster, the orator of Calhoun and the patience of Job perhaps I could tell the good COMFORT has done me. There are some thoughts and raptures of the human heart, that can never be expressed. God alone understands. I dare say I am trying to say what thousands of COMFORT's shut-ins would say if they could express themselves.

The sisters' letters are like an encyclopedia almost for helps and useful knowledge. I often think I am just an usurper as I get all of the good things and I give nothing in return.

Since my last letter to COMFORT, about four years ago, this town has suffered from a great fire, that destroyed the whole business block, excepting two brick buildings. The oldest hotel was also destroyed. The business outlook seemed very gloomy, but the modern, sanitary structures have risen from the ashes of the old houses. A three-story brick hotel, furnished with water works and all conveniences, vies with those of larger cities; water works are installed in many places of business over the town. We also have an electric light and ice plant which are of inestimable benefit.

This county, Monroe, has taken advantage of the "State Aid" plan for building roads, for the county to issue road bonds, seems the quickest way to build roads; every dollar the county subscribes the state doubles it; our people have paid a big mud tax in the last century.

A short time ago Mrs. Cora Wilson Steward, Superintendent of Rowan county, originally from the State of Kentucky, came to this town to see the progress of the "Moonlight Schools." She made such rapid progress in that mountainous school that it has gained state-wide recognition. As a result, "Moonlight Schools" were taught all over the state. The Governor of Kentucky appointed an "Illiteracy Commission" and "Educational Whirlwind Campaign," to wipe out illiteracy from the state by 1925. Ask everyone who can read and write to teach someone who can't. The average attendance of all schools of the state was only \$8.32, so you see there is room for great work to be done. The oldest pupil in the "Moonlight Schools" was eighty-five years old, learning to read so she could read her Bible.

When Kentucky reaches the point sought and women get the vote and vote wisely out of the state, it will have attained a very high state of civilization. "Boot leggers" with "Moonshine" are a great source of trouble here; it certainly will take strenuous efforts to correct the evil.

Can any of the sisters give me any information on Belgian hares and where to get them? Also, what is a tried remedy for roaring in head, caused by indigestion? May God's richest blessings rest on all, and an extension of life to all the noble workers, angels of mercy to every shut-in.

Mrs. L. HOPE.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, MO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: "Oh, what has become of the old-fashioned boy? Who didn't talk back to his pa? And what has become of the girl—such a joy—Who didn't know more than her ma? They have wandered away; they have gone hand in hand."

With the parents who mounted the skids, Those old-fashioned parents who used to demand A little respect from their kids."

Mrs. Della Chapman, I quite agree with you, a good spanking does work wonders. If parents required obedience and punished the disobedient we would have less need for reformatories and penitentiaries.

Some children need less discipline than others and while a spanking is the very thing for one child, the next one would be more easily conquered by being made to sit on a chair or stand in the corner.

Someone says, "I'd never do that. I can't punish the little dears." Well, your children show it. A child with an ugly, selfish disposition is dreaded by even those who love the parents. And don't lie to the children. If you promise to "whip Johnnie if he does that again," do it, for he may say, as I heard a boy say, "You won't neither; you always say that, and you don't do it." They know you lie to them. If you promise to give them a spanking and you are good, then do it, but never promise or threaten the impossible.

With all good wishes to the sisters and all departments of COMFORT, especially Uncle Charlie. I am, yours very truly, Mrs. O. L. ELLIOTT.

P. S. Please do not write to me, expecting answers.

SENTINEL, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I read the sisters' letters with interest and find so many helpful hints that I want to write and tell them how much I appreciate their help even if I can't send any.

It seems that nearly every family in this part of the country takes COMFORT and everyone speaks of it in the highest terms.

My sympathy goes out to the dear shut-ins and I try to send my "little mite" to help and cheer them. We live nine miles from Sentinel, our post-office, near a village called Retrop and have one of the best consolidated schools in the state. The building contains seven rooms and an auditorium. We employ six teachers, also a music teacher. In the music room we have a piano where a large class of pupils practise music and learn songs for the benefit of the music loving patrons. In the auditorium we have three hundred and sixty opera chairs; in fact, the entire building is equipped in the most up-to-date manner. Six "High School" wagons convey the pupils to and from school. Everyone seems deeply interested in education.

Of course the boys and girls have their popular games such as baseball, basketball, etc. I have four boys—the oldest married and living in Hobart, the others going to school. I read everything regarding boys but I think every mother a law unto herself for, like medicine, what is good for some is poison to others, and we must "doctor" them according to their dispositions. Now for a few hints: If you have a cold or sore throat and will bathe the face and throat in cold water just as quickly as you can after getting out of bed you will find the treatment will benefit you.

For mothers, if you will make your boys Balkan blouses, buy a pair of suspenders to hold up pants under the blouse and over his union suit and you will save time and trouble to say nothing of the wear and tear of button and buttonholes. I wish more sisters would write from Oklahoma, as we think this a grand state.

Mrs. EMMA FLIPPIN.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To clean silk, woolen or cotton goods. To clean and revive soiled and faded garments wash them in the fol-

I WANT 200 SALES AGENTS AT \$1,200 TO \$3,600 A YEAR

To introduce my new Vacuum and Compress Washing Machine to every home in the country I want 200 additional representatives to begin work at once in their home counties. No experience is required—you can start right now. A labor saver—a time saver—a money saver—a constant helper to every housewife, this wonderful machine practically sells itself at every home without talking or argument being necessary. You risk nothing—everything to gain. This opportunity is placed free in your hands today. You can now secure free territory—drop everything else—take this marvelous little machine as our special representative and



MR. L. M. PALMER, Glen Allen, Ala.

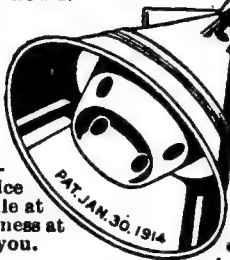
Mr. Palmer is one of my agents who started this work without having had any experience at all in selling anything. He thought he would take me at my word and see if this machine would sell itself. He put out 108 on trial—from house to house. Going back to collect, he received one machine and the cash for 107 machines—107 out of 108 sold themselves—his profit \$107.00. This same position is now offered to you—you can make this money yourself. Could you ask greater proof than Palmer's record? Then write today and start for yourself.

Make \$21 Next Saturday

That's what Ralph Cappa, of Florida, did the first Saturday he worked. Another one of my money making men, T. L. Speakman, of Gainesville, Ala., put out 36 on trial one day and sold every one of them—they sold themselves. Profit \$36.00. Can you beat that kind of a seller? Do you want this money for yourself? Do you want to make \$3600.00 this year? Then here's your chance—if you act now. Here's your chance to be independent—to be in business for yourself—to make and keep the money you make.

Profits Start First Day.

Business supplies the capital. Nothing to stand in your way. You can do what others are now doing every day—you can make this money. I will help you as I helped G. W. Hickman, of Ga., to make \$10.00 the first afternoon. Frank Green made \$45.00 first three days. Mrs. L. C. Merrick made \$90.00 first three weeks in spare time only. J. H. Goddard made \$13 first three hours.



And every machine sold on money-back guarantee. A child can use it. Abolishes labor of wash day. Frees women from worry and fatigue. Housewives discard \$15 and \$20 power machines for it. No competition. Patented. Infringers will be prosecuted. Avoid imitations. Get the WENDELL VACUUM AND COMPRESS WASHER ONLY. Works like magic. Abolishes drudgery. Always ready. The work of this invention is almost unbelievable—yet true. Listen to the words of Mrs. Thomas Jenkins: "I have been washing clothes for twenty-five years. I have owned all sorts of washers. I now have in my house a costly washer which I have put aside and never use since buying the Wendell Washer. The first day I used the Wendell I washed six tubs of clothes in just thirty-three minutes. One tub consisted of greasy aprons, and other colored clothes, among which was a wool dress skirt. These I examined at the end of five minutes, and to my surprise found them to be perfectly clean. Two tubs were of blankets, and I worked on each tub only three minutes."

Investigate.

Send for complete information today. Learn all about this remarkable new invention and this free new opportunity to make money. No waiting or guessing. The price of only \$1.50 makes a sale at every house—cash business at 200 per cent. profit to you.

One tub consisted of greasy aprons, and other colored clothes, among which was a wool dress skirt. These I examined at the end of five minutes, and to my surprise found them to be perfectly clean. Two tubs were of blankets, and I worked on each tub only three minutes."

NO CHARGE FOR TERRITORY—EVERY HOME A CUSTOMER

Send no money—just your name and address, and give the name of your county. Don't delay. Attend to this at once. Do not let someone else get in ahead of you. Territory is going fast. Do your part. Write a letter or postal card today—do it right now.

H. F. WENDELL, Pres., Wendell Vacuum Washer Co., 832 Oak Street, Leipsic, Ohio

lowing mixture: Grate two good-sized potatoes in a pint of soft water and strain through a coarse cloth. Add about a gallon of water and allow to settle. Pour off the starchy fluid from the sediment and wash the goods well in it; rinse thoroughly, dry and press. Goods cleaned in this way will look like new.

Homemade Cuff Buttons. If you have two pretty buttons exactly alike and don't know just how to use them, sew small pearl buttons fast to the eye and use them for cuff buttons.

To Dye Lace or Thin Silk. Get enough gasoline to cover the goods; in this dissolve enough tube paint to make it the desired shade. Dip and wet the goods thoroughly in this, hang to drip. Press while damp and they will look like new.

Use of soap in embroidery work. The use of white soap in embroidery work is a great help as well as a time-saver. Soap rubbed across the threads which are to be pulled for drawwork will make them pull more easily. When piercing the material for eyelet work, place the soap under the material, pressing the needle through the cloth into the soap; this prevents tearing and stiffens the edge, making it easier for working.

Use alcohol for cleaning piano keys. It will remove every spot on the ivory.

When beating the whites of eggs, add a little salt. This causes them to whip lightly.

Save your peach stones, you will find the kernels excellent for flavoring salads and ices.

ETHEL H. LATOCHETTE, White House Sta., N. J.

The tender livers and small ends of celery should never be thrown away. If dried they are found excellent for flavoring soups.

Copper utensils or brass articles may be thoroughly cleaned to look bright if washed with a solution of salt and vinegar.

Pour boiling water over potatoes and leave fifteen minutes and about half the usual time will be required to bake them.

L. E. KEAR, Ft. Smith, Ark.

Remedies

ASTHMA.—Chronic cases have been cured by the following: Sulphur, one half ounce; bruised anise seed, two and one half drams; confection of senna, six drams; syrup of tolu, six drams; mix and take freely every day; or, one or two teaspoons three times a day, or sufficient to keep bowels moving easily.

ASTHMA.—Sulphur, one half ounce; anise seed, one half ounce; senna, one ounce; cream of tartar, one ounce. Mix and give a teaspoon every night, or more often if required. Bathing and hygiene should be carefully attended to.

ECZEMA.—If the secretion is profuse, apply powdered cinchona bark; also a mixture of glycerine, two parts to one of borax. A cold potato poultice, with a small quantity of camphor, has proven most helpful.

CROUP.—Fat bacon applied to the throat, as in sore throat, is recommended as a remedy for croup. Its action can be helped by taking internally a few drops of kerosene oil on sugar.

MRS. BEAH E. ZIGLER, Arnold, Kans.

SPRANS.—Apply equal parts of coal oil and camphor, warmed.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.—In the spring gather spruce twigs and steep till all the strength is extracted. Drink a small amount once a day.

Mrs. L. POOL, Yieka, Cal.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.—Make pills of pine pitch; take one or two a day. This has been tried and found good.

FANNIE HESLITINE, Whitesville, N. Y.

Requests

Cure for drink habit.

Mrs. Maurice Graham, Riverside, Wash., would like to know where to obtain book, "The Great Divide," by William Vaughn Moody.

How to prepare gum arabic and plaster of Paris for mending china and glassware.

How to make jam pudding.

How to pickle fish.

Mrs. M. B. Holloway, Iuka, Ill., would like to know where she can get "Edward's First Reader."

Mrs. W. L. Sutherland, Derby, Kans., wants recipe for making yeast starter.

How to make soda crackers.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen month 25-cent subscriptions. The amount list is sent to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer Card Albums for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

James Baker, Sac City, E. R. 5, Iowa. S. R. Patterson, Parana, Okla. Lois Raines, Bemis, Tenn. Miss Maggie Love, Birds Run, R. 2, Ohio. Ira D. Phillips, Saint George, W. Va. Mrs. H. M. Bradstreet, Vinai Haven Maine.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in our notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-month 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-month 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 15-month 25-cent subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted.—Information of Jimmie Hunter and three half-sisters who left Kentucky fifty-two years ago. Notify their niece, Mrs. Charles Fyfe, Pyrus, Ky.

Information of John C. Churchill, last heard of in St. Louis, Mo., in 1890. Notify Mrs. M. J. Churchill, Ness City, Kans.

Information of Louie, John and Will Hauber, heard from respectively at Omaha, Neb., Medicine Hat, Canada, and Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. H. Wohlers, Hokah, Minn.

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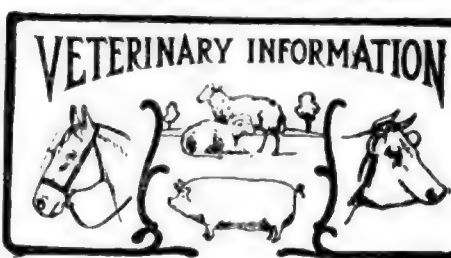


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EVERY person who owns, handles or manages horses and all livestock keepers and breeders should have a copy of this great book because it tells about all the known methods of treating diseases of horses and other domestic animals—methods that are based upon the results of actual practice and not mere theory. It also contains Prof. Gleason's famous system of horse breaking, training and handling, therefore, it is in reality two books in one and positively the most authoritative work of the kind ever published. There are in all 520 pages, many of them illustrated and dealing with the cause and cure of practically every disease known to horses, cattle, sheep, poultry, swine and dogs with the right remedies for each disease. Among the many subjects covered in Part I of this book are causes of diseases, how to observe diseases, treatment of diseases, Cerebro-spinal Meningitis, distemper, dysentery, eye diseases, fistula, glands, internal diseases, kidney diseases, poisons, stomach and bowel diseases, worms and literally hundreds of other horse and live-stock ailments, which for lack of space we cannot enumerate here. In Part II of this book Prof. Gleason gives to the world for the first time his method of breaking and training horses and there are also special chapters on how to buy, how to detect unsoundness, feeding, breeding, horse-shoeing, general care of horses, etc. Gleason's Horse Book is actually worth its weight in gold to every horse owner or breeder in the land, yet by special arrangement with the publishers we are enabled to give it away without cost to all who will accept the following

FREE OFFER. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you Gleason's Complete Veterinary Handbook and System of Horse Training, exactly as above described free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 443.

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VETERINARY INFORMATION

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

SALIVARY FISTULA.—I have two cows that have a small lump that came on the left jaw. It appears to be under the skin and when it discharges it is like clear water. I cannot cure it. Mrs. M. K.

A.—An opening or fistula forms in the salivary duct (Steno's) in such cases and home treatment will do no good. In a horse the veterinarian may be able to operate successfully, but with a cow that scarcely would prove profitable. Swab with tincture of iodine every other day.

SELF-SUCKING COW.—Can you give me a remedy for a cow that sucks herself? Can anything be put on the teats? Miss D. C.

A.—Fit the cow with a spiked halter or make her a "brace" of sharpened pickets or laths woven with smooth wire and to run lengthwise of the neck. Aloes and oil smeared on the teats possibly may help.

COUGH.—I have a mare three years old. She had distemper this last winter, leaving her with a cough. Please tell me how to stop it. C. B. C.

A.—Wet all feed and give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning until the cough abates; then gradually discontinue the medicine, taking at least a week to the work. Heaves possibly is present.

NAVEL INFECTION.—I had a young mule colt die last spring. He appeared healthy. When eight days old, one ankle was swollen and then all the joints were affected. It died in three days. H. R.

A.—This was a case of navel infection and consequent joint disease (pyemia). The trouble may be prevented by allowing the mare a perfectly cleansed and freshly bedded box stall at foaling time, saturating the stump of the navel with tincture of iodine at birth and then dusting it often with slacked lime. Affected colts usually die.

LUMP.—About a year ago a small lump appeared in the left side of the udder of one of my cows. It is on the inside of the teat and the size of a hickory nut. It is hard, but does not appear to be sore. She is thin in flesh but eats heartily and gives a good flow of milk. M. A.

A.—As the lump apparently is doing no harm it probably would be best to leave it alone. If you prefer to give treatment you may paint it with tincture of iodine two or three times a week. When a well-fed cow remains thin and thrifless it is wise to have her tested with tuberculin, as tuberculosis may be present.

NERVOUS COW.—I have a young cow that urinates every time I milk her. She eats well, but appears to lose flesh. E. M.

A.—Give her some relished feed at milking time and massage the udder gently for a few minutes before starting to milk. She may gradually get over the nervousness. Add oilmeal to the ration.

QUITTER.—I have a horse that had a runround on its hoof, about four months ago. A new hoof has grown out about two inches, but it is still sore at back of hoof and pus forms in the parts affected, and sometimes the leg swells. Mrs. M. W.

A.—Soak the hoof twice daily for fifteen or twenty minutes in a tub containing a warm one per cent solution of coal tar disinfectant and if that does not suffice use a weak solution of concentrated lye, half a teaspoonful to the quart at first, and gradually strengthen the solution. On taking the foot from the tub cover the wound with boric acid, absorbent cotton and bandages.

WARTS.—Please print a remedy for warts on a heifer. They are next to the eye. M. H.

A.—Rub the parts once or twice daily with best Castor oil and the warts soon will disappear.

LAMENESS.—I have a mule which limps painfully when pulling a load up an incline. The leg affected is the right hind leg. She walks smoothly on level ground. She also persists in standing on her toes on that foot. Am almost positive that it is not a stifle. The leg is not swollen anywhere and not deformed in anyway. Mrs. J. W. G.

A.—The lameness probably is located in the hock joint and a spavin may be present and would require firing, blistering and a prolonged rest. We are unable to diagnose mysterious lameness without making a personal examination and merely make the above as a suggestion. You will have to employ the local graduate veterinarian.

BONE TUMOR.—I have a mare three years old. About two months ago I noticed a lump the size of a hen's egg on the lower side of the jaw bone. Now there is another one—not so large. They appear to be very sore and when I touch them she flinches. They are calloused on the bone. L. F.

A.—It would of course be best to have the tumors opened upon by an educated veterinarian, but when owners treat such growths successfully by applying a mixture of powdered corrosive sublimate and a little lard to cause sloughing. This does best when the bone is not involved.

CHOKING.—I have an eight-year-old gelding. In eating oats they seem to clog in his throat. He was all right until I fed him from a nose bag. Mrs. J. W. S.

A.—Mix one ninth part of wheat bran with the whole oats, dampen this mixture at feeding time and feed it from a large box on the bottom of which it will spread out thin. He learns to bolt feed from the nose-bag.

GARGET.—What is the matter with my cow? Her udder is lumpy, and the milk appears clabbered. The teats are sore when you milk her. Mrs. B. G.

A.—Foment the udder with hot water three times a day and milk and massage the udder at these times. At night rub the udder with a mixture of one part of mercurial ointment and two parts of lanoline, lard, or soft soap. At times of attack give a tablespoonful of powdered poke root twice daily in water or feed for two or three successive days.

WIRE CUT.—Can you tell me what will make the hair grow back on my horse's leg where he was cut when a little colt? The cut healed but no hair grew back on it. J. S.

A.—The hair roots have been destroyed and hair cannot therefore be made to grow upon the scar; but a skilled surgeon could cut out the scar, bring the edges of the new wound together by sutures and probably obtain immediate union (healing by first intention) between the lips of the wound so that no unsightly blemish would remain.

LICE.—Can you give a simple and effective remedy for lice on horses and directions for treatment and also for worms in horses and pigs? Mrs. M. N.

A.—For lice use 1-30 solution of coal tar dip and repeat as often as found necessary. For worms mix in the feed night and morning for a week a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal parts of salt, sulphur and dried sulphate of iron; then skip ten days and repeat. Omit iron for a pregnant mare and increase salt and sulphur. For worms of bugs mix sulphate of iron in the slop for five consecutive mornings, allowing one dram for each hundred pounds of body weight of pigs. Repeat in ten days if thought necessary.

PARALYSIS.—I have a sow that brought twelve pigs January 9th. One was dead, and two have died since. Early in February she appeared stiff in hind parts and two days later she got down and could not get up. She gets up on front feet, to help her up on hind feet seems to hurt her. Mrs. I. F. H.

A.—Lack of exercise and stuffing on corn brought on this weakness and it will be likely to prove incurable. The drain and strain of nursing brings out the trouble in a pampered sow. Wean the pigs at once and feed the sow on milk, middlings, flaxseed meal and linseed meal. Roots and Alfalfa hay may be added. Rub loins twice daily with druggist's soap liniment.

He seems to be sound in every other way, eating and drinking heartily. E. U.

A.—The parotid gland is enlarged and this may result from strangles (distemper) or influenza, or be associated with an attack. So long as it causes no inconvenience leave it alone, but if thought necessary rub in iodine ointment every other day.

WARTS.—I have a mare that has warts on the inside of both hind legs at the stifle joint. What is the best and safest way to get rid of them? R. S.

A.—Tie a fine cord around each wart that has a narrow neck. Rub Castor oil once or twice daily upon masses of small warts. They will then drop off or disappear after a time.

ABNORMAL MILK SECRETION.—I have a mule ten years old. She is fat and works all the time. She has milk secretion in her udder. What is the cause and what can I do to dry it up?

A.—Heavy feeding and good condition induce the secretion. Rub in camphorated oil or strong vinegar twice daily. Reduce feed and increase exercise.

GREASE.—I have a five-year-old horse, Percheron stock, weighing 1480 pounds. A year ago this spring his left hind leg swelled just above the fetlock joint. The leg has cracked from the fetlock joint up about eight inches. They are about one inch apart. It seems sore when I rub it, but does not make the horse lame. The cracks are on the hind part of the leg.

A.—Farcy is the skin form of glanders and were that disease present the horse would have to be destroyed according to state law. The symptoms indicate grease or aggravated scratches. Poultice with hot flaxseed meal for three days and then apply oxide of zinc ointment twice daily. Increase exercise and reduce rich feed.

CHOLERA.—I have a number of hogs. First they appear stupid and won't come out of bed, then they get so they won't eat or drink swill. They have chills and shake all over. The turn purple around the snout. They look sick out of eyes. Three have died and they suffer when dying. Mrs. J. F. E.

A.—Hog cholera no doubt is present and there is no remedy. After cleansing, disinfecting and whitewashing the pens and houses vaccinated hogs will have to be put in and vaccination will have to be done as often as necessary, by a graduate veterinarian, to prevent similar losses in future.

DISTEMPER.—I would like to know what to do for my horse. He has had distemper for two or three weeks. It does not appear to bother him much. There is inflammation and a discharge from his nose. I used sweet spirits niter and tartaric emetic. D. H. H.

A.—We cannot prescribe in such a case as the symptoms merely show a discharge from the nose which might be due to anyone of several different diseases. Any one of the possibilities is glanders and that is incurable and also communicable and fatal to man you should at once have an examination made by an educated veterinarian. The remedies mentioned should not be used unless chosen and prescribed by an expert.

CATARH.—I have a horse nine years old that has catarh. When working hard enough to sweat he catches cold easily and when he lowers his head to drink a disagreeable discharge comes from his nose. He has been this way a year or more and is hearty and in good order and has never missed a meal. At times he appears drowsy. A. C. M.

A.—As glanders may be present we should not feel justified in prescribing treatment in this case and a qualified veterinarian should therefore be employed to make an examination. Where glanders is present the affected horse has to be destroyed according to state law. The disease is communicable and fatal to man as well as horses, so one has to be extremely careful.

INDIGESTION.—I have two horses; one nine years old, and one four. They gnaw and eat wood all the time. R. J. M.

A.—Horses afflicted with indigestion from improper feed or methods of feeding, or from intestinal worms, often gnaw wood or bark and may also eat earth, bedding or manure. Have their teeth put in order by a veterinarian and then feed whole oats, wheat bran and hay. Allow free access to rock salt. If the trouble persists mix a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal parts of powdered wood charcoal, sulphur and bicarbonate of soda in the feed twice daily for a week, then skip ten days and repeat if thought necessary.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

had been around at the time, he'd have got imprisonment. Now I'll bet a gallon of Mexican currency to a three cent dime that this guy had been staying around the home until his mother got tired of him, then she threw him out and told him to beat it and get a job. I'll bet this letter about mother dying he faked up himself and when he landed home, I'll bet he managed to hit the house just as dinner was being landed on the table, and I'll also bet that his good old mother when she heard they had to take up a collection for him on the cars and pass round the hat to pay his fare, handed him a ten dollar bill and made him chase down the track, overhaul the train and give the conductor the money to hand back to the people who had been buncoed, which of course the conductor forgot to do, putting nine dollars and ninety-five cents into his own pocket and in a fit of generosity handing the nickel over to the company. According to the last accounts the young man's mother was still looking for a doctor. Care. It is to be hoped she won't find him, as most people have all the care they want without paying a doctor to hand it to them. When you boys and girls send in copies of old songs that you have memorized from hearing them constantly sung, be sure and write the words down correctly and don't claim the authorship of things which other people have written.

BELLEFOUNTAIN, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for sometime, and I suppose you are a very busy man, but if you can spare the time from your other work, I would like to have your opinion on what is the importance of the production and price of grain of the manufacture of alcoholic liquors. Also what in your opinion would prevent strikes among railroad employees, I am sending a self-addressed and stamped envelope for reply. I thank you in advance.

Your nephew, J. R. ROSE.

You have given me two very hard questions to answer. If there is any man in the world who could understand your first question, I will contribute my share to having an oil painting of him placed in the Hall of Fame. If I were in a nutty house and the gentleman ran up to me with extended hands and asked me not to shake them as both of them were glass, and then fired at me a question such as the one you have put to me, I should just give my head two gentle taps and say: "Nobody home!" For your personal education let me repeat the question as you have put it. "What is the importance on the production and price of grain of the manufacture of alcoholic liquors?" That is almost equivalent to asking me, what is the importance of red canton flannel night shirts on the protuberances of the isothermal dithyrambics of the zodiacal calculus as applied to the dynamometrical thinnab-

ulations of green-eyed fleas on a dog's tail? Now my question is just as involved and difficult to answer as yours. What I imagine you really want to ask is: "What influence has the manufacture of alcoholic liquors on the production and price of grain?" If you get the Anti-Saloon League Manual for 1914, I think you will find the information you seek. It is not a matter on which you or anybody else need bother their brains very much, as it is only a side issue. The one important truth to bear in mind is this: A lot of good productive land and a vast amount of useful labor are being devoted to the production of wholesome grain, which is later on converted into a murderous liquid which poisons hundreds of thousands, may millions of human beings. I contend that all this land and the product of the land could be used for an infinitely better purpose—the raising of crops that will sustain life, instead of destroying it. If I had a farm and knew my grain was going to be used to poison people I'd rather blow my brains out than devote my time and energy to such base ends. The farmers of China can no longer raise poppies for opium. Land is too valuable in China to be diverted to any other purpose than that of sustaining life. It is the same here. No work should be done unless some good comes of it. If we closed up distilleries and breweries it doubtless would cause a considerable loss to many thousands of people, but not one fiftieth part of the loss that these people are causing other people.

However, distillers, saloon keepers and other trades dependent on the sale of poison for their living know or if they don't know, must be taught to know, that they are engaged in a business that undermines the health, morals and efficiency of the American people, and no consideration should be shown to people who murder as surely, thoroughly, and completely as the gun man who puts a bullet through his victim's brain. You ask me what would prevent strikes among railroad employees? The best way would be to put the railroad on a silver platter and hand it to the employees. That's the best way from the striker's point of view. The other way would be to invent some machine that would operate railroads mechanically without employing labor at all. As probably no one will adopt these measures, I would suggest that both parties rub along the best way they can for a generation or so until a more thoughtful and intelligent class of people come into existence, and these people I know will insist on the government ownership of all public utilities, and railroads are the greatest public utility we have. The working men on the whole are ready to trust Uncle Sam, for in the last analysis, Uncle Sam is the people, while a few Wall Street gentlemen who practically control nearly all the railroads in the United States, have shown themselves time and again, not only to be indifferent but inimical to the public interests. The government won't have to take the railroads. The railroads will simply fall into the government's hands just as an overripe apple falls into the lap of mother earth. Then it is to be hoped everyone will get a square deal, and the rights of labor, the government and the people be respected. It was kind of you brother Rose to send me a stamped and addressed envelope for a reply. It is extraordinary how generous some people can be. If you haven't any higher appreciation of the value of my advice than you have of my time, I'm afraid this letter won't do you very much good.

IRMIN, R. R. 1, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have been a member of the C. L. O. C. for several years.

Uncle, I have derived a great deal of good from your monthly letters and answers to the cousins' letters. I like your fearless attack on all existing evils and your unselfish life. I hope that you may have health and strength to continue as our leader for many more years. I enjoy helping the shut-ins and have received as a reward for what I have done, a great many lovely letters of thanks. I wish more of the members would help with the sunshine work, for some of the shut-ins are hardly remembered in their appeal for aid. I have letters from several who were scarcely remembered, so cousins let's try and help the poor souls all we can. Uncle Charlie, I have all three of your wonderful books. They are just simply grand. I thought I would explode when I was reading about "Lily, or Help Wanted" in the Story book. The book of poems is also a great book. Cousins, get a copy of each book, I am sure it will be the best investment you ever made.

I am twenty-three years old. I live on a farm with my parents and brother. Our principal crop is corn. We also raise wheat, oats, cane, cowpeas and millet. Fruit does fairly well here, but farming and stock raising are the chief industries.

Our crops have been poor the last few years on account of the severe droughts. But we are hopeful for a better crop this season.

I would like to receive post-cards from the cousins, views preferred. I will answer all I receive.

With love and best wishes to Uncle Charlie, Marie and Billy the Goat, I am your nephew, FRANK J. VACCA. (League No. 37,474.)

Thank you for your bouquets, Frank. I only wish I deserved them. I also want to thank you with all my heart for your kindness to our shut-ins. Boys as a rule are not much interested in the sick and seldom interested enough to give up their whiskey and cigarette money for charitable purposes. If I could only take some of you fellows, especially some of you booze fighters, to the bedsides of those who are perishing from consumption, or consuming with raging fevers, and get you to put your whiskey money into a few oranges to soothe their parched and burning tongues, I could make you see the folly and the wickedness of wasting your hard-earned money on kerosene and prune juice, otherwise known as whiskey. Very little is done for our shut-ins nowadays. Once we raised hundreds of dollars monthly for this beautiful work, but many of you have lost interest, and the interest of many of you it is impossible to arouse, so if those on our list get a few dimes, they are lucky indeed. We are very proud of our country, because we haven't any real idea of what a country ought to be, but I want to tell you right now that the people of a hundred years hence won't be able to speak of us without the blush of shame coming to their cheeks. They will refer to us as barbarians, and barbarians we are all right. Now let me tell you a little story that ought to drive home with titanic force the need of some real civilization and some real Christianity. Some months ago a poor old lady of seventy-eight, a life-long resident of a well-known and flourishing town in one of the most prosperous of our middle west states, left her home for the first time in twenty-six years. You see the poor old soul needed a wheel chair, but the relatives were so poor they couldn't

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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Talks with Girls
Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

HERE we are, my dears, before we had hardly thought spring had come, here we are at the merry month of May and the last month of spring is upon us and I'll bet a lot of you haven't done your spring cleaning yet. But don't worry over that there are thirty-one days in May and you can do wonders in that time if you want to. Besides some folks do their spring cleaning in June, or even July or August, and let me whisper it to you, some don't do it at all. However, none of you is like that. I am sure. Anyway, May is a lovely month and I hope you will all enjoy it as much as I do. May and October are the two months of the year I like best and—but I can't be talking with work to do. So here goes to the pile of letters on my desk.

The very first letter I open contains the one great unanswered heart question. It comes from Cousin E. of Plymouth, Neb., and the question is: "Why does the one I dearly love care more for other girls than he does for me?" Nobody can answer that, not even the one who is dearly loved and why should I try to? I won't, and Cousin E. must find the answer for herself. If there is one. Still, she is only sixteen, and I fancy it will not be a great while before she will be laughing at herself for having asked me such a foolish question.

Troubled Bella, Tenn.—If there is no other mode of conveyance and the distance is great, girls might ride behind young men from evening parties, but a much nicer way would be for the girls to provide ways of their own to go to and from parties. If the young men aren't polite enough to do so properly. (2) You may associate with the young man who asked to kiss you, provided you did not permit him to do so.

F. A. M. E., Paoia, Colo.—Don't give up your school teaching, even though the burden of your broken heart is almost more than you can bear. You are in no condition to marry the young man who wants to marry you. Ere you can marry him happily, you must forget the one you want to marry and he doesn't want you. Cupid is a curious critter, my dear.

Reader, Hardin, Ky.—Don't bother about him until you are perfectly sure that he likes you as well as you think he does. When that is settled there won't be any need to bother, will there?

Perplexed, Cleveland, O.—The difficulty with you and the young man is that neither of you is frank and square with the other. Insignificant matters of magnanimity and the small troubles between you will not talk about and clear up and out as sensible people should. Now try the open and frank manner of people with nothing to conceal and see if you don't understand each other a little better. If you don't, it is time for both of you to quit each other. A number of other COMFORT young people should take this advice, too.

Broken-hearted, Alum Bridge, W. Va.—You sign yourself "Broken hearted" and say it is because a young man "goes with another girl a good deal." No wonder, my dear, it has such a bad effect. Suppose you try the spelling-book treatment on it for six months.

Love, Burlington, Iowa.—As he does not realize that you love him, yet is well acquainted with you and cares for no other girl, don't you know that if he cared a bit of his heart for you, that you would not be asking me how you should let him know how you feel? If you don't, now is the time to learn and the quicker you learn in this case, or any other you may have later, the happier you will be.

Marion, New York, N. Y.—Evidently you have the New York idea of marrying for the most you can get out of it in material results. If you loved this very desirable young man as you should, you would be glad enough to wait two or three years for him, especially as both of you would be better off by his waiting. Being engaged to him does not mean that you are set to have just as good time as any girl ought to have with plenty of friends. While he is in the West making a home for you, he would hardly expect you to retire from society and go into mourning for him, would he? I think, my dear, you don't care very much what your husband you have so long as it is a husband who is a good provider, and your parents ought to be ashamed of themselves for encouraging that material tendency in you.

Anxious, New Bloomfield, Pa.—Flirt with the man who gets cross when you talk to other young men, but don't marry him. A husband with a jealous disposition like that will make your future married life anything but a happy one.

Girls, Crawford, Texas.—A girl makes just as much of a mistake by not caring for the attention of young men, as he does by caring too much for it. Human beings need pleasant association and companionship, and every man and woman owes it to themselves and others to know each other, be with each other and help each other in every way they can. You can make yourself about as unhappy being selfish and sour as you can by being foolish and sweet. Choose the golden medium and be happy making others happy. For this reason when the boys and girls come to your house to play tennis and didn't wait for the formalities, you should have joined them and made them welcome. Possibly, they should have come to you and your sisters before playing, but they felt that you were all friends and it wasn't necessary to be formal about it. Don't be snippy.

Chums, Sunnyvale, Cal.—Certainly when a bad young man tries to reform, everybody should do all that is possible, but this does not mean that young girls should accept attention from him and his friends as a sign of his reformation. Be friendly with him and encourage him to stick to the right path, but don't put your arms around him to hold him there. It may be heroic, but it isn't sensible to lose yourself trying to save somebody else.

Faylie Queen, Cedar Rapids, Ia.—One month is just as lucky to marry in as another, and one color as lucky as another for a bride's dress. If you expect to build married happiness on a foundation of that kind, you should never marry.

Distressed, Orient, O.—If he loves you so little that his love can't follow you one hundred and eighty-five miles, it isn't much of a love. However, as you are sixteen and he nineteen you have plenty of time to think it over. It would be much more correct for him to get work in the neighborhood of your new home, than it would be for you to get work in his neighborhood and let your parents move away without you, as they have first claim on you until you are of age. Go on to your new home with your parents and if he loves you really and truly, he won't lose you, and maybe you won't lose him. Both of you should wait for at least five years to see if your love is warranted to last.

Anxious, New Haven, Conn.—You should have asked for an apology for his strange conduct on his previous call, and you should not have kissed him good by until he had made it and explained why he acted so. Don't be foolish over him and don't let him treat you any way he pleases, or you will be sorry enough before you are through with him. Young men of his type need to be controlled properly.

Cousin, Belle Plaine, Ia.—Sweethearts are always having little quarrels and this one of yours will soon pass over. If it hasn't done so already. But why should you worry about it more than he does? If he doesn't worry, you should give him up for someone who cared more for you.

Dimples, Peck, Va.—A fifteen-year-old girl shouldn't write to her "boy" at all and she shouldn't, if her parents are doing their duty by her. You keep to your spelling-book. That's what you need more than beans.

There, my dears, you have my best wishes, some in pleasant humor and some other scoldy but my best wishes no less when I have to talk sharply to you for your own good, than when I don't. Now run along in the bright spring weather and let all of us be just as happy as the good Lord wants us to be. By, by, till we meet again.
COUSIN MARION.

A Sacrifice to Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

Betty's sake. You see, I knew about her; I heard them talking about her in the store that night, before I stepped in. I had just started to ask if you still lived on the hill—but let that go. I was coming home to stay as long as I lived. I have been over most of the world, wandering in its countries, sailing all of its seas; but I never could forget that little cabin up there—among the rosebushes and honeysuckles—and I remembered the Sunset Window—and you—and Betty—

He broke down, sank to his knees in the darkness, and sobbed as a child, only more bitterly. But he was a man, and he recovered himself quickly. "No," he went on calmly, "it will do no good whatever to own me. Nothing on earth can change the verdict now. We must keep Betty happy. Am I not right, Sheriff Raines?"

"It's hard," said the officer, his voice thick, "but it's best. You won't have to suffer long. Sarah Lee; and then you have the consolation of knowing your son is innocent, even if he can't prove it. Sarah Lee, there's a reward for such as you and your son, else there's no God. Newton Oliver, I want to shake your hand—you're your mother's son. I wish I could help you—hold—"

As a startling idea came to him—"Newton Oliver, if I were to let you out of here, would you tell it if you were caught?"

Young Oliver gripped the officer's hand hard, and his voice came shakily but determinedly: "I cannot let you do that. You were my father's friend, and you have an oath to keep. Besides, I would as soon die as be hounded over the world for the rest of my life. Still, I thank you, sheriff."

Sarah Lee Oliver felt for George Raines' other hand, raised it to her lips and kissed it, her heart too full to permit her to speak her gratitude.

Then the little woman bade her son farewell and left the jail. He had told her that she must be a soldier, and that she must not try to see him again. Whispering over and over to herself that she would be almost satisfied if she knew he had not sworn to his innocence only to relieve her mind, she crept through the thick darkness to the lonely cabin on the hill.

When the pounding and rasping of hammer and saw came to her ears she would not look down into the jailyard. She knew that the gallows were going up.

As time ran on, the gossip spread the suspicion that the man to be hanged was the son of Sarah Lee Oliver. People began to look pitifully toward the old woman, and some of them asked her about it. But Sarah Lee would smile and deny it, while the wound ran red in her mother's soul. It was a lie; but it was for Betty's happiness, and it must be done. What would Betty's set think if they knew that Betty's brother had died at the rope's end? That he was innocent would make little difference; all criminals protested their guiltlessness.

The day of the hanging came, and with it the terrible hour. The sun was bright; the air was filled with floating leaves of all colors and tints. Many of the townspeople crowded to the cabin on the hill to view the execution at a little distance.

Mrs. Spurdin called Sarah Lee into the best room.

"Sary Lee," she whispered, "it's no use to try to keep it. I know it's your son. Let us offer our sympathy."

"Why, Jane Spurdin?" retorted Sarah Lee. "Do you think for one moment that I would hesitate to own my flesh and blood?"

Finally, with a strength that she had hardly dared hope was within her, she almost disarmed the gossip of her suspicion. Then the cries of those on the outside told them that the condemned man had walked to the scaffold.

"Come on out, Sary Lee," called Mrs. Spurdin. "It was the crucial test. Must she see her son hanged? But to refuse to go with Mrs. Spurdin was as good as to admit that she was the unfortunate's mother. So Sarah Lee went to join the others, who stood watching the doings in the jailyard below with morbid interest. And there the little widow stood bravely in the front ranks of the on-lookers, numb with pain, crucified on an invisible cross with nails of fire.

They saw the sheriff adjust a bandage about the eyes of the man who had called himself John Doe—and they noted that the condemned man stood as gallantly erect as though he were waiting for a crown instead of the most ignominious of deaths.

But something seemed wrong. Instead of throwing the trap, Sheriff Raines slashed at Newton Oliver's bonds and pushed him from the scaffold. Then he turned his face toward the cabin on the hill, and recognizing Sarah Lee, cried out in a voice that was terrible:

"It was your kiss—the mother kiss—it has burned a hole in my hand! There is a reward for such as I—and I am going to that reward! I killed Morton Hendricks!"

He quickly put the noose about his own neck, and the next moment had hurled himself to his death.

Newton Oliver hastened to the little woman who knelt at the Sunset Window, under the sparrow's nest.

A Thorn Among Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

has jeopardized Mr. Fletcher. If I give you up it will be as a midnight burglar, who stole into my room for the probable purpose of robbing the house. I shall not accuse you of having stolen those papers, but you will be searched—they will be found upon your person, and no matter what story you may, then tell, very little credence will be given to it."

He saw it—and cursed himself again. What should he do? Should he yield to this woman whom he had persecuted for a score of years—own himself beaten by one who had practically been his slave?

He dropped his head upon his breast to think, and rammed both his hands savagely into his coat pockets.

Suddenly he started, and a satisfied exclamation broke from him.

"What is it?" demanded Imogen, who had caught the sound.

"No,"—you! do your worst. I'll never yield a peg to you," he suddenly retorted.

The woman caught her breath sharply and swayed dizzily where she stood.

"Very well," she said, after a moment, "you will remain my prisoner for the night. I know it must be rather close in there, but you'll have to make the best of it, and you're welcome to take anything you can find to make a bed for yourself. I shall not retire, however; I shall remain here to give instant alarm if you attempt to use forcible measures to release yourself."

Again an oath escaped the man, for he had depended upon her going to bed, when he had hoped to make his escape; for, when he had plunged his hands into his pockets, his fingers had come in contact with a pair of pliers, which he had not known he had about him, and, as he was an expert in using such implements, he knew he could easily turn the key in the lock and thus escape from his prison.

But if his jailer contemplated sitting up all night, matters would become more complicated. At all events, he told himself that he would not give in until the last moment.

Accordingly, he tore a quantity of garments from their hooks and, spreading them upon the floor, settled himself to get what rest he could. He finally fell asleep, while Imogen tried to while away the weary hours with a fresh novel; but she failed to get interested in the book, and it seemed as if daylight would never come.

When the dressing bell rang in the morning she knew that Olive would soon come for her to go to breakfast.

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She knew that she must not let the girl suspect that she had been up all night; she dare not play the invalid, either, and have her breakfast sent up, for that would bring others into her room, and she was most anxious to keep everyone out, at least until she had tried once more to bring Reardon to her terms.

Accordingly, she dressed herself in a fresh and tasteful wrapper; rouged her white cheeks and tried to look as bright as possible, and feeling that her prisoner would be perfectly safe until she returned—for even if he could manage to burst the door of the trunkroom open without arousing the house, she was sure he could not force the one leading into the hall; while he certainly never would think of going out the way he had entered in broad daylight—she joined Olive in the hall, after securely locking her door and went down to the dining-room, just as Will and Alice were leaving.

The moment Reardon heard the door close after Imogen he realized that his opportunity had come. He knew that she did not dream of his possessing tools that would enable him to escape without making a noise, and he chuckled as he thought how he should outwit her, and what would be her dismay upon her return to find that her bird had flown.

With the use of his pliers, he succeeded in turning the key, and in less than five minutes found himself free in the blessed daylight and pure fresh air, which he breathed most gratefully into his tired lungs.

Of course, he could not get out of the room, for Imogen had taken the key with her, and he did not relish the thought of going out of the window and down by the waste pipe, as he had entered; for he knew it would be a very dangerous proceeding in more senses than one. Even if he could make the descent safely, there were liable to be men about the grounds who might interfere with his getting away.

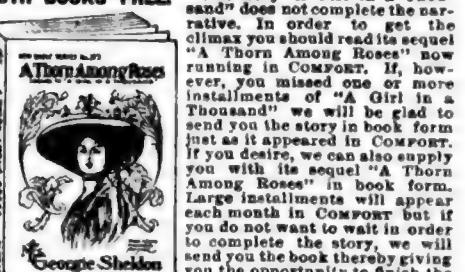
But there seemed to be no other way, and after reconnoitering and seeing no one outside, he made a bold venture, passed through the window, and was in the act of getting over the railing of the balcony when Alice saw him from her room. We know the result, and with what dispatch and resolution the brave girl accomplished his arrest and had him conveyed to town.

We also know that both Olive and Imogen were ignorant of what was occurring outside, for they were in the dining-room in the opposite wing of the house.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

CHAPTER X.

A LEGAL CONSULTATION.

A chamber in Lincoln's Inn, the private room in the offices of Mr. Richard Burdon, solicitor. Mr. Burdon himself is seated at the writing table in the center, talking to his friend and brother in the law, Mr. Edward More.

The table at which Mr. More sits is new, of well-seasoned mahogany and the best workmanship; the chairs—well stuffed and upholstered in leather—in which Mr. Burdon and the barrister sit, and their fellows round the room, are luxurious and comfortable to match. There is a handsome, sober-rep carpet upon the floor; dark, expensive red curtains to the windows; and altogether an air of substantial, well-to-do comfort that is noticeable at a glance. At one time it was considered that a lawyer's office could not be too musty, dusty and badly furnished; but the lawyers themselves have changed all that; perhaps they have come to agree with the wisdom of the proverbial spider, and deemed it politic to make the ensnaring parlor pretty and enticing for their hapless victims.

The owner of the room, as he sits in the half-cool sunlight of this first morning in September, harmonizes well with the room and its adjuncts. Elderly, white-haired, sharp-browed, close shaven, he looks, like his chairs and tables, well-to-do and prosperous, and, in addition, offers a striking contrast to the appearance and bearing of his companion, who, as well as differing from him in being small made, thin, dark and dissatisfied-looking, is, at the first effects of a surprise, and suffering from the first effects of a surprise, which he scarcely knows whether to consider welcome or unpleasant. Mr. Burdon leans back in his chair, his hand upon a thick pile of parchment, his placid, yet not unacute, eyes regarding his companion, as he sits in his chair and gnaws, restlessly, at his three forefingers.

"This is a most extraordinary story," he says, at last, in response to the elder gentleman's patient, but nevertheless expectant regard.

"Most extraordinary! And you say that it is as fresh to you as to me?"

There is palpable doubt in the tone, and still more plainly hinted incredulity in the look which accompanies the question.

Mr. Burdon does not appear to notice, certainly does not resent, either word or look.

"Yes, quite as fresh. I have, of course, never opened the deed until this morning—until just now. Why should I?"

"Why, indeed?" mutters Edward More, rising and walking to the window, where he stands for a moment, his hand upon the glass. "Why, indeed, and yet—it is an extraordinary story—such a—romantic!"

—he says the word with a burst of irritable contempt—"business, that I should have thought you would have known something about it."

Mr. Burdon shakes his head.

"I did not know till this morning. I might have had some suspicion or idea, but nothing more."

Edward More breaks in with a sudden, suspicious question:

"I suppose it is all right?"

"How do you mean?" asks the other. "If you mean is the money all right, of course it is. Lord Sunley and myself are trustees."

"Yes, yes, I know," interposes Edward, with an impatient nod. "I don't suppose the money's anything but right; but the deed?"

"Is without a flaw," replies Mr. Burdon. "Look at it yourself—it was drawn up by one of the first conveyancers—Green. Nothing could be clearer."

"I wonder you weren't asked."

"How?" responds the other, with a smile. "Then the secret would have been out! No—John Weston was a far-seeing, acute man; he would have made a good lawyer, More; and he took every precaution to keep the quiet."

"Of course Green knew?"

"Of course! but there was nothing in that, any more than if the Sphinx had known it. You don't suppose Green would open his lips about a deed he had anything to do with if it was the understood thing that he shouldn't. No, I feel convinced that we three—Green, you and I—are the only ones who know of the existence of the deed, excepting the witnesses. Yes," he added, thoughtfully, "it is strange."

"And that precious brother of mine," commenced Edward More, with morose repugnance, "is in happy ignorance of this stroke of luck. Luck! no one ever had such luck, and no one less deserved it," he added, with an envious snarl.

"Well," said Mr. Burdon, with a curious smile, "as to luck, that remains to be proved. He may—as he may, you know, refuse to comply with the conditions."

"Pshaw!" interrupted the amiable brother, with a sneer.

"I said—may," remarked Burdon. "Of course it is not likely that he would be so unwise, so ill-advised as to turn his back upon such a fortune. It is to be hoped not, for your sake," he added, with a smile.

"Ah!" snarled Edward, biting at his finger and fidgeting in his chair. "For my sake, indeed! Do you think he'd spend any of it on the estate? Not he! You don't know him! He's a fool, and a spendthrift, and a prodigal, who'd waste and play ducks and drakes with twenty such fortunes, as large as this."

Mr. Burdon smiled, and rustled the documents under his hand.

"We can't say that. May have sown his wild oats by this time; and if he hasn't, the very condition by which he'd get the money would help him to! For my word, More, I don't think you've much to feel cut up about. The money would be in the family at least."

"In one member's pocket, and that not for long," said Edward More, with a malignant sneer. "Oh, don't expect me to be overjoyed and congratulatory. I know too much of my precious brother ever to hope to get any advantage, directly or indirectly, through him. Now, if this money—"

He stopped abruptly, for a little bell sounded in the distance—it was the bell attached to the door of the clerks' office.

"Had only been left to you—if Edward More's name instead of Cyril's had stood in the deed," and Mr. Burdon laughed softly.

Edward More's ill-favored face flushed angrily and eagerly, but before he could make any reply there was a knock at the door, and a soft-footed, discreet-voiced clerk stepped in and placed two cards before his principal.

"One minute, Lane. When I ring," said Mr. Burdon. Then he held up the cards.

"They have come," he said.

Edward More glanced at the substantial, expensive clock upon the mantelpiece, and fell to biting his forefinger again.

"The girl," he asked, "have you seen her? Do you know anything about her?"

Mr. Burdon shook his head.

"No, nothing. She has been living with her father, old Weston, the bookworm, as we used to call him, in Geneva. Since his death she has been under the care of her aunt, Weston's sister-in-law."

"And you've no idea what she will be likely to do—what course she'll take?"

"How should I have?" asked Mr. Burdon. "Candidly, I don't expect any girl, however unsophisticated, to throw away a chance like this any more than I should suspect your brother of doing so."

"No, of course not!" assented Edward More, ill-humoredly. "She must be told today, I suppose."

"Certainly," said Mr. Burdon, tapping the deed. "What good would it be to anyone to keep it from her? Nothing could be done without her—nothing at all. I wish I had your brother here! You have no clew to his whereabouts?"

"None!" snapped Edward, the look of dislike and repugnance, which always rose to his face,

showing on it as usual. "None at all. How should I have? We never correspond; I take no interest in his proceedings. Have you—"

Mr. Burdon shook his head.

"I have not the remotest idea where he is. Since the general smash and wind-up I have seen little of him—lately, nothing at all. He took what money there was—the rents and a slight advance in bank notes. There was some talk of Italy, or Switzerland, or it might be Germany—I could not take upon myself to say that I remember. Poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!" echoed Edward, with a spiteful ring to the echo, however. "You pity him! A man who has brought all upon his own head, a fool who has wasted a fortune upon blacklegs and—every kind of profligacy, and not only his own money, but squandered and wasted, to the best of his ability, the estate that belongs to his family! Pity! I cannot understand how a man of sense can feel anything but disgust and contempt for him."

"Ah, yes—yes, very true," said Mr. Burdon, as the handsome face of the abused man rose before him, with its genial, light-hearted, good-tempered smile; "but one may be too hard—a little too hard. But there, bad as he is, or is not, I'd give something to have him here."

As he spoke he took up a memorandum book, and consulted it.

"I sent Jackson after him last week, quite on my own responsibility, but of course I can't tell whether he will find him. There is one good thing. Sir Cyril carries a pretty distinct identity about with him. Few people who run against him are likely to pass him unnoticed. Like most of your wild men he is confounded handsome."

This was of all subjects the least to Edward More's taste.

"These people are still outside."

Mr. Burdon nodded.

"Nothing more to say before they come in?" he asked, with his hand on the bell, and as Edward shook his head, Mr. Burdon gave the signal.

The discreet clerk opened the door noiselessly, and the two ladies were ushered in.

Mr. Burdon rose from his chair with an inward sense of surprise. Of course no trace of it was visible on his legally composed features.

He had expected to see a half-formed, fairly bred, but rather commonplace young woman, with a decidedly foreign air and appearance, and with whose embarrassment and nervousness he should have to struggle and contend during the task that was set before him.

Instead, he saw a tall, graceful girl, with a face that, but for its look of weariness and pallor, would have been simply lovely; and what told with still greater effect upon the lawyer, an unmistakable air of high breeding which displayed itself in the carriage of her head, the composure—yet not constrained composure—and self-possession of her manner.

The lawyer had expected to have the task of soothing and overcoming the shyness of an inexperienced girl; before him stood a beautiful, queenly—well, almost woman.

"Miss Weston, how do you do? Miss Weston, I am very glad to see you; this is Mr. Edward More, with whom you will soon, no doubt, be well acquainted," and he turned with his pleasant smile to introduce the then sour-visaged brother of wicked Sir Cyril.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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In @ Around the Home

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

and fasten on next single on bias edge, ch. 3, and fasten on next space on bias edge. Turn.

4th row.—Ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

5th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 7, fasten in next single on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten in next space on bias edge. Turn.

6th row.—(Ch. 7, 1 s. c.) repeat twice. Ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, and d. c. on end.

7th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) repeat twice, ch. 7, fasten on next single on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten on next space. Turn.

8th row.—(Ch. 7, 1 s. c.) repeat 3 times, ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, d. c. on end.

9th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) repeat 3 times, ch. 7, fasten on next single on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten on next space. Turn.

10th row.—(Ch. 7, 1 s. c.) repeat 4 times, ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

11th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) repeat 4 times, ch. 7, fasten on next single on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten on next space of bias edge. Turn.

12th row.—(Ch. 7, 1 s. c.) repeat 5 times, ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

13th row.—In this row the rose is begun. Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) repeat 4 times, ch. 5, 8 d. c. in next space for petal, ch. 5, fasten on next single on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten on next space of bias edge. Turn.

14th row.—Ch. 5, 12 d. c., over 8, ch. 5, 1 s. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) repeat 3 times, ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end. Turn.

15th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) repeat 3 times, ch. 5, 16 d. c. over 12, ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 7, fasten on center of ch. 7, on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten to next single on bias edge. Turn.

16th row.—Ch. 5, begin side petal in next space by making 6 d. c., ch. 5, 14 d. c. over 16, ch. 5, skip over space and make 6 d. c. for petal in next space, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

17th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 10 d. c., over 6 d. c., ch. 5, 12 d. c., over 14 d. c., ch. 5, 10 d. c., over 6 d. c., ch. 5, fasten on next space on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten on next single on bias edge. Turn.

18th row.—Ch. 5, 14 d. c., over 10 d. c., ch. 5, 8 d. c., over 12 d. c., ch. 5, 14 d. c., over 10 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

19th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 4 d. c., before the petal and one on each double, ch. 5, 1 s. c. on second d. c. of petal, a clones knot, fastened into second last double of petal, ch. 5, 1 d. c. on each d. c. of petal and 4 on the other side, ch. 5, fasten in space of bias edge, ch. 3, fasten in next single of bias edge. Turn.

20th row.—Ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 12 d. c. on petal, beginning at 5th, ch. 5, 1 s. c., 2 clones knots, ch. 5, 12 d. c., on petal, beginning at 3rd, ch. 5, 1

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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ark. Greenbow, Little Rock, Ark.—Your fellow traveler having performed a service for you at some inconvenience to himself, you should not hesitate to recognize him when meeting him anywhere afterwards, provided, of course he is a person whom a lady should recognize socially. They might even become friends, though their meeting was so unconventional. (2) Fish is not to be eaten from the fingers, but one may take a chicken bone in his fingers, or a bit of meat, or an ear of corn, though it is a little neater not to, except as to the ear of corn, which is not so greasy. Coffee, while hot, may be sipped with a spoon, but it is better form to let it cool sufficiently to drink from the cup. The small spoon of the demi-tasse is hardly to be used except to stir the coffee with.

Violet Eyes, White Springs, Fla.—Your mistake has been with the young man in postponing for a few weeks at a time the date of your marriage. You should, when he failed the first time to meet the date as he was not ready to marry, was to have made the next date a year ahead. A young man out of a job cannot very well find within a few weeks enough to do to make him ready to assume a wife. In a year he might. As you are older than he is—twenty-one is too young for him to marry—you should manage the affair better than you have. We are inclined to think that the engagement should be broken and the young man left free to act, as he seems to be square enough, only he lacks the proper push to get anywhere. Also we may add that you seem to be too anxious to marry.

Fisherman, Payneville, Minn.—As you called on the visiting lady and showed her attention while she was in your town it would be quite proper for you to call on her at her town without invitation as many ladies do not invite gentlemen to call. Still, it would be just a little more safe if you should write her asking if you might call. As to inviting her to spend the summer at your lakeside home, that would not be proper unless the invitation also went to her mother, or sister, or brother, or the whole family, or unless your home was also a summer hotel, and she would be willing to accept the courtesies of the hotel. However, talk to her about it.

Foolish, Rich Hill, Mo.—If the necklace is of any value and the young man declines to let it, thinking it smart to keep it you might ask some lawyer friend of yours to write him a letter demanding its return, or risk being arrested for taking and holding it. Otherwise you will have to get it back anyway you can.

J. W. W., Tate, Tenn.—For plain home comfort the girl, who likes work and her home better than anything else and doesn't care for books and company and is not much of a talker, will make the better wife for the man who likes his physical comfort. But for a man looking for companionship and intellectual mind and wider interest of a woman who divides her work with books and the wider interests of the world, the girl who is of that type is the more suitable. It is entirely a matter of individual taste and nobody can decide the question except yourself.

Dimples, Hecla, S. Dak.—The lady, to whom the gentleman says in meeting: "Well, how are you today?" should tell him how she was and ask him how he was, or something like that. It is rather familiar and off hand, but passes pretty well among friends. (2) "Most sincerely," or "Most cordially," is the usual form nowadays of closing a letter to any one, except family letters or love-letters, though the writer may choose any form of closing.

N. F. S., Chelmsford, Mass.—You may be blushing and quiet and pretty and neat and care nothing for the young men, but you are getting away from that very commendable condition when you begin to question whether you should be that kind of a girl or not. As a rule of action in all your association with the opposite sex, always be agreeable and responsive to their attentions with the most kindly appreciation of them, but don't seek in any direct way to win their notice. If they don't notice you, be so intent upon other things of more value, that you won't notice whether they notice you or not. That is not indifference at all, but attention to what is more important to you in the world's work.

Troubled Three, Sharon, S. C.—A wary to a passing friend of either sex is quite proper in the country and quite the custom. (2) In going home from a dance or a call or other social entertainment, it is the lady's place to say when to go, though if they are friends and the man wants to go he may tell the lady how he feels about going and she may make the start. (3) It is very tomboyish for a girl to ride horseback with a man on the same horse. It is all right when she has to make a journey and there is but one horse for both. At least, it used to be so a hundred years ago.

Dimples, Hamill, S. Dak.—It is bad enough when a girl gets silly over a man, but it is decidedly much worse and unnatural besides when she gets silly over another girl. If this girl you so fondly love, wise she will nip your silliness in the bud right at the beginning, and have nothing to do with you unless you get some good common sense to mix with your admiration.

S. F. H., Rochester, N. Y.—It will be quite correct for you to ask the gentleman to call, though if you have known each other for some time and he has not called recently, you should not invite him, as it will appear that you are more interested than purely social.

Curly, Gibbons, Mont.—We are not surprised that a boy eighteen years of age is in love with a girl. The woods are full of them. Neither are we surprised that you do not know how to propose to her. Many grown men find it difficult when they reach that point in their courtship. However, we advise that you wait until you are a man before proposing, and maybe by that time you will have learned something. An eighteen-year-old boy wanting to propose to a girl and not knowing how would be pathetic, only there are so many of them that they are a joke. At the same time, there should be more because there are enough of them at that age who do know how and do get married as to cause a tremendous lot of domestic trouble.

Subscriber, Riddle, Oregon.—There has been quite a romance in your life, as you say, but the man of seventy is not the same man of forty years ago who said you were to be his second wife. There was a time when he was first a widower when you might have had him, but you chose differently and he took another in your place. Now that each of you has divorced your respective spouses you want to marry him, but the man of seventy with money is looking for a pretty young girl, not a handsome matron of sixty, and we fear that your romance is at an end. He knows as well as you do that he can get you if he wants you, and as he makes no effort to do so, you should accept his indifference as a sure sign that he doesn't want you and make up your mind not to want him. But it is an interesting story just the same.

Advil, Camp Crook, S. Dak.—A gentleman, who brings a lady home from a dance or other entertainment, is not entitled to kiss her as a reward for his services in her behalf. You owe him nothing except your thanks for his courtesy, and he owes you an apology for asking more than that.

Chick, Kannapolis, N. C.—Yes, sir, it was highly improper to ask a young lady to kiss you on leaving town after an acquaintance of four weeks, unless you had been busy and become engaged to her in that time. However, as you are only sixteen and want to know if you are old enough to wear long pants, you may be forgiven this time, but please do not let it occur again. P. S. An unkind kiss is sometimes loaded as you have found out to your sorrow, but you will outgrow it. Cheer up, there's a lady to follow.

Ozma, Fairmont, W. Va.—A lady may say what she

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pleases to a gentleman who asks her to go to the theater—"Yes, thank you," or "No, thank you," according to how she feels about it. (2) As you know only a few gentlemen and want to give a birthday party, and don't want all ladies, why not ask such gentlemen as you know and ask each lady to invite a gentleman of her acquaintance. That would be quite proper, and add to the interest of the occasion. (3) A girl may best attract young men by being attractive herself and not trying to attract them.

Wynola, Lehigh, Iowa.—It is perfectly correct for a girl to accept a respectable young man's company home from church, or a party, but if the young man is really and truly respectable he will not let her find her way to church or a party, but will take her there and then bring her home.

P. H. Warrenton, N. C.—An engaged couple owe almost as much to each other as if they were married, and when either of them disregards the reasonable wishes of the other, the engagement should be broken. In your case the young woman is not acting at all as she should, in accepting the attentions of a man with whom you will have nothing to do for good reasons. It indicates a disposition that no man wants in a wife and is a very sure sign that she has neither love nor respect for you. The engagement should be broken, and if you are wise there will be no reconciliation thereafter. Make the break permanent, unless you are marrying for trouble.

The Littlest Lover

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

small adorer stopped abruptly in his tracks and stared at her.

"Oh, Margaret!" he gasped, "you look just like a rose yourself!"

"Thank you, my gallant cavalier. It seems to me you are beginning rather early making such flowery compliments to your lady." There was a sudden avalanche of roses. She caught the small boy in her arms nearly smothering him with kisses, and finally deposited him on a patch of velvet grass. He scrambled up, straightened himself stiffly and stood regarding her with a great air of outraged dignity.

"You don't do other young men like that, Margaret," he said reproachfully.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! Indeed I do! I forgot it was a young man. Will you forgive me, Sir Cavalier?"

Morris stood looking at her a troubled light in his big brown eyes. "You're my own sweetheart, ain't you Margaret?" he asked wistfully. "Mine and Robert's?"

"Why surely I am, honey boy," Margaret replied kneeling down beside him and putting her arms around him.

"Then what makes you go with Jack Ford?" Talk about angels—or devils. Before Margaret could frame a reply there was a whirr and a "honk-honk" and with an ostentatious flourish a gaudy red touring car drew up in front of the gate. Mr. Jack Ford alighted and came straight toward the pair in the garden. He doffed his hat with a lavish courtesy.

"Miss Alden, the new car entreats the honor of your presence for its inaugural trip."

Margaret laughed audaciously in his face. "Thank the car for me," she replied. "I shall be delighted to honor it with my presence."

At this juncture she felt a fierce tug at her skirt and looking down met a pair of indignant protesting eyes.

"Margaret, you promised to pick me some roses." The small voice was perilously near to tears.

Margaret gathered up the armful that had fallen to the ground and placed them in his hands. "Run in, sweetheart, and tell mamma that Margaret has gone for a little ride," she wheedled.

Morris fixed a withering eye on the young man. "I ain't your sweetheart if you go with him!" He stamped his foot vehemently.

"Oh, don't you understand, dear," said Margaret mischievously, "I am going with the car."

"He ain't a nice man, Margaret," he called to a bad, bad name, and he said at you." Morris never got to finish his sentence for the young man interrupted hastily:

"See here, youngster, do you know what I've got for you in my pocket?"

"I don't want nothin' at you've got!"

"All right, then I'll give it to Miss Margaret. Come, Miss Alden."

The child clung to her. "Don't go, Margaret, please!" he pleaded.

But she laughingly brushed him aside and with an airy wave of the hand she was gone. Glancing back as she entered the car she caught a glimpse of Morris as he flung his roses to the four winds and threw himself face downward upon the ground.

Margaret did not expect to enjoy that ride. She herself could not have told just why she went. It was in line with her love of adventure and her usual disregard of the proprieties. The wildest burst of speed could not carry her away from the vision of a tear-stained imploring little face and the sound of a wistful childish voice. "You're my own sweetheart, ain't you Margaret, mine and Robert's?" She had not noticed the direction the car was taking until they suddenly halted before a pretentious building in the country club district.

"Why are we stopping here?" she asked.

"Oh, just to look around, and get a little refreshment," answered the young man lightly.

Margaret did not like the appearance of the loungers on the veranda, and she had no desire to stop anywhere.

"I do not wish any refreshments, Mr. Ford," she said coldly. "And I do not care to stop here. Please let us return."

At that moment a dissipated looking young man came swaggering out to the edge of the veranda and hailed the car.

"Hello, Ford," he grinned, "what bird of paradise have you picked up now?"

"Which do you mean?" inquired Jack Ford, shifting his eyes significantly from Margaret to the car and then back to the girl.

Margaret's eyes blazed dangerously. Her face flamed crimson and then went white.

"Oh, that's all right, girly, just a little joke." The two men winked at each other, and Ford put out his hand to assist her in alighting.

Scorning the proffered hand she sprang to the ground on the opposite side.

"What the devil!" ejaculated the man.

"Will you be kind enough to take me home immediately?" The tone was low but not to be misunderstood.

"I didn't mean any harm—"

"Will you take me home, or shall I walk?" He looked at her.

"Oh, I'll take you home," he muttered.

Margaret took her place in the rear seat. The homeward trip was made in an ominous silence except for the humming of the machine. The girl cowered in the farthest corner alternating between fierce anger and shamed chagrin. As they neared home she leaned forward to say:

"Please let me out on seventeenth street."

There was no answer save an increase of speed. As the auto whirled up to the curbing a little figure stumbled out and started to cross the street.

Margaret had only a confused sense of the happenings of the next minute. She recalled vaguely a muttered imprecation of "d-d brat!" as the car scarcely halted but sped on its way up the street. Then she found herself in the house with the still form of the child in her arms.

What a nightmare of anguish was crowded into the next few days, when the precious life hovered between earth and heaven! Margaret could only pray for mercy.

On the evening of the fourth day Margaret sat by the little bed watching. Morris clung to his idol and was quieter when he felt her presence near. All at once the big brown eyes opened and looked wonderingly into hers.

"Where's Robert?" came the faint little question.

Margaret could hardly repress a start. She had forgotten the big lover, she had forgotten everything in the world except the littlest lover. But she mustered a tender little smile.

"Robert is all right, darling. And how is my little sweetheart?"

"All right," he lay still for a moment and then another question had to come.

"Where's Jack Ford?"

Margaret flushed distressingly, but she bent over him tenderly. "He's gone, deary, gone, gone. I never will speak to him again. I just want to be your own sweetheart. Will you let me?"

"And Robert's?"

"Yes, and Robert's."

"Just mine and Robert's, dear."

"Oh, goody! goody!" The little arms clasped her neck in a close embrace. And with his dimpled hand nestling in hers he dropped off into a quiet natural sleep.

"Fine!" said the doctor on his next visit. "He'll be as good as new in a day or two."

With her mind at ease concerning the child Margaret had time to grow uneasy at Robert Jordan's continued silence. Two more days passed and still not a word. The suffering of the past few days coupled with the uncertainty and suspense were telling on her terribly.

On the afternoon of the seventh day Margaret stole away to her retreat in the garden. She wanted to be alone to think things over.

In the midst of her cogitations the blood suddenly rushed to her temples and she stood up breathless. She had caught a glimpse of a tall, well-known form coming with swift strides down the street. She covered her face with her hands and waited tensely. She heard his quick step approaching, and then she was swept off her feet into the shelter of a pair of strong comforting arms.

It was too much. The flood gates burst, and Robert Jordan found himself helpless to cope with the situation.

"Margaret, child, don't!" he begged. "I'm scared, I never saw you cry like this before. I was a brute. Look up, dear, and say you forgive me!"

But she only clung to him and cried inarticulately. "Hush, Robert! Keep still, and let me cry it out! I'll be all right in a little while."

At that instant the other lover came tumbling in on the scene as though the very life of the community depended upon his setting there. But he stopped short, rooted to the ground in sheer amazement.

Surprise, bewilderment, reproach, clashed each other across his chubby features. Finally he managed to blurt out:

"I—didn't s'pose you'd make her cry!"

"I didn't mean to, partner, honest I didn't!" pleaded the culprit. "I don't know what she is crying about, do you?"

At that the pendulum swung to the other extreme. Margaret began to laugh. Morris's face brightened.

"Aw, she ain't crying at all! She's ist a fool-in! Look at her!" he exclaimed gleefully, dancing about on one foot.

Margaret wiped her eyes and seated herself on a bench with a lover on each side of her. Morris snuggled up close to her.

"We've got her now, ain't we, Robert?" he said. "She can't ever get away from us, can she?"

"Sure thing, partner!" The big lover reached across and grasped the hand of the littlest lover.

"You are a brick," he said. "You stood by the guns while I ran away like a coward."

"I don't deserve the two of you," said Margaret with misty eyes.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

A. M., Minersville, Pa.—Writers to write photo-plays that will sell have to have a great deal more than a "registered coupon," or forty such. They have to have the ability and the practice. (2) If you have pictures which the papers do not have and they are such as they want they will buy them at good prices, but be sure you know what they want, or you will be disappointed. Pictures, songs, poems and stories are bought constantly but they are supplied by skilled artists. Don't try it unless you are skilled.

O. G. S., Warfordsburg, Pa.—The Gazette and The Republican, at last accounts, were the leading newspapers in Phoenix, Ariz. Our report is not the latest and there may have been changes.

T. M. T., Factoryville, Pa.—When a firm has misrepresented itself to anyone through the mails, and letters of inquiry are not answered, the final recourse is to submit the case to the Postmaster General, Washington, D. C. Simply state your case to the P. O. Department and the matter will be investigated. We hardly believe you will get your money back, because the company will claim that you were insured during the years you were paying and if you had died you would have been paid in full. Still, it should be made to play fair with its patrons.

S. H., Hawk Run, Pa.—The talk about the movement from the city to the farm has been increasing for several years, but thus far no definite general organization has been effected, though there are some individuals who are taking special interest and leading the way to what is sure to take place after a while, that is, as soon as people realize the advantages of the country. Of course, everybody can't live in the country, nor can everybody live in the city, though, at present the movement of the population is cityward. By and by the necessity will come for those to live in the country who can, and the movement will be in that direction until there is a just balance established. Write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. for reliable information and such addresses as you wish. If they are to be had, you will receive them.

Mrs. L. H., Callam, Wash.—This is not the proper department to apply to for legal advice. COMFORT employs an able lawyer to answer law questions through our "Home Lawyer" department. Write to "Editor COMFORT's Home Lawyer," Augusta, Maine, for any information regarding law matters. Other readers please take notice.

G. B. G., Clio, Mich.—A man votes where he lives and pays his taxes, but if he lives—makes his permanent residence—in one place and owns property elsewhere and pays taxes there, he votes where he lives. At least, that is the common practice, for every voter is not a taxpayer. Young men of age in college vote at their homes, unless they have never voted and may elect to claim their college town as home and vote there. In Michigan a voter must have lived in the state two years, and in the country, town and precinct twenty days. Voting laws vary in various states. Voters must register before voting in nearly all the states, but registry laws vary also. No matter what opinions old voters hold, the final settlement is made by the election judges wherever the voter goes to cast his vote.

M. A. G., Toone Furnace, Tenn.—We do not know where you will find the "consumption cure" you mention, but we wish to say to you positively that no plant on earth yet discovered is a cure for consumption, not has any other cure yet been found by science though scientists are seeking it all the time. Fresh air thus far seems to be nearer a cure or a prevention, than anything else. If there is a predisposition to consumption in your family, you should move to the dry air of Colorado or Arizona or New Mexico and live in the open. The opportunities for industrious people are quite as good out there as in your state—maybe better, depending upon what your occupation is.

H. L. P., Sanborn, Ind.—The letter e is oftentimes used of any letter in the alphabet. Vowels are used oftener than consonants, there being only five or six of them to go with about four times as many consonants. The letters most frequently used in ordinary writing are e, a, o, i, t, h, d, r, and s. Those least used are j, q, g, x, b, k, z. Get a job in a printing office and you will learn the right out of the case. Besides if you become a good printer your information will be worth money to you.

Grant, Lochgelly, W. Va.—The books of O. Henry and Rudyard Kipling are first-class, but they are hardly suitable for children, except Kipling's "Jungle Book," and "Just So" stories. The books you could choose for entertainment and at the same time instruction are those juvenile books written especially for young people. If you will write to the Robert Clark Co., Publishers, Cincinnati, Ohio, or to Rand, McNally & Co. Chicago, Ill., for list of juvenile books you will find in their titles the titles of the best books for juveniles. Good books for boys are the Scientific American Boy series, Munro & Co., New York. Captain Mayne Reid's stories are good for natural history, though they are not as modern as the others. Louisa Alcott's books for girls are always good. Maria Edgeworth wrote popular stories but they are not modern. The Henry books, as they are called, are historical stories, popular with boys, but not wholly reliable as history. They are highly interesting, however, and will cultivate a taste for reading. We are glad to see that you are interested in books, good books, and we hope other COMFORT parents will follow your example and get good books for their children. If you will write to H. Malkin, 42 Broadway, New York City, asking for prices of second-hand books for children, you will be able to buy books very much cheaper than new, and quite as useful, though they may not be as fresh in their outside appearance. Many city boys and girls buy books and having read them, trade them in for others and thus the second-hand supply is always full, and prices are very low indeed, as compared with original prices.

M. T., Elizabethtown, Ky.—The hollow stone which you have found, filled with what you call glass, but which are quartz crystals, is known as a geode, and they are too common to be worth anything much, unless one happens to be very large with unusual crystals. This might bring a very fair price if some geological collector wanted it bad enough. Kentucky's geology is rather productive of geodes and we have seen some fine ones from there.

Mrs. S. B., Burgaw, N. C.—We advise you not to go to any trouble and expense to secure your share of any estate in England, because you will hardly get it. If you must make an effort though, write your letters to Secretary, United States Embassy, London, England, and not direct to English officials, unless you put your case in the hands of an attorney who will act as he thinks best.

M. A. N., Pearl, Ill.—You are not going about it right to get a position as railroad time-keeper. The men high in authority, whose addresses you ask for, are not the men you should try to reach, but those in immediate charge of such a position as you want. If you wrote to the others your letters would be at once referred to the department where they belonged and the men high up would know nothing about it. As you are experienced in the work you ought to know someone personally who could assist you in getting a place. Naturally, friends or acquaintances will have the call over strangers. Other COMFORT readers, who write to us for the names of high officials when they are looking for subordinate positions, please make a note of this. The big men of all these great corporations have nothing whatever to do with employing men except for the very highest official positions.

Dolly Prim and Her Dresses

HERE is the fun you have been waiting for. A neat little dolly and four beautiful dresses to cut out and put on her. The best way to do it is to paste the whole picture on a piece of cardboard and after it is dry, if you wish, you can color them all nice bright colors, with crayons or chalk. For instance you can make the hair dark or light brown, and the face pink, and the skirts blue, and the waists red, and so on to suit yourself. When this is done cut around the edge of each dress and hat with the scissors. Take care to leave the tabs on. The dresses are put on Dolly Prim by bending the little tabs back. The wedge-shaped piece is bent on the dotted line and

pasted to Dolly's back so she can stand up alone. The hats are slit at the dotted line and placed over Dolly's head. In this picture we have four different gowns and three hats. Keep Dolly Prim and her dresses in a nice clean box when you are not playing with them. This is the last paper doll we shall print this season because the weather is getting warm now and it is best for you little girls to play outdoors through the summer. How have you liked the Cubby Bear stories? I wish you would write me, or get your mammas to write and let me know what you think of those stories and the paper dolls, and tell me what kind of stories you little girls like best.

UNCLE JOHN, Care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Story About Dolly Prim

One day Miss Alice, who is Dolly Prim's mistress, asked her where she wanted to go, and Dolly answered, "To the seashore." Alice then put on Dolly the black dress and hat, with the shovel in one hand and the pail in the other, and they went and dug in the sand and had a jolly time. After a while they got tired and wanted to go home. Miss Alice thought best to put the gray-striped suit and sunbonnet on for the return trip and this pleased Dolly very much. They got home very hungry just in time for dinner. After eating they felt tired and wanted to sit in the shade and read. "I have just the proper costume

for this," said Alice gaily, and she dressed Dolly in the white suit which needs the pointed cap with the feather in it to make a complete change. For a while Alice was busy looking at the pictures and did not notice that Dolly had nodded to sleep. "Why you dear little thing," she said, when she looked around and saw what had happened. "I should have put you to bed long ago." In a minute she had Dolly dressed in her cute little pajamas, and after giving her a great big kiss tucked her cozily in bed. Was not that a pleasant day for both of them?

Cubby Bear, Peacemaker

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"BUNNY RABBIT! BUNNY RABBIT! Where are you going so fast?" called little Cubby Bear, hurrying after the gray streak that was disappearing around a thicket of cedars.

Bunny Rabbit stopped. "You may go with me if you like," he said. "I am going after a plant. I saw it yesterday—such a beautiful plant, with a fine, red flower! I am going to plant it just beside the door of my house. Then I shall look for other pretty flowers in my walks through the forest and fields, and I hope some day to have a fine garden."

"Oh, how nice!" cried Cubby Bear. "I will help you." They soon came to where the beautiful red flower was growing. Taking it up carefully, with plenty of dirt, so that the tender roots might not be destroyed, they hurried back to Bunny Rabbit's house. When it was planted beside the door, they called Chipmunk, who lived near and Wollie Woodchuck, who happened to be passing by, to admire it.

"How glad I shall be," said Bunny, "when I have a nice, large garden; I shall have ferns, and ladies' slippers, and jack-in-the-pulpits, and many pretty things growing in it!" For three days after that, the weather was rainy, and Cubby Bear stayed at home, but the next pleasant day he went to call on Bunny Rabbit and see the red flower.

Poor Bunny was trotting back and forth, waving his paws in distress.

"Oh, what is the matter?" asked Cubby Bear. "Are the Bunny Babies sick again?" "No, no!" answered Bunny. "Not so bad as that, but my flower—oh, Cubby Bear, look, look!"

The beautiful plant was crushed and trampled, the red flower on the ground, half covered with mud.

"It is bad enough," cried Bunny Rabbit, "to lose my plant, but that is not the worst! For it was trampled down and spoiled by Wollie Woodchuck, and I thought him one of my best friends! I have never done anything unkind to him! Oh, I can never like him again!"

"I am sorry," said Cubby Bear. "I do not want trouble between my friends. Who told you Wollie spoiled your plant?"

"It was Redtop Woodpecker. But what does it matter who told me? My plant is spoiled, and Wollie did it!"

For two days little Cubby Bear watched for Redtop Woodpecker, and when he heard him tapping at the bark of an old tree, he called, "Redtop Woodpecker! please come here! I want to talk to you!"

Redtop came, hopping daintily along, his gay crest glowing in the morning sunlight.

"Did you see Wollie Woodchuck trample down and spoil Bunny Rabbit's beautiful red flower?" asked Cubby.

"No, I did not see him do it."

"Then why did you tell Bunny Rabbit so?" "Because Molly Muskrat told me."

Then Cubby Bear trotted off to where Molly Muskrat sat sunning herself on a flat stone beside the Big Brook.

"Did you see Wollie Woodchuck trample down and spoil Bunny Rabbit's beautiful red flower?" asked Cubby.

"No, I did not see him do it."

"Then why did you tell Redtop Woodpecker so?"

"Because Racky Coon told me, when he came to the Big Brook to wash his paws."

A long way Cubby Bear had to go to find Racky Coon. He was high up in a spruce tree, playing tag with his brother.

"Did you see Wollie Woodchuck trample down and spoil Bunny Rabbit's beautiful red flower?" asked Cubby.

"No, I did not see him do it."

"Then why did you tell Molly Muskrat so?" "Because Dr. Squilly Porcupine told me."

Then little Cubby Bear went to Squilly's house. But Squilly was not at home.

"I know where he is," called Billy Blue Jay. "He has gone to see Polly Partridge, whose cold is worse."

So Cubby Bear sat down and waited until Squilly Porcupine came home.

"Did you see Wollie Woodchuck trample down and spoil Bunny Rabbit's beautiful red flower?" asked Cubby.

"No, I did not see him."

"Then why did you tell Racky Coon so?" "Because Wollie Weasel told me."

"Ah!" cried Cubby Bear. "I was afraid Wollie had something to do with it! He is always making trouble. Oh, here comes Shinyblack Crow! We will see if he knows anything about it!"

"Yes, I know all about it," said Shinyblack Crow. "I happened to be flying by and saw Wollie Weasel and Foxy Reynard in front of Bunny Rabbit's house, so I lighted on a tree and watched them. They had trampled down and spoiled Bunny Rabbit's beautiful red flower, and I heard Wollie say, 'We will tell him it was Wollie Woodchuck did it! Oh, what fun!'"

"It was not good fun," said Cubby Bear, "and it has made trouble."

"I hope, Squilly Porcupine," said Shinyblack Crow, "that you will not tell anything again that bad Wollie Weasel tells you without first finding out if it is true."

Then little Cubby Bear and Shinyblack Crow went to Bunny Rabbit's house, taking Wollie Woodchuck with them.

When Bunny Rabbit saw Wollie, he said:

"Why do you come to my house, Wollie Woodchuck? I have no pretty flowers left for you to spoil! Go away! I do not want you here!"

Then little Cubby Bear said:

"No, no, Bunny Rabbit, it was not Wollie Woodchuck who spoiled your plant, it was that bad Wollie Weasel, as good Shinyblack Crow knows. He has come here to tell you about it, and we brought Wollie Woodchuck, so that you and he may be friends once more."

So the two little animals shook paws, promising always to be friends, and kind-hearted little Cubby Bear was happy.

HEIRS WANTED

BORJESSON, Carl Frederick; born Sweden 1836. Maiden name of mother, Brandt.

CLARK, Margaret, nee Thomas. Born Massachusetts, married Frank Emerson Clark in N. Y.

DOODY, John; resided Springfield, Mass., about forty years ago.

GRANVILLIERS, Charles A.; born France about 1814; latter, resided New York 1880.

KING, Michael; born Mitchellstown, County Cork, about 1830; son of John.

KING, Patrick; born County Waterford, Ireland, about 1863; resided Washington, D. C., 1894.

JOHN J. DWYER, 7 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.—Advertisement.

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Perfecto Iron Factory, Dept. 20, 126 So. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

Got More Pleasure Out of Uncle Charlie's Poems Than Any Other Book

That is what Mrs. Bjerke, Detroit, Mich., says about Uncle Charlie's Poems and you'd say more than that if you had a copy in your hands. For eight years we've been telling you about this gorgeous book of rib tickling fun, and though we have given you an opportunity to secure this delightful volume that would bring joy and happiness to you and yours, only one COMFORT home in fifty contains this delightful book, a book which you can obtain without the outlay of a single cent. If you want to know the real Uncle Charlie, possess pictures of him at his work and know the history of his life, get up a club of only four fifteen-month subscribers to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each and secure this exquisitely bound, 160-page, lilac cloth bound volume which contains the funniest and best recitations for parlor and stage ever written. Best spring medicine in the world. Work for it today.

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PLANT FIFTY-SIX MILES OF ROSES IN ONE DAY.

Fifty-six miles of roses were recently added to the beauties of Portland, Oregon, with the planting in one day of 100,000 bushes. They were purchased as a result of the campaign started by the City Beautiful Committee of the Rose Festival Association, the purpose being to make the city more than usually attractive in preparation for the coming of visitors on their way to and from the exposition at San Francisco. Many roses worth \$1 were sold by the committee through the cooperation of florists at 12½ cents each. The bushes sold are large enough to bloom in time for the Rose Festival in June.

COW CREATES NEW WORLD'S RECORD.

Completed by the Dairy Department of the Ohio State University, establish a world's record in milk production, according to figures made public. The new dairy queen is Murne Cowan, a five-year-old Guernsey cow which in the last year produced twelve tons of milk. The cow's milk averaged five per cent in butter fat. During the year she produced 1,098 pounds of butter fat, which churned into 1,400 pounds of butter. Her home is a farm near Barberton, Ohio.

Four Wheel Chairs in April 278 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Four more shut-ins provided with COMFORT wheel chairs and enabled to get out into the blessed sunshine and breathe the perfume-laden air of spring is our April record.

Following are the names of the recipients of the four April wheel chairs. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

Mrs. Ersley C. Mote, Double Springs, Ala., 141; Mrs. Callie Grubbs, Batesville, Ark., 100; William E. Parris, Bryson City, N. C., 84; Mrs. Louise Fenner, Dunellen, N. J., 82.

Mrs. Mote is a widow 82 years old and lives with her granddaughter, as she has no children living. She enjoyed good health and was active until she suffered a stroke of paralysis, last August, which rendered her lower limbs helpless. Since then she has been confined to her room, which is very trying to her as she had always led an outdoor life, although she bears her affliction patiently. Her neighbor, Mrs. M. C. Adkins, who helped get the subscriptions for her, writes me that Mrs. Mote is very anxious for the COMFORT wheel chair and that it will be a great help and give her a world of pleasure. She is grateful to those who have helped her get this as she is not able to buy one. I am glad this chair will be the means of getting her out again in season to enjoy the spring and summer.

Mrs. Grubbs is crippled by rheumatism, and is a great sufferer from that and the effects of a surgical operation. Julia Saunders, who helped get the subscriptions for her, writes that Mrs. Grubbs and her husband are highly respected but poor, and that the wheel chair will be very helpful as the doctors advise her to be out in the open air.

William E. Parris is 78 years old, and has been crippled since five years ago when his left thigh was broken and hip dislocated by a falling tree. His wife is 68 and afflicted with rheumatism. This brave woman writes me regarding her efforts to secure subscriptions for her husband's wheel chair: "I find that most people prefer to get the club premiums which you offer, rather than let the subscriptions go to help a poor shut-in get a wheel chair. If my husband did not receive a small pension as a Confederate soldier we could not live at all. I have all the work to do in the house and out, and him to take care of besides. If I can get him the wheel chair it will be a great help to us both." If it were not, as Mrs. Parris says, that most people who get up subscription clubs prefer to take the premiums themselves rather than help the shut-ins, COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club would be putting out 20 to 40 wheel chairs a month and soon every needy cripple in the land would be supplied. We have a lot of other shut-ins on our waiting list who, like this old soldier, need your help to provide wheel chairs for them.

Mrs. Fenner has two small children, the elder a sickly boy of six years. She has been a crippled invalid and great sufferer since the birth of her youngest child four years ago. She is helpless. She cannot use her hands to sew and her eyes are becoming affected so that she cannot read. To care for her and the little ones is a difficult task for her husband and his folks. She is very desirous to have a wheel chair which she hopes will prove some relief to her and help those who have the care of her.

Have a merciful remembrance of the many poor shut-ins suffering for much needed wheel chairs to get them out into the sun and air while you are enjoying the beauties of springtime and do something, even a little, to help our Wheel-Chair Club's splendid work.

The Roll of Honor follows; but I have little space for letters of thanks.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Her Wheel Chair Is a Comfort and Help

ATLANTA, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Please accept for Mr. Gannett and yourself my sincere thanks for the wheel chair which arrived in perfect condition a few days ago. I also wish to thank through COMFORT the many friends who helped me obtain the chair, which certainly will be a comfort and help to me.

Very sincerely yours,

GOLDEN GERTIE FIPFEN.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Enables him to get Out and See Things he Never had an Opportunity to see Before

BRADFORD, 9 High St., MASS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

My wheel chair arrived safely yesterday afternoon, and I immediately began to use it. I like it very much, and in the short time I've had it, I've been able to see things on the street and around my home that without the chair I would never have had an opportunity to see. I want to thank you and Mr. Gannett and all kind friends who helped me get this chair. God bless you all.

Your sincere friend,

GEORGE W. SPENCER.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Mrs. M. C. Adkins, Ala.; for Mrs. E. G. Mote, 73; Lizzie Sessions, N. C.; for Mrs. E. G. Mote, 80; Mrs. C. Richardson, Okla.; for Luther E. Silver, 52; Dr. J. A. Leeman, Tex.; for Thelma Luella Leeman, 46; Mrs. May Fortney, Okla.; for Leonard Rhodes, 42; Mrs. Wm. Lawrence, Neb.; for Mrs. M. E. Wilford, 40; Emma Gramlich, W. Va.; for Mrs. S. B. Luley, 48; Eula Herrington, Miss.; for Lawrence Beech, 37; Ethel Ridgway, Ky.; for Walter Ridgway, 26; Mrs. Ed Bullard, N. C.; for Mary E. Horne, 20; Lucy Fuller, Wash.; for own wheel chair, 20; Earl Orneson, Ga.; for Jessie Johns, 20; O. S. Butler, N. C.; for Mary E. Horne, 20; Miss Sallie Parsons, N. C.; for Mary E. Horne, 20; Miss Docia Simmons, N. C.; for Mary E. Horne, 20; Mrs. Bertie Horne, N. C.; for Mary E. Horne, 20; Amy L. Schoolcraft, W. Va.; for Gladys Reed, 19; Mrs. E. I. Silver, Okla.; for Luther E. Silver, 17; Mrs. M. V. Hartman, N. J.; for Mrs. Clifford Fenner, 17; Bernice Hagan, La.; for Robie Springer, 16; Ada Beck, Ky.; for Annie Beck, 16; Mrs. Delle Arbough, Va.; for own wheel chair, 14; Mrs. Denzil Burnam, Tex.; for Mrs. Carrie Granger, 13; Mrs. Clyde Gustard, Wash.; for Arthur Cole, 13; Hattie Lambert, N. C.; for Mrs. M. E. Norton, 12; Mrs. John Combs, Okla.; for Luther E. Silver, 11; West Virginia People, W. Va.; for Frank Hamilton, 10; Mrs. Sarah Fenner, N. J.; for Mrs. Clifford Fenner, 10; Rev. & Mrs. Anderson, N. J.; for Mrs. Clifford Fenner, 8; Lena Laswell, Ill.; for Mattie Lucas, Colo.; for George Roll, 7; Mrs. Tillie Wagner, N. J.; for Mrs. Clifford Fenner, 7; Adella Spillman, Okla.; for J. W. Nolte, 7; Adella Porritt, Idaho; for her own wheel chair, 6; Mrs. Frank McGuire, Kans.; 6; Mrs. Jacob Knauer, Wash.; 6; Miss Elma Hasler, Wis.; 6; Violet Crawford, Okla.; 6; Ada Baker, Tenn.; 6; Mrs. Ida Campbell, 6; Mrs. John Tiller, Iowa; 5; Naomi Roll, Kans.; for George Roll, 5; Mrs. Julia Gargis, Okla.; 5; Mrs. J. J. Emmett, Ga.; for Mrs. E. G. Mote, 5; Miss L. Sperring, Mo.; 5; Mrs. Calvin Hale, Okla.; for Elwin Hale, 5.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel. Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. M. K., Louisiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that unless otherwise stipulated, community acquiescent and gains exists between husband and wife, that the husband is the head of the community and administers the property and can sell or mortgage without wife's consent, but that if community is dissolved by death or otherwise, wife or her heirs are entitled to one undivided one half of the community property; that a second wife of the husband would have no interest in such one half interest of the first wife's heirs in the community property of her husband and his first wife, and no interest in the house of the community in her husband's community property, former marriage or his separate property. (2) We think that the children of the former wife can compel the division of their share of the community property in a reasonable time after their mother's death, such share as would go to a minor to be paid to a general guardian and an infant's share in real estate to be disposed of by a court proceeding of action. We think it may be more economical to hold the real estate until the minors come of age.

Miss C. S., West Virginia.—We very much doubt that your Board of Education would be willing to issue a teacher's certificate upon an examination through the mails; we think such a method would afford to the applicant for such certificate, too much opportunity to obtain assistance in answering the difficult questions, and would not be a proper test of such applicant's competency.

Miss M. B., Maine.—Under the laws of our state, we are of the opinion that anyone of two or more owners of real estate can, through the proper action, compel the division or partition of such real estate, or in case the physical condition of the property is such that it cannot practically be divided in kind, can compel the sale of the property and a division of the money proceeds of such sale; such an action, we think, is necessarily quite expensive, and in cases where the property involved is of small value, we think it is sometimes more economical to come to an agreement for a voluntary sale by all the parties in interest. (2) We think that if your brother-in-law refuses to pay you the money he owes you it will be necessary for you to bring an action against him to enforce the collection thereof. We think a letter to his employer might have some moral effect, but would have no legal effect.

J. M.—In the absence of a will, we do not think you are entitled to any share from your stepfather's estate; we think that upon his death without a will his whole estate would go to his surviving widow and his own children; in default of these his estate would go to other of his blood relatives depending upon who was left.

Mrs. L. A. C., Missouri.—We do not think your neighbor has any legal right to allow the water from his house roof to flood your dooryard, but if your complaint is based upon a small dripping from a leak in his leader into your yard, we think you will find it difficult to convince a court or jury that you have suffered much damage.

C. D., New Hampshire.—We think that the defendant in a breach of promise action might base a defense of such action upon the fact that the plaintiff, during the engagement to marry, received attentions from other men. The success of such a defense would depend upon the nature and extent of such attentions, and to what extent the plaintiff in the action encouraged and reciprocated them.

Mrs. L. O. D., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and children as his heirs at law and next of kin, his widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate and a one third interest absolutely in his personal estate; the balance going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parent's share; we do not think the fact that the children were by a former wife would affect their intestate rights of inheritance from their father's estate.

Mrs. J. P. Q., Massachusetts.—We do not think the fact that you have no property would defeat the right of the company you mention to bring action against you if you refuse to carry out your contract with them, such fact, we think might ultimately defeat their collection of any claim they may have against you, but we think the right to bring action belongs to them and they can do as they see fit in regard to the matter.

Mrs. J. L., Nevada.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property acquired after marriage by either husband or wife, except such as may be acquired by gift, devise or descent shall be common property, and upon the death of the husband, after payment of debts and expenses, shall all go to the surviving widow; we think the husband's separate property, if he leaves no will, and leaves more than one child, would go one third to the surviving widow and the remainder in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share, and children of a former marriage taking the same share as the children of his last marriage.

Mrs. L. N. H., Colorado.—Under the laws of Illinois, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, a resident of that state, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and six children, his widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate, and one third of the personal estate absolutely; the balance going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any child who predeceased him taking their parent's share; if the daughter you mention who died survived her father, her husband would receive from her estate dower of a one third interest for life in her real estate and one third of her personal property absolutely, the balance going to her children in equal shares, and her estate would include, of course, her share of her father's estate as well as whatever other property she might own, but if she predeceased her father, the descent of her share of her father's estate would be direct from the grandfather to her children, and her husband would have no share in this property.

S. E. S., Washington.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that all property acquired during the marriage, except such as may be acquired by gift, devise or descent, constitutes the community property of the husband and wife, and that upon the death of one, one half of such property goes absolutely to the survivor, the other half of such property being subject to the testamentary disposition of the one so dying; we think the wife could, by will, leave her one half of the community property and the whole of her separate property to her husband for life with the remainder over to their child or children, and that the husband could thereafter only dispose of his life estate in such property; we do not think she can dispose of by will or otherwise, his own share of the community property, or of his separate property; we think she must survive him before she acquires any intestate right in his property.

RAISE BELGIAN HARES FOR US

stock and pay you \$1.50 each. Also skunk, mink, fox, etc. Send dime for booklet and contract. Particulars free. The Belgian Hare, Desk 1. Holmes Park. Mo. Big Profits

LET US MAKE YOU FAT 50c Box Free

We Want to Prove at Our Own Expense That It Is No Longer Necessary to Be Thin, Scrawny, and Undeveloped.



Fair Bath: "I'm going to leave this writing in the sand and see if that skinny pair yonder won't take the hint."

This is a generous offer to every thin man or woman who reads COMFORT. We positively guarantee to increase your weight to your own satisfaction or no pay. Think this over—think what it means. At our own risk, we offer to put 10, 15, yes, 30 pounds of good, solid "stay there" flesh on your bones, to fill out hollows in cheeks, neck or bust, to get rid of that "peaked" look, to rejuvenate and revitalize your whole body until it tingles with vibrant energy; to do this without drastic diet, "tonics," severe physical culture "stunts," detention from business or any irksome requirements—if we fail it costs you nothing. We particularly wish to hear from the excessively thin, those who know the humiliation and embarrassment which only skinny people have to suffer in silence. We want to send a free 50-cent package of our new discovery to the people who are called "slats" and "bean poles," to bony women, whose clothes never look "anyhow," no matter how expensively dressed, to the skinny men who fail to gain social or business recognition on account of their starved appearance. We care not whether you have been thin from birth, whether you have lost flesh through sickness, how many flesh builders you have experimented with. We take the risk and assume it cheerfully. If we cannot put pounds and pounds of healthy flesh on your frame we don't want your money.

The new treatment is used to increase the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract into such shape that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid, healthy flesh instead of passing through the

system undigested and unassimilated. It is a thoroughly scientific principle, this Sargol, and builds up the thin, weak and debilitated without any nauseous dosing. In many conditions it is better than cod liver oil and certainly is much pleasanter to take.

Send for the 50-cent box today. Convince us by your prompt acceptance of this offer that you are writing in good faith and really desire to gain in weight. The 50-cent package which we will send you free will be an eye-opener to you. We send it that you may see the simple, harmless nature of our new discovery, how easy it is to take, how you gain flesh privately without knowledge of friends or family until you astonish them by the prompt and unmistakable results.

We could not publish this offer in COMFORT if we were not prepared to live up to it. It is only the astounding results of our new method of treatment that make such an offer and such a guarantee possible on our part. So cut off the coupon today and mail it at once to The Sargol Company, 12-E Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y., and please enclose 10c with your letter to help pay distribution expenses. Take our word, you'll never regret it.

Free Sargol Coupon

This certificate, with ten cents to help pay postage and distribution expenses, entitles the holder to one 50-cent package of Sargol, the Flesh Builder. The Sargol Co., 12-E Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

CANCERS LEG SORES

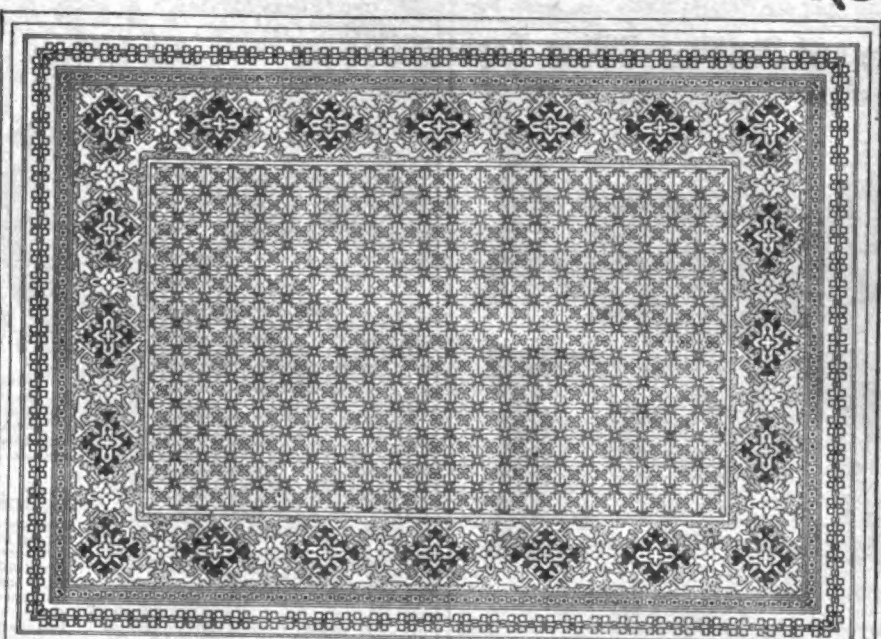
Cared by ANTI-FLAMMA Pontice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayles Co., 1823 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

We Guarantee to remove CANCERS or no pay. Health Herald FREE. Address, Dr. S. A. Boynton, & Co., Lawrence, Mass.

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Example of my remedy has cured cases of Falling Sickness, or Epilepsy. Prompt relief guaranteed. I PAY EXPRESSAGE on FREE TRIAL BOTTLE, if you cut out and RETURN advertisement. Sworn statements and hundreds of testimonials on file. Give AGE and FULL PARTICULARS. Dr. F. Harvey Roof, Dept. 1373, Station N., New York

THIS LARGE CONGOLEUM RUG



Sent You Free And Prepaid For A Club Of Six!

Absolutely Waterproof—Dirtproof—Sanitary!

Water Cannot Rot It, Sun Cannot Fade It. It Lies Flat Without Nailing or Paste, Will Not Curl Up or Kick Up At The Edges, Will Stand The Hardest Kind Of Wear!

NO MORE trouble with unsightly, ill-smelling, dirt and germ laden grass, matting, fiber or fabric rugs tripping up everybody who walks over it. These Congoleum rugs cost no more and in some cases actually less than other forms of floor covering and they will wear ten times as long, therefore they are the most economical as well as the most serviceable and satisfactory rug to buy. They come in different attractive designs and beautiful combinations of shades and colors. As a premium for our readers we have selected the pattern illustrated above as the most suitable for all-round purposes. It is one and one half yards long and a yard wide. The color scheme is subdued and very charming and it will make an attractive appearance regardless of whether you use it as a porch rug or in kitchen, pantry or any other room in the house. We are positive that every woman who secures one of these rugs will want two or three more at once, therefore we worked hard with the manufacturers to get a special low price on them so that we could give them in return for a very few subscriptions. In this we succeeded as you will note by reading the following

cause it always lies flat on the floor and the edges will positively not curl or buckle, thus tripping up everybody who walks over it. These Congoleum rugs cost no more and in some cases actually less than other forms of floor covering and they will wear ten times as long, therefore they are the most economical as well as the most serviceable and satisfactory rug to buy. They come in different attractive designs and beautiful combinations of shades and colors. As a premium for our readers we have selected the pattern illustrated above as the most suitable for all-round purposes. It is one and one half yards long and a yard wide. The color scheme is subdued and very charming and it will make an attractive appearance regardless of whether you use it as a porch rug or in kitchen, pantry or any other room in the house. We are positive that every woman who secures one of these rugs will want two or three more at once, therefore we worked hard with the manufacturers to get a special low price on them so that we could give them in return for a very few subscriptions. In this we succeeded as you will note by reading the following

Club Offer. For a club of six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one Congoleum rug free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7266.

LET ME REMOVE YOUR GOITRE

\$2.50 TEST TREATMENT FREE



Don't suffer and be disgraced with "Big Neck." Don't give up hope because other physicians or remedies have failed you. I am curing hundreds of old chronic cases that had resisted all other remedies. My patients everywhere are reporting cures. You may try one \$2.50 treatment of my remarkable discovery at my expense. It is absolutely FREE—in plain package—send no money. You will be surprised at how quickly my treatment reduces the size of the goitre and relieves choking and other disagreeable symptoms. It is effective from the first trial. No interference with your work, no danger of any kind, no obligation. SEND AT ONCE.

\$2.50 TREATMENT FREE

Fill out and mail this coupon to Dr. W. T. Dye, 715 Minty Block, Little Rock, Ark., and get \$2.50 Treatment Free by mail.

Age?.....How old is goitre?.....Yrs.

Nervous?.....Hands tremble?.....

Do eyes bulge?.....Does heart beat too rapidly?.....

Health?.....

Name.....

Address.....

THE BEE CELL SUPPORTER

A BOON TO WOMANKIND

Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us \$2.00 and we will mail you postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. A White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

SORE LEGS HEALED

Open sores, Eczema, Enlarged Veins, healed while you work. Send for book. Describe case. A. C. LIEPE, 613 Green Bay Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sweaters Free

We Are Giving Away All Free a Beautiful Sweater,

For men, women or children, to anyone selling only six of our 25-cent Oxien Porous Plasters. We send the Six Oxien Porous Plasters to your address without money from you. After you sell them for 25 cents each you return us the money, \$1.50 in all collected and the Sweater will be sent you. We do this to advertise our Wonderful Oxien Porous Plasters that have for a quarter century prevented and relieved thousands of ills including Rheumatism, Lame Back, Coughs, Pneumonia, Sprains, Kidney troubles, Weak heart and Stomach disorders.

The Sweater we send you is perfect fitting, closely woven of high-grade yarns. May be washed at home without injury to color and will keep its shape. Order by check measure, men, women and children's sizes in colors Brown, Navy, Cardinal and Gray.

Say you want to sell the Six Oxien 25-cent Porous Plasters and we will send same day we receive your order. Address THE GIANT OXIE COMPANY, 24 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

State and Birthday Pillow Tops



EVERY reader of COMFORT should have one of these handsome Birthday pillow tops showing the respective month in which you were born. Also in honor of the state in which you reside you should have at least one of these new State pillow tops. These two designs are the newest thing out and are becoming immensely popular because they are something a little "different." We have these pillow tops for every month in the year and every state in the Union so no matter when you were born or in what state you live we can give you a pillow top representing the month of your birth and another one emblematic of your own home state. These pillow tops are just as handsome as they are appropriate, the designs being tinted in natural colors on cream art cloth 17 x 21 inches in size. We will send you your choice of either pillow top or both pillow tops free upon the terms of the following special offers.

Offer No. 7251 A. For one 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you a Birthday Pillow Top free and prepaid. Be sure to State what month you want.

Offer No. 7251 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 additional (35 cents in all) we will send you a Birthday Pillow Top free and prepaid. Be sure to state what month you want. Premium No. 7251.

Offer No. 7261 A. For one 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you any State Pillow Top free and prepaid. Be sure to mention state wanted.

Offer No. 7261 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 additional (35 cents in all) we will send you any State Pillow Top free and prepaid. Be sure to mention state wanted. Premium No. 7261.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

W. H. Montgomery, Ala.—You are like hundreds of other COMFORT patients who seem to be lacking in good hard common sense about themselves when there is any trouble with them that they cannot cure by some simple remedy. You say you have been advised by various physicians who are undecided whether you are suffering from appendicitis or not, and then when the finest physician in your city and head of a hospital asks you to come to him and be thoroughly examined you write to us: "But I do not want to go and be examined. I have such a horror of operations and am afraid if they examine me they will want to cut somewhere, so I decided I would write to you and maybe you can tell me what is the matter with me." Now why did you think that? When half-a-dozen physicians who can see you personally are unable to decide, how can you expect us to guess at it a thousand miles away? The only advice we have to offer is that you go to the hospital and be properly examined to determine what causes the trouble. Even if an operation is necessary, is it one tenth as bad as suffering for years, even if you don't die in the mean time in agony? Get your good sense into normal condition and go to the hospital, where you should have gone long ago.

J. S. Charlestown, Mass.—The nervousness which gives you the tremors all over when you go out on the street or in company and does not trouble you at home, can only be cured by the exercise of your will power. There is no organic trouble and you become nervous simply because you become so self-conscious that you are what in common parlance is called "rattled." If you will go out as often as you possibly can and meet people often, having a grim determination not to let your nerves conquer you, it will not be long until you overcome your nervousness. Medicine will do no good, unless there is some underlying cause we don't know anything about.

Wis. Girl, Walworth, Wis.—The dandruff remedies to be had in drug-stores are as good local remedies as can be prescribed. But possibly there is some disease of the scalp, or the blood is out of condition, as is often the case with dandruff excess which will not yield to the ordinary local applications. Only an examination will determine this. Curling the hair on hot curlers will injure it, and to a less extent on cold irons. You are trying to make your hair do something nature did not intend that it should do and such treatment being unnatural will result in injury.

Mrs. H. L. S., Denton, Tex.—Just what the Hookworm Commission has done in Texas, or is doing, we cannot say, or what your State Board of Health or Local Boards have done, but there has been a wide crusade against the worm all over the South and any doctor in your neighborhood can give you information on the subject, or treat your case himself. The treatment is simple and efficacious, but you should not attempt self-treatment, unless the Board of Health issues a formula for private use. Don't delay if there is any hookworm in your family or among your neighbors. The man or woman who permits the existence of hookworm, when the remedy is so simple, is an enemy of the state and should be punished by law.

E. A., New Orleans, La.—How do you know you have a weak heart? A great many people imagine they have heart trouble, when the real trouble is indigestion. You ask the physician who told you you had weak heart to prescribe the proper tonic. We are not guessing at really weak hearts; they are vital.



To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information how they may give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women.

MOTHERHOOD WITHOUT FEAR

He has proven that the pains at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, No. 8 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy, children, absolutely without fear of pain. Also how to become a mother. Do not delay, but write TO-DAY.

Write for this FREE BOOK today.

E. A. S., Douglas, N. Dak.—Bronchitis of your kind is due more to the cold, damp climate, we think, than anything else, and if you could get down into Arizona where the air is hot and dry, you would find relief if not permanent cure. The remedies you are using are about as good as can be prescribed by mail, seeing that you can't get to a doctor. Can't you go to Arizona for two or three months and try it there? Get a job for a while and see what effect that climate will have. (2) If your son who has been suffering with boils for so long will not have a doctor, he must continue suffering. Boils are not merely local skin eruptions, but come from pathological conditions which must be treated thoroughly by a physician. One boil, or even two or three, may be cured, or rather treated by simple remedies, but when they continue for months, the whole system is affected and more radical treatment is required. (3) Unless you can remove adenoids with a case-knife, there is no home remedy we know of. If you want your boy to be a normal boy and man in mind and body, you should have a physician remove the adenoids. The operation is simple enough and is performed constantly on public school children to their great improvement in mind and body.

Farmer, Pleasant Plain, O.—The red face in your case, your health, as far as you know, being good, is due to a defect, or the nature, of your circulation. Persons of light complexion are quite frequently bothered by reddening of the face, not that their faces are redder than those of dark complexion, or that there is any difference in the circulation, but it shows more plainly. Nervousness will often cause the face to flush, and people who are always self-conscious, a kind of nervousness, will redden very easily. Stop thinking about your red face or taking medicine for it. Have a talk with a doctor who may be able to give you some good advice and maybe find that you have indigestion, which will also impair the circulation.

Agnes, La Salle, Ill.—How long a draining-tube used after an operation must remain depends upon the condition of the patient. In some cases, only a very short time suffices, and in others weeks, or even months, must pass before it may be removed. If the physician who operated on you said you had no gall-stones, he should know better than anyone else, and we can hardly be expected to guess at it from this distance. The rheumatic or neuralgic pains you feel on the opposite side are very likely due to the disturbances of the operation. As long as you feel the good effects of the tube, you should by all means let it remain. Your doctor knows when to remove it, and don't you try to doctor yourself.

J. T. W., Paris, Texas.—The knot at the knuckle of your finger, which comes and goes and is very painful, is, we think, due to a rheumatic condition not severe enough yet to be more demonstrative. Rheumatism often expresses itself in small knots at the finger and other joints, and may never get worse than that. The next knot that appears should have a doctor's personal attention. Prevention is far better than cure, especially in rheumatism.

A. L. J., Clanton, Ala.—We believe with the doctor who pronounced your child's trouble fistula and it may trouble him all his life. Still, if it is skillfully

treated now he may become sound and outgrow it. If possible you should take him to a hospital, or to a specialist in rectal diseases. It was very unwise for your husband to use a razor on the fistula and nothing should be done except under the direction of a physician who can make personal examinations. (2) Constipation is very stubborn and when of long standing may be incurable, but a great relief may be found in taking two or three tablespoonsful of pure olive oil before or during meals. It will not act at once, but by and by its effects will be felt. Warm water enemas, two or three times a week, are also good. In addition have a care what you eat and how you eat—never swallowing a mouthful of food until it is chewed to a pulp and thoroughly insalivated, that is made ready for the stomach and digestive organs. Diet, exercise and massage of the bowels are much more effective than medicine for the treatment of constipation. Eat whole wheat, graham, bran or corn bread, also the coarse-ground cereals in the form of mush, and plenty of fruit. Laxative drugs lose their effect if used continually.

O. S., Kingston, Tenn.—There is no remedy that we know of for superfluous hair on face and nose except the ordinary depilatories to be had at drug-stores, unless you are able to submit to the treatment and expense of a specialist who may make a good job of it or may not, though your bill will be the same—a big one anyhow.

Mrs. A. I., Vermillion, Ont.—Lunar caustic (nitrate of silver), to be had at any drug-store, is the usual remedy for warts. In applying it be careful not to get it on the skin around the warts as it will burn and make a sore spot. A doctor will have to see the pimple on the child's abdomen to determine its cause, as it seems to be something more than a mere local eruption.

QUICK RELIEF FOR PILES.

Send postal with name and address for FREE sample tube Dr. Pettit's Quick Acting Pile Remedy. Sample will help you. Positive relief, lasting results. HOWARD BROS. CHEMICAL CO., Howard Bldg., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A BEAUtiful neck, face and arms Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927, Boston, Mass.

Cancer Book

Entirely New Book on Cancer. The most comprehensive explanation of cancer and its successful treatment without the knife ever published. The Book is FREE. Send for a copy today and learn the truth about cancer. O. A. JOHNSON, M. D., Suite 440, 1320 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

Beautiful Charming Roses

anybody can grow in any climate and almost any soil. Again this season we offer our readers a splendid opportunity to secure without money cost a rare collection of six, hardy, vigorous growing rose plants that will bloom and bloom all summer transforming your flower garden into a veritable paradise of delicious fragrance and radiant colors. The six varieties described below are strong, well-rooted plants ready to be transplanted to your garden as soon as you receive them and we guarantee that they will grow and thrive beautifully

Crimson Crown For color effect and general bedding purposes here is a rose that is hard to equal. It is a robust growing variety, quickly developing into a large bushy plant that is literally covered with immense clusters of deep crimson roses which are tinted a rich lemon-white at the base of each petal. The flowers are of attractive form and borne in such profusion as to give the plant a bright brilliant display from early spring until long after the late frosts.

Killarney Queen In this fine new rose some wonderful improvements have been made over the old pink Killarney and the grower now has as nearly a perfect variety as it seems possible to secure. The flowers are massive in size, very double and liberally produced. They are constructed of better substance and are of a richer dark deep pink color than the old variety. In rapid vigorous growing habit it cannot be equalled by any other rose in its class. It seems to be perfectly adapted to soil and weather conditions in all localities and if given some care, small plants will develop into fine large bushes the first season planted, returning for the little attention an abundance of magnificent fragrant flowers. This rose is a hardy everblooming and flowers from early spring until after freezing weather in the fall.

Climbing American Beauty The American Beauty in all its glory and fragrance, develops into a hardy outdoor climbing rose. It is a prolific bloomer, with a strong habit of growth, thriving and blooming in almost any situation. The bush growing American Beauty is rarely satisfactory when planted in the open ground, but this new climbing variety has proved perfectly hardy in any part of the United States. One plant of this new rose will produce twenty times as many flowers as the old variety. The roses growing on a single stem measure three to four inches in diameter and possess the same delicious fragrance that the American Beauty alone has. This new rose must not be classed among the old-fashioned climber of the rambling type, as it is distinct from them in its very superior quality. It has a fine foliage that does not burn, its thick glossy leaves remaining on the bush all summer. No lover of beautiful roses should fail to plant this fine climber, as it is a worthy ornament to any garden, and its beauty and fragrance will prove a lasting pleasure and delight.

Bessie Brown This wonderful rose is indeed a crowning masterpiece and has been hailed by flower-lovers everywhere as one of the greatest rose creations of modern times. With a hardy, vigorous constitution, growing to perfection in any soil or location, it has the most magnificent foliage that is possessed by any variety. It is a treacherous grower, producing flowers profusely all through the summer on strong erect stems. The handsome flowers are of unusual beauty. They are full and deep, of a totally distinct character and formed of such substance as to last splendidly when cut. The color is an exquisite creamy white, delicately flushed pink.

ROSES!

6 Beautiful Monthly Blooming
Roses Delivered to Your Door
For One Subscription!

If given proper care and attention. No matter in what part of the United States you live, our growers will send them to you at the proper time to plant according to the schedule printed below. Please remember, however, that these dates may vary from ten to fifteen days in event of an extremely early or late spring, so you need not become anxious if they should not reach you just on the date named in schedule. The rose growers who supply us are perfectly familiar with planting conditions in your locality and you may depend upon them to forward the roses to you at the best time for you to put them in the ground. Following is a brief description of each of the six varieties of beautiful ever-blooming roses given you free on this great offer:

DATES TO PLANT ROSES.	
after	Feb. 1
"	Mar. 1
"	Apr. 1
"	May 1

Latitude of Florida, Calif., Tex., Ariz., Okla., So. Car., Wash., Tenn., Va., Nev., Kans., Mo., Iowa, Ohio, W. Va., Mont., Mich., N. Y., and all New England States

nor location seem to effect its rapid growth or liberal blooming qualities. The flowers are of globular form, very full and immense in size. They are deliciously fragrant and pure ivory-white with edges of petals tinted the faintest blush.

Lady Hillingdon In this variety has been found every could desire of a deep golden everblooming rose. After being awarded gold medals over such varieties as "Sunburst" there is no ground to question its merits. It is a sturdy, vigorous grower, producing long strong stems which hold the beautiful pointed buds upright, making them especially desirable for cut flower purposes. The buds open slowly to full deep golden bloom which hold their form and color much longer than other varieties. In the garden its rich green foliage and abundance of flowers present such a beautiful display of color that it cannot be passed by the most casual observer without an expression of admiration.

Remember These roses are all strong healthy plants on their own roots and will be sent to you by Parcel Post prepaid in good condition as when they leave the greenhouse. You may accept this offer with the perfect assurance that these beautiful ever-blooming roses will grow and develop into rare specimen beauties. If any fall to grow we hereby guarantee to replace them for you free of all cost.

Offer 672 A. For one 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you these six beautiful roses free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer 672 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents, and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you these six beautiful roses free by Parcel Post prepaid. If you want us to send them immediately be sure to say so in your order otherwise the roses will not be mailed to you until the proper time arrives for you to plant them in your garden.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

38-Piece Fishing Outfit



FREE FOR A CLUB OF TWO

BOYS—no need for you to wait until you have enough money to buy that fishing outfit you want—we will give you this dandy outfit absolutely free. It contains everything you see in the above illustration—in all 38 different pieces—each one of which is guaranteed to be strictly high-grade and of the very best quality. There are Two Dandy Fish Lines, one of them on a fine Wood Winder equipped with Hook and Sinkers all ready for business, and the other is a special Braided Line. Then there are 25 Assorted Fish Hooks, of all sizes for all kinds of fishing, 6 High-Grade Snelled Hooks, 1 Adjustable Cork Floater or "Bobber", and 1 Ringed Sinkers—25 pieces in all. When you get this splendid outfit you will have all the fishing tackle you need with exception of fish pole to do all kinds of fishing with, as the lines, assorted hooks in different sizes, etc. are adapted for brook, river, lake or pond fishing. And remember that we guarantee everything in this outfit to be strictly high-grade and just what you would want to buy in any store, although the 38 separate pieces, if bought outright, would cost you at least one dollar. We will send you this splendid Fishing Outfit absolutely free, if you will accept the following offer and know that you will be pleased and delighted with it.

Club Offer: For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this 38-Piece Fishing Outfit, Premium No. 226, packed in a good, strong box free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three Gold Collar Pins

Given For Two Subscriptions!

THESE Pins are the new style and shape that are now being worn in place of the bar pins. They come in sets of three. Each pin has a 14-K gold front, beautifully engraved and is absolutely warranted for five years. Any woman and girl will find many uses for a set of these dainty pins. They may be worn as regular collar pins but are especially attractive when used to fasten the sheer muslin and lace collars and vests that are worn so much at the present time. They are used in place of other fastenings and add a very attractive finishing touch to the costume. We will send you a set of three of these collar pins free upon the terms of the following

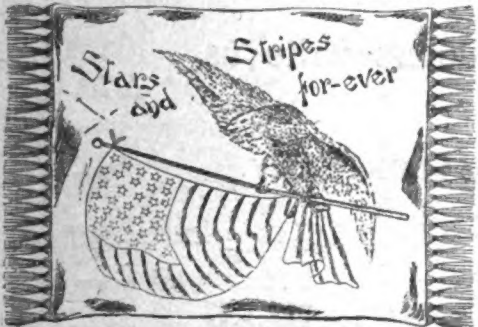
CLUB OFFER. For two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you one set of three pins free and postpaid.

Premium No. 7322.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three Handsome Pillow Tops!

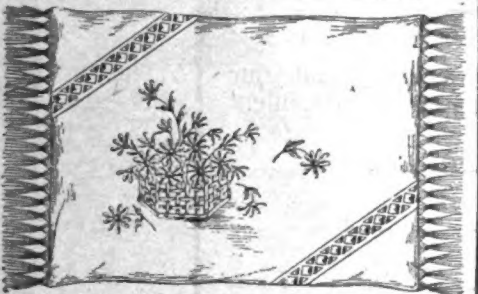
INCLUDING BACK, FRINGE and EMBROIDERY COTTON



Premium No. 7222



Premium No. 7232



Premium No. 7242

One Given For Two Subscriptions!

YOU CAN have your choice of the American Flag, or the Rose, or the Daisy Pillow Top, or you can have any two of them or all three of them if you desire. Each top is 17x21 inches in size, made of good quality art cloth that will stand lots of wear and the designs are stamped and tinted in colors that are correct and true to nature. We include free the back, three-inch wide fringe and sufficient embroidery cotton to work each top, also a lesson in embroidery. No home is complete without lots of pillow tops scattered about living-room and parlor and no matter how many pillow tops you may already have you certainly can find room for three more, especially as these are bright, new attractive designs. You may have your choice of any or all of them by accepting the following

Club Offers. For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of one pillow top free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or for a club of three 15-month subscriptions, we will send you two pillow tops, or for a club of four, three pillow tops. Remember, that with each top we also give you the back, a yard of 3-inch fringe and enough embroidery cotton to work it with. When ordering be sure to specify number or numbers of tops you want.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Combination Embroidery And Stamping Outfit



All New Popular Designs!

HAND embroidery is in greater demand than ever this season owing to the simplicity of the dresses and waists. Even the plainest costume may be made very stylish and attractive by adding some handsome design in hand embroidery. We have been careful to include in this stamping outfit only the prettiest and most practical designs a few of which are shown in the above illustration. Also we have included some very attractive and popular designs already stamped on good material. There are three large sheets of perforated patterns containing designs for linen suits, corset covers, collar and cuffs, baby's dresses, baby's kimono, handkerchiefs, centerpieces, calendars, picture frames, one complete alphabet and many other hand and stylized designs, also a cake of superior stamping preparation, distributor and full

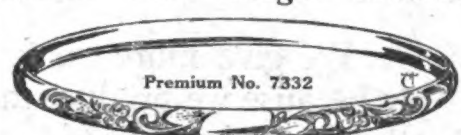
Given For A Club Of Two!

directions. In addition to the perforated patterns we also give you one large tray cloth, 8x17 inches, and six 5-1/2 inch dollies to match, all stamped on real white Irish linen, one oblong pillow top 17 x 21 inches, hand tinted on ecru art cloth, one bone stiletto for punching holes for eyelet embroidery, one package of 10 embroidery needles and ten skeins of white embroidery mercerized cotton floss. We will be glad to send any woman or girl this complete outfit exactly as described free upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this new Combination Embroidery and Stamping Outfit free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7312.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Rolled Gold Bangle Bracelet



Premium No. 7332

Given For Two Subscriptions!

THE Bangle Bracelet has come back. More of them are being worn this season than ever before. The handsome bracelet shown above is real bangle style made of genuine rolled gold plate and positively guaranteed for five years. It is beautifully engraved one half the way round it and is very light and dainty, measuring only 3-1/2 of an inch in width. We want to give every girl reader of COMFORT one of these handsome Bracelets now that they are again the style and by buying a large quantity of them we are able to make an offer so liberal that there is no reason why all cannot have one. Remember, however, that although we ask you for a very small club this is not a cheap bracelet in any sense of the word. It is just as dainty and refined looking as a solid gold bracelet and it will wear beautifully for years and give you the best of satisfaction. We will make you a present of one of these stylish gold bangle bracelets if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this Bangle Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7332.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wizard Water Pistol

Given For One Subscription

TO all appearances this is a regular, full size, "six shooter" but instead of shooting the deadly bullet it squirts a solid stream of water 30 feet straight to the mark you aim it at. To load this pistol you stick the muzzle into water and pull the trigger three or four times. After it is loaded you discharge it by pulling the trigger just the same as you would an ordinary revolver. After it is loaded it is good for ten shots (of water) before it is necessary to load it again. Boys and girls can have loads of fun with this water pistol by giving their friends surprise "shower baths" and as it shoots nothing but water it is of course perfectly harmless to the smallest child. The "Wizard" is shaped exactly like a regular revolver; is 5 inches long, handsomely nickel plated and beautifully finished. You can obtain this water pistol free upon the terms of the following special offers:

Offer No. 716 A. For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you the Wizard water pistol free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer No. 716 B. For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription, to COMFORT for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you the Wizard Water Pistol free and prepaid. Premium No. 716.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LOCKET AND CHAIN

Rolled Gold Plate!

Warranted For 5 Years!

MOST every young lady wants a Locket and Chain. Other styles of neck ornaments may come and go but a gold Locket and Chain is always fashionable, can be worn with any dress and at any season of the year. The locket offered here is one of the latest designs. One side of it is beautifully engraved as shown in the illustration while the other side is plain. It measures exactly one inch in diameter and on the inside there is space for two pictures. The cable chain is 15 inches long and both Chain and Locket are made of heavy rolled gold plate that is absolutely guaranteed to



PREMIUM NO. 7213

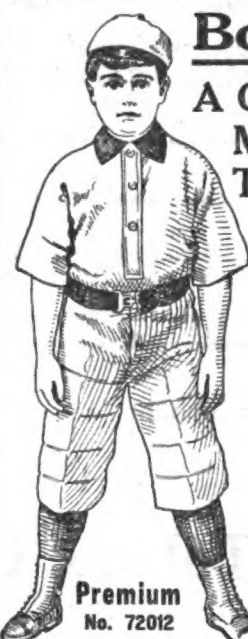
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

stand an acid test and warranted for five years. You could easily pay \$5.00 for a locket and chain that would look no better and wear no better than this one. It is dainty, refined and attractive and we are sure that it will more than please everybody. This locket and chain guaranteed to be exactly as described is yours free upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For three 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this guaranteed rolled gold Locket and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. (Premium No. 7213.)

Boys' Base Ball Outfit

A Good Ball, Glove, Catcher's Mitt, Mask And Suit Consisting Of Trousers, Shirt, Belt and Cap!



Premium No. 72012

We Prepay All Charges

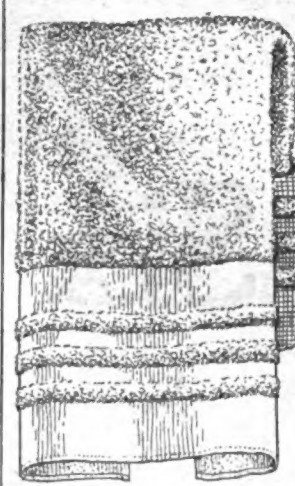
BOYS, here is your chance! We will give every boy who accepts our offer this dandy baseball outfit and it will not cost you one cent. It consists of a splendid baseball, junior size, with extra well sewed genuine horsehide cover—a beauty of a fielder's glove made of brown Nappa leather, kid lined, strongly sewed, with web thumb, a regular big league style catcher's mitt made of Craven tan leather, well padded, a strong, durable catcher's mask made of electro blued steel with side pads, head and chin pieces and a handsome gray flannel suit, consisting of padded trousers, a shirt with elbow sleeves and red collar, cap with red visor and a red belt with a metal clasp. No matter how old you are—if you are not over 14 years of age—we will send you a suit that will fit you perfectly as we have them in all sizes up to 14 years. The ball, glove, mask and mitt are the famous "D. & M." brand made by the Draper-Maynard Company, one of the largest and best known sporting goods manufacturers in the country. We tell you this so that you may know that we are giving you the "real thing" an outfit that you will feel proud to own and one that will stand the wear and tear of a hundred hard fought games. When you order this outfit be sure to give your chest measure. Don't forget that because we want to send a suit that will fit you

Given For A Club Of Twelve.

FOR a club of twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you free and charges prepaid this complete baseball outfit exactly as described above. When ordering be sure to give your chest measure. (Premium No. 72012.)

Address COMFORT, August, Maine.

Pair Of Turkish Towels



Premium No. 7302

For Two Subscriptions

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite so fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel, in fact it is the best towel for all purposes, whether for the bath or guestroom or for everyday family use in the lavatory, kitchen or pantry. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the thick, heavy fleece-like surface imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being, exhilarating the whole system and literally making one feel like "jumping over a high board fence." These towels are also great for baby's toilet as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels we offer here are genuine Turkish towels—not the imitation kind—and are 17 inches wide and 36 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use. They are of good weight, well made and finished and are in every respect equal to towels that you would willingly pay \$1.00 a pair for in any store. We will make you a present of one pair of these fine Turkish towels upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you one pair (2) of these towels free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7302.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wonderful New Stereoscope AND 100 ENTERTAINING VIEWS



Here is something as good as a circus for the children the year round—an indestructible, new style, Stereoscope made of all metal with powerful, magnifying lens, and with it we give you free a big collection of 100 Views of home scenes, domestic pets, farm scenes, all kinds of trained and wild animals, hunting scenes, views from the Arctic and tropical countries, and happy childhood scenes—the biggest and finest assortment of the most delightful and entertaining stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors with one of these Stereosopes at hand because it will give them a never-ending, joyful entertainment, keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Aside from the pleasure they will derive from the fifty beautiful scenes of home life, the fifty exciting animal views will furnish them with a regular circus, the lions, tigers, bears, buffalo and all kinds of wild and savage animals as well as horses, dogs, cats and other domestic animals standing out real and life-like when looked at through this Scope. Any boy or girl would be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereosopes together with the big collection of 100 entertaining and exciting Views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price low enough to enable us to give them away on the terms of the following

FREE OFFER. Send us only one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and you will receive by Parcel Post prepaid this fine Stereoscope complete with the 100 Views exactly as described above. Premium No. 7342.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BIRTHSTONE PENDANT AND CHAIN

Prem. No. 7342

Your Own Birth-Stone Set In This Beautiful Rolled-Gold Pendant!

We Give You Both Pendant and Chain For A Club Of Two

ONE of the most stylish and to-date are now wearing and Chain in preference while those who can afford that all who re-Pendant and Chain like be greatly delighted prettiest designs we assortment submitted largest jewelry manu-facturer in the United States. It has a 15-inch plate cable chain, the rolled-gold plate own birthstone and attached to the pendant underneath the stone is a beautiful int. Baroque pearl. Following is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month which each represents:

January The Garnet, Symbol of Power
February The Amethyst, Symbol of Pure Love
March The Aquamarine, Symbol of Courage
April The Diamond, Symbol of Purity
May The Emerald, Symbol of Immortality
June The Pearl, Symbol of Long Life
July The Ruby, Symbol of Hardiness
August The Peridot, Symbol of Happiness
September The Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy
October The Opal, Symbol of Hope
November The Topaz, Symbol of Friendship
December The Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity

All of the above named stones are solitaires and are the most perfect and beautiful imitation real gems that we have ever seen. Following is our free offer. When ordering be sure to mention birthstone wanted.

CLUB OFFER For only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or for one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you a Birthstone Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to mention stone wanted. Premium No. 7342.

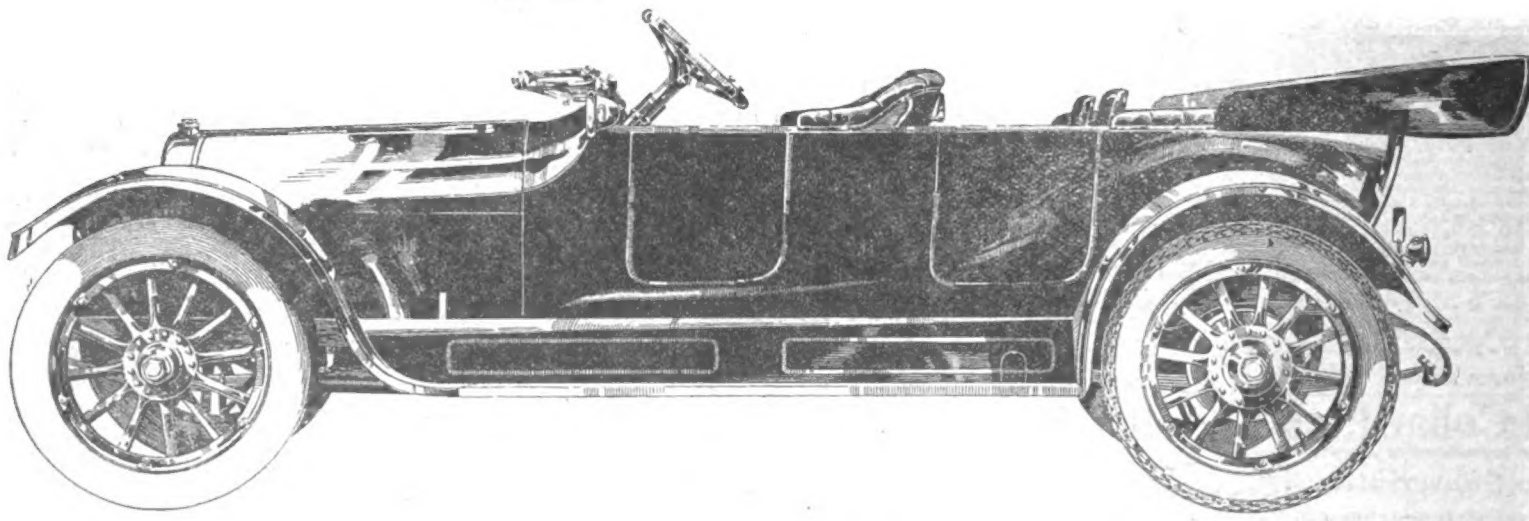
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Six

Overland
TRADE MARK REG.

\$1475

f. o. b. Toledo



You Who Want The Best Six—

IN no other popular priced Six can you get the power; the size; the capacity; the advantages; the conveniences; *the all around actual ability and the practical efficiency.*

For example:

This Six seats seven adults—comfortably.

The wheel base of the Overland Six is 125 inches.

The wheel base of other Sixes, at a similar price, is *shorter*.

The six cylinder motor is of the latest en bloc design. It is conservatively rated at 45 horsepower.

The motors of other Sixes, at a similar price, are *not* as powerful, *nor* as flexible, *nor* as up-to-date.

The Overland has high tension magneto ignition.

Most other Sixes have *not*.

The tires are 35x4½" all around with non-skids in the rear.

The tires of other Sixes, at a similar price, are *smaller*.

Most other Sixes do *not* have non-skids on the rear.

Such is the economical result of Overland quantity production.

We give more car for less money simply because we produce more cars than any other manufacturer of Sixes in the world.

Buy an Overland Six and save money

See the Overland dealer today.

If you haven't his address write us quick.

Deliveries can be made immediately.

Order yours *now*.

Send for this Great FREE Book

We have just published a book entitled "Points in Judging an Automobile." This book explains and pictures fifty-eight definite Overland Advantages. Send for the book today. It's free. Fill out this coupon.

Mail This Coupon Today

The Willys-Overland Company,
Dept. 275, Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

Please send me free of charge and post paid your book entitled "Points in Judging an Automobile."

Name

P. O. Address

R. F. D. No Town

County State

Other Models \$795 to \$1600. All prices f. o. b. Toledo.

"Made in U. S. A."

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

